Robert Burton.

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MELANCHOLY;

AS IT PROCEEDS FROM

HABIT—LOVE—RELIGION.

WITH ITS RESPECTIVE

KINDS, CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND CURES.

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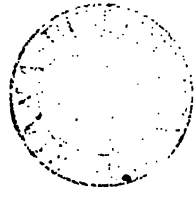

THE

Anatomy of Melancholy,

IN WHICH THE

KINDS, CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND CURES,

OF THIS

ENGLISH MALADY,

WHETHER ARISING FROM

THE DISPOSITION AND HABIT, THE PASSION OF LOVE, OR THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION,

ARE

——— "traced from within
Its inmost centre to its outmost skin."

Being an Abridgment of

BURTON'S CELEBRATED WORK.

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MDCCCXXIV.

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Preface.

The author of the celebrated work, intitled "*The Anatomy of Melancholy*," has, in its several divisions, respectively shewn, that an inordinate pursuit of the common pleasures of life, an unrestrained indulgence of the affections of the heart, and a mistaken notion of our duties towards God, become, when carried to excess, not only the bane of virtue, and, of course, the destruction of earthly happiness, but the principal causes of that preternatural fermentation of the brain, which in time breaks down the mental beam, and precipitates the unhappy sufferers into the gulphs of melancholy, madness, or despair. He has not, how-

ever, left the patients to linger under these maladies without hope of relief, but, while he traces the several causes from which they flow, has, like a kind physician, pointed out the means by which they may be prevented or cured; by shewing that the pleasures of life, to be truly enjoyed, must be guided by Temperance; that the affections of the heart to produce felicity, must spring from a Chaste Mind; and that the adoration of God, to warrant a hope of eternal happiness, must be the effluence of Christian Piety. "It is certainly of the highest importance," says a celebrated moralist, "that, in the common concerns of life, the mind should maintain its sovereignty over its own motions and affections, which tend, in general, to impair the health of the body, to destroy the vigour of the soul, to cast clouds of the thickest darkness over the judgment and understanding, and to *wrest them* violently from the principles of

reason and the paths of duty; that th
Passion of Love should be so wisely mana
ged and moderated by the powers of reason,
as not to fix itself upon an improper object,
procure base or unworthy fuel for its flame,
prevent, in its enjoyments, the discharge of
other duties, or degenerate into disquietude
or disease; and that, among the opinions
which it highly concerns all persons to
settle and embrace, the chief are those
which relate to the adoration of the Al-
mighty; the practice of the true Religion
being the only foundation of that sweet
tranquillity, and acquiesence of mind,
which Man inwardly enjoys; and the very
fence and bulwark of that probity which
he is bound to exercise towards his fellow-
creatures." These are the doctrines which
it seems the object of "The Anatomy of
Melancholy" to inculcate: but the author,
in performing this task, having, to a cer-
ain degree, so overwhelmed the strong

sense, pointed wit, happy illustrations, bold metaphors, and humorous observations, which his work contains, with long though ingenious digressions, multitudes of quotations, frequent repetitions, and other extraneous or superabundant matter, as to render the regular perusal of it laborious and fatiguing, it was conceived that a selection of its principal parts might be made to form not only an entertaining, but an instructive volume. In attempting, however, to carry this idea into effect, it was found, to use the author's own expression, "impossible to bring so large a vessel into so small a creek," without in some degree changing its form, as well as reducing its size, and leaving much of its very excellent materials behind. To reconstruct a new work with old materials, is always difficult, and frequently dangerous: the attempt, however, *has been made* in the following pages; but

with what success the public must determine. The volume, compared with its great original, is a mere boat formed with a few planks, taken here and there from the body of its parent vessel, differently rigged and ornamented, and accommodated rather for parties of pleasure than purposes of business; but so trimmed, it is hoped, as to be capable of shewing to its passengers, the superior pleasures that are to be experienced on the calm and unruffled surface of a virtuous life; while it exhibits to their view, the terrifying dangers of that turbulent ocean, which, agitated by the storms of Passion and the winds of Vice, dashes with rude and raging violence along its surrounding shores. The volume, in short, to drop the metaphor, is intended to convince youth of both sexes, that a life abandoned to an intemperate pursuit of pleasure, however pleasing it may at first appear, destroys the sense of rational enjoy-

ment, deadens the faculties of the mind, weakens the functions of the body, corrupts both the moral and intellectual system, creates a disgusting apathy and languor, and ends at last in Habitual Melancholy; that the romantic attachment of the sexes, which is denominated Heroic Love, endangers the interests of virtue, destroys those sentiments on which alone the Conjugal Union can be safely formed; leads at first to disappointment and vexation, and ends at last in certain Misery: and that Atheism, Idolatry, Superstition, Infidelity, and every other erroneous species of devotion, beguile their followers into the deepest snares of vice, afflict their souls with all the horrors a wounded conscience can inspire, and at last sink them into the lowest abyss of despair. But while it describes the poisons, it administers the antidotes, by shewing, not austerely, but in a lively *and pleasant* manner, that health of body

and perfect serenity of mind may, amidst all the pleasures and under all the adverties and vicissitudes of life, be completely preserved by a life devoted to the practice of *real Virtue* and *true Religion.*

THE

KINDS, CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND CURES,

OF

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY;

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CHAPTER THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

MELANCHOLY proceeds either from the disposition or the habit. The species of melancholy which proceeds from the disposition, is merely a temporary depression of the spirits, which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, sickness, need, fear, grief, care, discontent, trouble, passion, or other perturbation of the mind, and causes such a degree of anguish or vexation, as diminishes or destroys the common sensations of pleasure. In this imperfect acceptation of the term, a person who is in any degree ill disposed, dull, sad, sour, solitary, mopish, or otherwise moved or dejected, is said to be *melancholy*; and, indeed, from this species of the disease no human creature is entirely free: there is no one so well composed, so wise, so happy, so generous, so godly, so divine, or even so unfeeling, *as not to be* occasionally cast down

by the petty cares, or greater vexations of life. Discontent is the characteristic of humanity; the condition upon which we are permitted to hold our frail and feverish beings; and denotes the imperfections of our mortal state. "Man that is born of a woman," says the patient and pious Job, "is of short continuance, and full of trouble." The mild and peaceful Socrates*,

* This great and extraordinary man was born at Alopece, a village near Athens, in the 4th year of the 77th Olympiad. His father, Sophronicus, was a mason; and his mother, Phanareta, a midwife; but, by the generous assistance of Crito, a wealthy Athenian, and his own wonderful powers of mind, he soon emerged from the obscurity of his origin, and became equally great both in *arts* and in *arms*. It was not, indeed, until he was sixty years of age, that he was called from the labours of war, and the studies of philosophy, to serve his country in any civil office, when he was chosen to represent his own district in the council of Five Hundred; but after serving the state with the highest honour, and most inflexible integrity, he was condemned by the artifices of Militus, Lycon, and other factious leaders of the opposite party, to die by poison; and it is impossible, as Cicero has justly observed, to read the story of his death without shedding a profusion of tears. In the midst of domestic vexation and public disorder, this amiable philosopher and excellent man retained such unruffled serenity, that he was never seen either to leave his own house, or to return home with an unsettled countenance. In acquiring this entire dominion over his passions and appetites, he had the greater merit, as it was not effected without a violent struggle against his natural propensities; for he admitted that he was by his natural disposition prone to vice. He estimated the value of knowledge by its utility; and recommended *the sciences* only so far as they admit of a practical appli-

whose outward demeanour no adversity could disturb, who, amidst a multitude of miseries, still preserved the same serenity of countenance, was, as his disciple Plato informs us, greatly subject to this melancholy disposition; and Quintus Metellus, the celebrated Roman senator and consul, though wise, virtuous, rich, highly honoured, beloved by a beautiful wife, blessed in a happy offspring, surrounded with troops of friends, and in every respect illustriously fortunate, had his share of sorrows, and frequently felt the pangs of this transitory disease*. It is,

cation to the purposes of human life. His great object, in all his discourses, was to lead men to an acquaintance with themselves; to convince them of their follies and vices; to inspire them with the love of virtue; and to furnish them with useful moral instruction. "He was," says Cicero, "the first who called down philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the public walks, and domestic retirements of men, that she might instruct them concerning life and manners." He died acknowledging with his last breath his conviction of the immortality of the soul, and a fearful hope of a happy existence after death.

* This observation cannot be intended of Quintus Metellus Celer, the confidential friend of Cicero, and pretor during his consulate; for this Metellus was married to Clodia, the sister of Clodius, a profligate abandoned woman, who, instead of bestowing her fondness on her husband, gave it indiscriminately to almost every admirer of her beauty; and, after thus dishonouring the nuptial bed, at length put an end to her husband's life by poison. It is more applicable to Quintus Cæcilius Metellus, called Numidicus, the Roman general, in the war against Jugurtha. "To act ill in any circumstances," said he, "is the effect of a corrupt heart; to act well when there is

indeed, a doom from which no man is permitted to set himself free; of the truth of which the story of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, is a remarkable instance. This vain and avaricious man, to interrupt and bring into balance the continued course of his good fortune, threw the dearest and most precious jewel he had into the sea, believing that by this voluntary search of unhappiness, he should subdue and defeat the ordinary vicissitudes of fortune; but she, to ridicule his folly, restored it to him again shortly after, by causing him to find it in the mouth of a fish, which he took while he was angling; and by thus thwarting his impious expectation, rendered him unhappy. Misery is the lot of man: there is nothing so prosperous and pleasant, but it has some bitterness mixed with it. As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers, and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair, and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas.* "The heart," says Solomon*, "even in the midst of laughter, is sorrowful; and the end

nothing to fear, is the merit of a common man; but to act well when a man exposes himself to the greatest hazards, is peculiar to the truly virtuous." He was banished from his country by the factions of Marius; but was soon recalled by that spirit of patriotism, which never entirely deserts statesmen of true dignity and real virtue.

* Prov. xiv. 13.

of mirth is heaviness." Even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, there is grief and discontent*.

—— For still some bitter thought destroys
Our fancied mirth, and poisons all our joys†.

The world produces for every pint of honey, a gallon of gall; for every dram of pleasure, a pound of pain; for every inch of mirth, an ell of moan; and as the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth‡; her gardens are the skies. Misfortune, to convince us of its power, lies in wait to annoy us every hour of our lives. The condition of human

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* St. Austin on 41st Psalm.

† —— quoniam medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Lucretius, lib. iv. lig. 1124.

and which Dryden has finely translated,—

"For in the fountain where the sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught."

‡ There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes well strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright,
And when it jars — the sirens sing no more.

nature resembles a table chequered with compartments of black and white: potentates and people have their rise and fall; cities and families their trines and sextiles, their quartiles and oppositions. Man is not placed on earth as the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the heavenly hosts, are placed on high, to run their courses, from age to age, with unerring constancy, and undeviating rectitude; but is subject to infirmities, miseries, interruptions; liable to be tossed and tumbled up and down, to be carried about with every veering wind, and to be disquieted and annoyed upon every light occasion. It is this sense of our situation, and of the danger to which we are exposed both from ourselves and others, that causes all our woe; and he who does not know this, says the learned Gallobelgicus, and is not prepared to suffer or resist his afflictions like a good soldier of Christ, is not fit to live*. It is certainly in our power to bury al adversity, as it were, in oblivion, and to call our prosperity to mind with pleasure and delight; and "it is the husbandman who laboureth," says St. Paul, "that will be the first partaker of

* "To judge," says an elegant writer, "concerning the conduct of others, and to indulge observations on the instability of human enjoyments, may assist in the discipline of our own minds; but to allow reflections of this kind to become habitual, and to preside in our souls, is to counteract the good intention of nature in order, therefore, to anticipate a disposition so very painful to ourselves, and so disagreeable to others, we ought to learn, before we engage in the commerce of the world, what we *may expect from* society and from every individual."

the fruits." But man, vain, weak man, instead of embracing the wise counsel of this eloquent divine, and counteracting the effects of discontent and misery, by the exertions of reason, instead of arming himself with patience and magnanimity, gives way to his passions, makes no opposition to the dejection which is seizing on his soul, indulges the growing disposition to melancholy, suffers his mind to be overcome by its effects, and, by voluntarily subjecting himself to its influence, precipitates himself into a labyrinth of cares, until the disposition to melancholy becomes an habitual disease. "A single distillation," says Seneca, "not yet grown into a custom, produces a cough; but if it be long continued, and inveterate, it causes a consumption of the lungs; for many effects continued create a disease." So the indulgence of melancholy dispositions, according to the intention or remission of the humour which gives them birth, and in proportion as the mind is well or ill enabled to resist their progress, destroys the health and happiness of man. A distressing event which to one kind of temper would be no more than a fleabiting, will to another cause insufferable pain; and what one, by philosophic moderation, and well-composed carriage, is happily enabled to overcome, a second, especially if in habits of solitude and idleness, is unhappily no ways enabled to endure; but, upon every petty occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, or other vexation, yields so far to his wounded feelings, that his complexion

alters, his digestion is impeded, his sleep interrupted, his spirits subdued, his heart oppressed, and his whole frame so misaffected, that he sinks, overwhelmed with misery, into profound despair. As a man when he is once imprisoned for debt, finds that every creditor immediately brings his action against him, and joins to keep him in ruinous captivity; so when any discontent seriously seizes on the human mind, all other perturbations instantly set upon it; and then like a lame dog, or a broken-winged goose, the unhappy patient droops and pines away, and is brought at last to the ill habit or malady of melancholy itself*. Philosophers make eight degrees of heat and eight degrees of cold; but we might make eighty-eight degrees of melancholy, according as the parts are diversely affected, or the patient is more or less plunged, or has waded deeper into this infernal gulf. But all these melancholy fits, however pleasing or displeasing, weak or violent, controlable or tyrannizing, they may at first be to those whom they seize on for a time, are but improperly

* "The beasts," says Montaigne, "shew us plainly how much our diseases are owing to the perturbations of our minds. We are told that the inhabitants of Brazil die merely of old age, owing to the serenity and tranquillity of the air in which they live; but I ascribe it rather to the serenity and tranquillity of their souls, which are free from all passion, thought, or laborious and unpleasant employment. As great enmities spring from great friendships, and mortal distempers from vigorous health, so do the most surprising and the wildest phrensies from the *high and lively* agitations of our souls."

nominated melancholy, because they do not ntinue, but come and go as the objects vary ' which they are induced. Pain and uneasi- ss give rise to this disorder, and change its pearance and complexion, according as the urces from which it flows is either gentle and nguishing, or imbittered with rancor and ani- osity: but let the muse describe its sweet or ur effects as images of joy or grief present emselves alternately to the patient's mind.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
The time, methinks, runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting all the ills I've done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
The time, methinks, moves very slow:
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I talk and smile,
\nd time, with pleasing thoughts, beguile,
'y brawling brook, or hedge-row green,
nheard, unsought for, and unseen,
thousand joys my mind possess,
d crown my soul with happiness.
my joys besides are folly;
ne so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
And sigh aloud with grievous moan,
In some dark grove, or dismal den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul ensconce;
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music's wond'rous minstrelsy;
Towns, palaces, and cities fine:
Now here, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as Melancholy.

But when methinks I hear, and see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends—my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries, dreadful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damn'd as Melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
With glowing warmth, my fair mistress;
O blessed days! O sweet content!
In paradise my hours are spent:
Still may such thoughts my fancy move,
And fill my ardent soul with love.
All my joys to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

But when I feel love's various frights,
Deep sighs, sad tears, and sleepless nights,
My jealous fits, my cruel fate!
I then repent, but 'tis too late:

No torment is so sad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove:
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so harsh as Melancholy.

Friends and companions, get ye gone!
'Tis my desire to be alone;
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this;
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss:
All my joys to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone;
I am a beast, a monster grown;
I shun all light and company,
I find them now my misery:
The scene is chang'd, my joys are gone;
Fears, discontents, and sorrows come:
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so fierce as Melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king;
I ravish'd am; can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile,
And time in pleasant toys beguile?
Do not, O do not, trouble me!
So sweet content I feel and see:
All my joys to this are folly;
None so divine as Melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch,
Thou canst from gaol or dunghill fetch:
My pain's past cure, another hell;
I cannot in this torment dwell.
Now desperate, I hate my life;
And seek a halter or a knife:
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught *so damn'd as Melancholy*.

But the melancholy of which we intend to treat in the following pages, is not merely the transitory dejection of spirits above mentioned but a permanent and habitual disorder of the intellect, *morbus sonticus aut chronicus;* a noisome chronic, or continuate disease; a settled humour not errant, but fixed and grown into an inveterate habit. It is, in short, that

> ——————— "Dull melancholy,
> Whose drossy thoughts drying the feeble brain,
> Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
> And in the soul's fair table falsely graves
> Whole squadrons of fantastical chimeras."

CHAPTER II.

THE DEFINITION, AFFECTION, MATTER, AND SPECIES OF MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY derives its name from the Greek word Μελαγχολια, *quasi,* Μελαιναχολη, which signifies that *black choler* which corrodes the constitution of the patient during the prevalency of the disease. The descriptions, notations, and definitions which are given of it, are many and various; and it is even doubted whether it be a cause or an effect; an original disorder, or only a symptom of some other complaint.

Fracastorius, in his 2nd book "Of Intellect," calls those melancholy "whom abundance of that same depraved humour of black choler has so misaffected, that they become mad, and doat

in most things, or in all belonging to election, will, or other manifest operations of the understanding:" and others, as Galen*, Melanelius, Ruffus†, Ætius‡, Hercules de Saxonia, Fuschius§, Arnoldus Breviarus||, Guianerius¶, Paulus**, Halyabbas, Aretæus††, Montanus‡‡, and other

* Claudius Galenus was born at Pergamus in the year of our Lord 131. His father was a celebrated architect, and spared no pains in the education of his son; but medicine was his favourite study; and he attained so profound a knowledge of this art, that his contemporaries attributed his success to the power of magic; but Nature and the works of Hippocrates were his best instructors. After having gained great reputation under the reigns of the Antonines, Marcus Aurelius, and other emperors, he died in the place of his nativity in the year 210.

† Ruffus was a physician at Ephesus, and attained a high degree of reputation under the Emperor Trajan. His works, which are frequently cited by Suidas, were published at London in 1726, in quarto.

‡ Ætius lived very near the end of the fifth or in the beginning of the sixth century.

§ Leonard Tusch, or Fuschius, was born at Wembdingen in Bavaria, and died in 1566.

|| Arnold of Villeneuve, a physician of the thirteenth century.

¶ John Guianerius was born at Anternach in the year 1487, and was afterwards appointed physician to Francis I. He died in the year 1574.

** Francis Paul, a physician of the academies of Montpellier and Marseilles, was born at St. Chamas in Provence, and died at the age of forty-three years.

†† Aretæus of Cappadocia, a Grecian physician, of the sect of Pneumatics, lived under Julius Cæsar or Trajan.

‡‡ John Baptist Montanus, of Verona, was born in the year 1498, and died on the 6th of May, 1551. He was esteemed a second Galen, and enjoyed the double

celebrated writers upon this subject, describe it to be "a bad and peevish disease, which makes men degenerate into beasts;"—"a privation or infection of the middle cell of the head;"—"a depravation of the principal function by means of black choler;"—"a commotion of the mind, or perpetual anguish of the soul, fastened on one thing, without an ague or fever; having for its ordinary companion fear and sadness without any apparent occasion." It is said to be *a dotage*, to shew that some one principal faculty, as the imagination, or the reason, is corrupted, as it is with all melancholy persons: it is said to be *an anguish* of the principal parts of the mind, with a view to distinguish it from cramp, palsy, and such diseases as affect the outward sense and motion of the body: it is said to be *a depravation* of the principal functions, in order to distinguish it from fatuity and madness, in which those functions are rather abolished than depraved: it is said to be unaccompanied by ague or fever, because the humour is most part cold, dry, and contrary to putrefaction; and which distinguishes it from those disorders which are called phrensies: and it is said to be attended with vain fears and groundless sorrows, in order to differ it from madness, and from the effects of the ordinary passions of fear and sorrow, which are the true characteristics and inseparable companions of most, though not of

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advantage of being the first poet and the first physician of his age.

all, melancholy men; for there are some who can freely smile and laugh, while others are free both from grief and apprehension, in the very crisis of the complaint.

The principal part affected by this disease is said by some writers to be *the heart;* because that is the region from whence the passions of fear and sorrow generally arise; but Laurentius, Hippocrates, Galen, and most of the Arabian writers, with greater reason contend, that, as melancholy is a species of dotage, *the brain* must, either by consent, or essence, be first affected, as being a similar part: not, indeed, in its ventricles, or by any obstruction in them, for then it would be apoplexy, or epilepsy; but by a cold, dry distemperature of its very substance, which, when overheated, produces madness; and when rendered too cold and dry, engenders melancholy. Montaltus, however, insists, that not only the heart, but the whole frame and contexture of the body, is in general affected by this disease; not originally, but sympathetically, by reason of the intimate connexion which almost every part holds with the brain; for these parts do, by the law of nature, sympathize, and have a fellow-feeling with each other: and indeed, as the malady is originally induced by a disordered imagination, and the powers of the imagination are subject to, and controuled by, the constitution of the body, it follows that the brain, as the seat of *reason,* must needs be the part that is first misaffected; and then the heart, as the seat of *affection. This question* has been copiously

discussed by Cappivaccius and Mercurialis* who agree in the opinion, that the subject is t inner brain, from whence it is by sympat communicated to the heart, and other infer parts, which are greatly affected when t disease comes by consent, and proceeds fr any disorder in the stomach, liver, sple pylorus, or meseraick veins; for the hum frame is so fearfully and wonderfully construct so curiously wrought, framed in such nice p portions, and united with such admirable art a harmony, as Ludovicus Vives†, in his Fable Man, has elegantly shewn, that, like a clock, other piece of mechanism, if one wheel be am

* Jerome Mercurialis, a celebrated physician, freque called the Esculapius of his age, was born at Forli, in year 1530, and died on the 13th of November, 1 Padua, Bologna, and Pisa, were the principal place which he practised; and he excelled as much in gi salutary advice to those who were well, as in giving per health to those who were ill. His grateful country erected a statue in honour of his memory.

† John Louis Vives, born at Valencia, in Spain, in year 1492, taught the belles lettres at Louvain with great applause, that he was invited to England to te Queen Mary the Latin tongue. He was confined months in prison by Henry the Eighth, for having expre his disapprobation of the King's divorce from Q Catharine. He died at Bruges, on the 6th of May, 1 Erasmus, Budæus, and Vives, passed for the most lea men of the age, and formed a kind of triumvirat literature; but Vives was very inferior to Erasmus in and to Budæus in learning. His style, though pur hard and dry, and his observations are frequently ra bold than true; but, notwithstanding these defects, possessed considerable merit.

all the rest are affected, and the whole fabric disordered. Many doubts, however, have been entertained, as to what property of the brain it is, whether it be the imagination, or the reason alone, or both together, that first feels this depraved affection. Galen, Ætius, Altomarus, and Bruel, are of opinion that the defect first seizes on the imagination only; but Montaltus confutes this theory, and illustrates a contrary doctrine, by the examples of a man whose mind was so deranged by this disease, that he thought himself a shell-fish; and of a monk, who would not be persuaded but that he was damned; for in these instances, the reason, as well as the imagination, must have been defective, or the mind would have been still competent to correct the errors, and detect the fallacy of such extravagant conceptions; and to this opinion, Avicenna, Aretæus, Gorgonius, Guianerius, and most writers, subscribe. Certain it is, that the imagination is hurt and misaffected: and I coincide with Albertinus Bottonus, a celebrated doctor of Padua, that the disease first affects the imagination, and afterwards, as it becomes more or less inveterate, or is of longer or shorter duration, depraves the reason: and there is no doubt, as Hercules de Saxonia justly concludes, that not only faith, opinion, and discourse, but the seat of reason itself, may be materially injured, by the continued effects of a diseased imagination*.

The inhabitants of climates where the extremes

* *The distinct offices of the* Reason and Imagination

of heat and cold prevail; those who possess swarthy, or high sanguine complexion; w have hot hearts, moist brains, dry livers, a cold stomachs; who are discontented, passiona and peevish, and are of a middle age; are m liable to be affected with this complaint, whi certainly prevails more among men than wome but none of any complexion, condition, sex, age, even the most merry and the most pleasa the lightest heart, the freest mind, none, exce ing only fools and stoics, who are never troub with any passion or affection, but, like Anacreo grasshopper, live *sine sanguine et dolore**,

has been elegantly described by Dr. Akenside in following lines:

——————— For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal treasures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting Reason, the benignant Sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays;
Where Virtue rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorned condition of her birth;
And dressed by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. ———

* The grasshopper, as appears from Ælian, was form esteemed sacred to the muses; and, from the exility its nature, a kind of rural deity, deriving its nourishn

npt from this melancholy catalogue; and ed, as Rasis justly observes, "the finest

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rom the gross productions of the earth, but from the of heaven: *Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum cicadæ*, says Virgil, in his fifth Eclogue: "Bees feed yme, and grasshoppers on dew;" and were supposed, the deities of Homer, to be free from blood. The of Anacreon on this musical insect, as Theocritus s it, has been thus translated:

Thee, sweet grasshopper, we call
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray cans't skip,
And the dew of morning sip.
Little sips inspire to sing,
Then thou art happy as a king.
All whatever thou can'st see,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field.
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lov'st the farmer, and the farm.
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful Nine,
Seated round the throne divine;
Dear to Phœbus, God of Day;
He inspires thy mighty lay;
And with voice melodious blest,
And in vivid colours drest,
Thou from spoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wisest daughter of the earth!
Fond of song, and full of mirth;
Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
No blood riots in thy veins.
To the blest I equal thee,
Little demi-deity.

wits, and most generous spirits, are, before others, most obnoxious to it;" "for they are," says Montaigne, "ruined by their own strength and vivacity.

> "Great wits to madmen nearly are ally'd,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The *matter of melancholy* has been a subject of much controversy among the learned; and neither Galen, nor any of the old writers, have sufficiently explained what this humour is, whence it proceeds, or how it is engendered. Montanus, in his Consultations, and Arculanus, contrary to the opinion of Paracelsus, who wholly rejects and derides the division of four humours and complexions, hold melancholy to be material, and immaterial; that the material, or natural melancholy, proceeds from one of the four humours of which the blood is composed; and that the immaterial, or unnatural, which Galen and Hercules de Saxonia say, resides in *the spirits* alone, proceeds from "a hot, cold, dry, moist distemperature; which, without matter, alters the substance of the brain, and changes its functions." This material melancholy is either simple or mixed, offending in quantity or quality; varying according to the place on which it settles in the brain, the spleen, the meseraick veins, the heart, or the stomach; and differing according to the mixture of those natural humours among themselves, or according as the four unnatural or adust humours are diversely tempered and intermixed. In a body that is cold and dry, if the natural melancholy

abound to a greater degree than the body is enabled to bear, the body must unavoidably be distempered and impregnated with disease; so if a body be depraved, whether the depravity arise from melancholy engendered from adust choler, or from blood, the like effects will be produced. There is some difference of opinion whether this melancholy matter may be engendered of all the four humours. Galen, Valesius, Menardus, Fuschius, Montaltus and Montanus, assert that it may be engendered of three alone, excluding flegm or *pituita*; but Hercules de Saxonia, Cardan, Guianerius, and Laurentius, hold that it may be engendered of flegm, *etsi raro contingat*, though it seldom come to pass; and Melanct, in his book "De Anima," and Chapter of Humours, says, that he was an eye-witness of it, and calls it *assininam*; a dull and swinish melancholy. But Wecker says, from melancholy adust arises one kind; from choler another, which is most brutish; from flegm another, which is dull; and from blood another, which is the best. Of these, some are cold and dry; others, hot and dry; according as their mixtures are more or less intense or remitted: and, indeed, Rodericus à Fons clearly demonstrates, that ichores, and all serous matters, when thickened to a certain degree, become flegm; that flegm degenerates into choler; and that choler adust becomes *æruginosa melancholia*; as the purest wine, when greatly putrified, makes the sharpest vinegar. When this humour, therefore, is sharp, it produces troublesome

thoughts, and direful dreams; if cold, it is the cause of dotage, fatuity, and sottishness; and if intensely hot, it fires the brain, and produces raving madness. The colour also of this mixture varies in proportion to its degrees of heat and coldness, as a burning coal, when it is hot, shines; and when it is cold, looks black. This diversity of the matter of melancholy produces a diversity of effects; for if it be within the body without being putrefied, it causes black jaundice; if putrefied, a quartan ague; if it peers through the skin, leprosy; and if it trouble the mind, it produces, according to its intermixtures, the several species of madness and of melancholy.

The species of melancholy, therefore, must be as various as the modes of its matter are diverse and confused. This variety has occasioned both the old and new writers upon this subject to confound madness with melancholy, and to treat them as the same disease, differing from each other only in extent and degree, as the humour is intense or remitted. Some make only two distinct species of melancholy; but others acknowledge a multitude of kinds, and leave them, as Ætius, in his Tetrabilos, has done, totally undefined. Avicenna, Arculanus, Rasis, and Montanus, say, that if natural melancholy be adust, it forms one species; if of the blood, another species; and if composed of choler, a third, distinct and different from the first: and, indeed, there are almost as many different opinions upon this subject, as there are different

men who have written on it. Hercules de Saxonia reduces the species to two only, material and immaterial; the one arising from an affection of the spirits only; and the other from the humours and the spirits combined: but Savanarola insists that the species are infinite. But what these men speak of species, I think ought to be understood of symptoms; and, in this sense, Gorrheus, in his medicinal definitions, acknowledges they may be infinite; but insists that they may be reduced to three kinds, by reason of their respective seats in the head, the body, and the hypocondries; and this threefold division, which is now generally adopted, is approved by Hippocrates. But besides these three species of head melancholy, corporeal melancholy, and hypocondriacal melancholy, to all of which we have given the name of *habitual melancholy*, there are two others denominated *love melancholy*, and *religious melancholy;* the first proceeding from an improper indulgence of that powerful and universal passion; and the second from an erroneous conception of that most sacred of all human duties, a reverence towards God and his holy religion.

It is these three species of melancholy that I now propose to anatomize, and treat of through all their causes, consequences, and cures, together and apart, that every man who is in any measure affected with this *English malady*, may know how to examine it in himself, and apply the remedies.

It must, however, be confessed, that it is ex-

tremely difficult to distinguish these three species from each other, and to describe their several causes, symptoms, and cures, inasmuch as they are so intermixed with other diseases, are so frequently confounded together, and have so close an affinity with each other, that they can scarcely be separated by the most experienced, or discerned by the most accurate physician. Melancholy frequently exists as a disease together with the vertigo, stone, gravel, *caninus appetitus*, jaundice, and ague: and Paulus Regoline, a great doctor in his time, who was consulted on the case of a melancholy patient, was so confounded with a confusion of symptoms, that he knew not to what species to refer it: and Trincavellius, Fallopius, and Francanzanus, famous doctors in Italy, being separately consulted in the case of the melancholy Duke of Cleves, gave all of them, at the same time, three different opinions on the subject. It appears, in the works of Reinerus Solinander, that he and Dr. Brande both agreed that a patient's disease was hypochondriacal melancholy, while Dr. Matholdus insisted it was asthma, and nothing else: and in the case of a Polish Count, Cæsar Claudinus was of opinion, that he laboured under the head melancholy and the bodily melancholy at the same time. The three kinds, indeed, may exist in the same subject *semel et simul*, or in succession. The several species of melancholy seem to be with physicians what the pure forms of governments are with politicians; each distinct kind, the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the

ocratic, are most admirable in theory; but actice, as Polybius truly observes, they will r be found independent and unmixed*; as it be instanced in the ancient governments ome and Lacedemon, and in the modern gonents of Germany and England: and thereit is in like manner of little consequence physicians say of distinct species of disin their mootings and speculations, since,

* "The great and tedious debates," says a sensible h writer of the old political school, "about the best of society, are only proper for the exercise of wit; ave their being only in agitation and controversy. A orm of government might be of some value in a new; but ours is a world ready made to our hands, and ich each distinct form is blended by custom. We , like Pyrrho and Cadmus, make the world; and atever authority it is we assert the privilege of set- to rights, and giving it a new form of government, npossible to twist it from its wonted bent, without ng all its parts. In truth and reality, the best and excellent government for every nation, is that under it is maintained; and its form and essential conve-, depends upon custom. We are apt to be dis-d at the present condition; but I do nevertheless ain, that, to desire any other form of government hat which is already established, is both Vice and When any thing is out of its proper place, it may pped; and the alterations and corruptions natural things, obviated so as to prevent their being carried r from their origin and principles; but to undertake anew so great a mass, and to change the foundation vast a building as every government is, is reforming ular defects by an universal confusion, and like curdisorder by death."

in their patients' bodies, the diseases are generally entire and mixed.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CAUSES OF MELANCHOLY.

GALEN observes, that "it is in vain to speak of cures, or think of remedies, until the causes of a disease have been traced and considered;" and, indeed, common experience proves so generally, that those cures must be lame, imperfect, and to no purpose, wherein the sources of the disease have not been first searched, that Fernelius calls it *primo artis curativæ*, and says, it is impossible, without this knowledge, to cure or prevent any manner of disease*. Empirics may by chance afford a patient temporary relief; but, from their ignorance of causes, cannot thoroughly eradicate the complaint. *Sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus.* It is only by removing the cause, that the effect is to be vanquished. To discern, however, the primary causes of the disease of melancholy, to shew of what they consist, and, amidst such a number of varying and frequently anomalous indications, to trace them to the spring from whence they flow, is certainly a task of almost insurmountable diffi-

* Rerum cognoscere causas, medicis imprimis necessarium; sine qua nec morbum curare, nec præcaveri licet.

culty*; and happy is he who can perform it right†.

Causes may be considered as either general or special. General causes are natural or supernatural. Supernatural causes are those which spring from God and his angels, or, by his permission, from the devil and his ministers; for the Almighty sometimes visits the sons of men with this direful disease, as a punishment for their manifold sins and wickedness, of which the holy scriptures furnish us with many instances, in the characters of Gehazi‡, Jehoram§, David||, Saul¶, and Nebuchadnezzar**; but it more frequently proceeds from those natural

* Tanta enim morbi varietas ac differentia ut non facile dignoscatur, unde initium morbus sumpserit. Melanelius è Galeno.

† Montaigne, after commenting very pleasantly on the absurdity of pretending, amidst such an infinite number of indications, to discern the true sign of every disease, relates the celebrated fable from Æsop of the physician, who, having bought an Ethiopian slave, endeavoured to search for the true cause of the blackness of his complexion, and having persuaded himself that it was merely accidental, and owing to the ill usage he had received from his former masters, put him under a preparatory course of medicine, and then bathed and drenched him for a long time with cold water, in order to restore him to his true complexion; but the poor fellow retained his sable hue, and lost, irrecoverably, his health. But Montaigne entertained great prejudices against the useful science of medicine.

‡ 2 Reg. v. 27. § 2 Chron. xxi. 15.
|| 1 Par. xxi. Psalm xliv. 1. Psalm xxxviii. 8.
¶ 1 Sam. xvi. 14. ** Daniel v. xxi.

causes which are inbred with us, as *consanguinity* and *old age;* and more frequently still from those special causes, or outward adventitious circumstances, which happen to us subsequent to our birth, and especially from our inattention to and abuse of, the six non-naturals; of, 1. Diet 2. Retention and Evacuation; 3. Air; 4. Exercise; 5. Sleep; and 6. Perturbation of the Mind; so much spoken of among physicians as the principal causes of this disease. Hippocrates*, therefore, would have a physician take special notice whether the disease come from a divine supernatural cause, or whether it follows the course of nature; for, according to Paracelsus, the spiritual disease (for so he calls that kind of melancholy which proceeds from supernatural causes,) must be spiritually cured, and not otherwise; ordinary means in such cases being of no avail: *Non est reluctandum cum Deo* Hercules, the monster-taming hero, subdued every antagonist in the Olympic games, even Jupiter himself, when he wrestled with him in the human form; but when the god revealed himself, and reassumed celestial power, Hercules declined the conflict, and retired from the vain strife against the power of the supreme The Almighty can make the proudest spirit stoop, and cry out with Julian the apostate *Vicisti Galilæo.* Ordinary means in such cases

* Lib. cap. 5. prog. But see Fran. Valesius, de Sacra Philos. cap. 8. Fernelius Libri de abditis rerum causis and J. Cæsar Claudinus Rospons med. 12. resp. how this *opinion of* Hippocrates is to be understood.

will not avail. The wound, like that which was inflicted by the spear of Achilles, can only be healed by the hand that gave it. Physicians and physic, in such cases, are equally ineffectual: man must submit to the almighty hand of God, bow down before him, and implore his mercy*.

I shall, therefore, examine into those causes only which are within the reach of human power to mitigate or remove.

Consanguinity is that general or partial temperature which we derive from our parents, and which Fernelius calls *præter-natural*†; it being an hereditary disease; for the temperature of the parents is in general conferred upon the children; who are inheritors, not only of their parents' lands, but of their infirmities also. Where, therefore, the constitution of the original stock is corrupt, that of its offspring must needs be corrupt also‡. The concurrent opinion of Paracelsus§, Crato||, Bruno Seidelius¶, Montaltus**, and Hippocrates††, confirm this fact; and Forestus‡‡, in his medicinal observations, illustrates this point with several examples of patients who have laboured under hereditary melancholy, which, wherever it prevails, sticks to the family, and follows it from generation to

* 1 Peter v. 6. † Lib. i. cap. 2. ‡ Roger Bacon.

§ Ex pituitosis pituitosi; ex biliosis biliosi; ex lienosis et melancholicis melancholici. De Morb. Amentium, To. iv. Tr. 1.

|| Epist. to Monavius, 174. ¶ De Morbo incurab.

** Cap. ii. †† *Ibid.* ‡‡ Lib. x. Observ. 15.

generation*. Its descent is neither certain nor regular; for it frequently passes by the father, and fixes on the son, or takes every other, and sometimes every third in lineal descent. The young children of aged parents seldom possess a strong and healthy temperament, and are therefore extremely subject to this disease; and foolish, weak, giddy, angry, peevish, and discontented women, generally produce a progeny like unto themselves. The mind and disposition of the mother, indeed, are, it is well known, strongly stamped on the character of the child; and every degree of grief, fear, apprehension, or alarm, which she may, during pregnancy, unfortunately feel, endangers its temperature, and sows the seeds of this hideous disease; of which Baptista Porta†, among many other instances, gives a memorable example of one Thomas Nickell, born in the city of Brandenburgh, in the year 1551, who, all the days of his life, went reeling and staggering, as if he were falling to the ground, owing to his mother, while pregnant with him, having seen a drunken man reeling through the streets, and likely to fall. To which we may add, the instance of the girl that was brought from the neighbourhood of Pisa, and presented to the king of Bohemia, with hair upon her skin resembling that of a camel, which is said to have been occasioned by an alarm which her mother received on seeing that animal

* See also Rodericus à Fonseca, Tom. i. Consul. 69. and Lodovicus Mercatus, a Spanish physician, Tom. ii. Lib. 5.

† Physiog. Calistis, l. v. c. 2.

during her pregnancy. To be *well born*, is among the highest felicities of human nature; and it would be happy for the species, if such persons only as are sound both in body and mind were suffered to marry. Some countries were formerly so chary in this behalf, as to destroy every child that was crooked or deformed, either in body or mind, in order to preserve, as a national benefit, the common stock from degeneration; and though this law was severe in the extreme, and not to be tolerated in Christian countries, the prevention of *hereditary disease* is a subject of no small public importance, and ought to be attended to by those whose power is conferred for the purpose of promoting the health and happiness of mankind*.

Old age, as it diminishes the energies of the mind, and increases the acrid humours of the body, is an unavoidable cause of melancholy; but, by care and management, this species of the disease may be considerably delayed, and greatly mitigated, though it cannot be entirely removed. "Dotage," says Aristotle, "is the familiar companion of age, which regularly engenders in its progress a superabundance of *black choler*:" and, indeed, we are told by the Royal Psalmist, that after seventy years all is trouble and sorrow. This truth is strongly confirmed in the characters of those persons who, having been engaged in high employments, in extensive concerns, in

* The danger here mentioned is said to be one reason why marriages within the degrees of consanguinity are interdicted.

situations of great command, or in business where many servants were to be overlooked, have resigned their respective engagements *ex abrupto*; especially in the memorable instance of Charles the Fifth, who resigned the government of Spain to his son Philip*. All persons, after a certain

* The resignation of Charles the Fifth filled all Europe with astonishment; and gave rise, both among his contemporaries, and among the historians of that period, to various conjectures, concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-six, when objects of ambition continue to operate with full force upon the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardour, to take a resolution so singular and unexpected. But while many authors have imputed it to motives so frivolous and fantastical as can hardly be supposed to influence any reasonable mind; while others have imagined it to be the result of some profound scheme of policy, historians more intelligent, and better informed, neither ascribe it to caprice, nor search for mysterious secrets of state, when simple and obvious causes will fully account for the Emperor's conduct. Charles had been attacked early in life with the gout, and, notwithstanding all the precautions of the most skilful physicians, the violence of the distemper increased as he advanced in age; and the fits became every year more frequent, as well as more severe. Not only was the vigour of his constitution broken, but the faculties of his mind were impaired by the excruciating torments which he endured. During the continuance of the fits, he was altogether incapable of applying to business; and even when they began to abate, as it was only at intervals that he could attend to what was serious, he gave up a great part of his time to trifling and even childish occupations, which served to amuse or relieve his mind, enfeebled and worn out with excess of pain. Under these *circumstances* of a premature old age, the functions of

period, become melancholy, doting, and scarcely able to manage their affairs, through the common infirmities incident to age: filled with aches, sorrows, cares, and griefs, they frequently carle as they sit, mutter to themselves, and become covetous, suspicious, wayward, angry, waspish, and displeased with every thing around them; or else self-willed, superstitious, self-conceited, braggers, and admirers of themselves. These infirmities, so incident to old age, are generally most eminent in old women, and in such as are poor and solitary: and, indeed, all those extraordinary powers which old witches were supposed to exercise, and pretended to possess; such as bewitching cattle to death, riding in the air upon a coulstaffe, flying out of the chimney top, transforming themselves into the various shapes of cats and other animals, transporting their bodies, suddenly and secretly, from place to place, becoming "Posters ore the sea and land," meeting on the dreary heath, and dancing in a ring, and other "supernatural solicitings" of the like kind, are all ascribed to the corrupted fancy, which is engendered by that morbid, atrabilious melancholy matter, attendant upon moping misery and rheumed age*.

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government far exceeded his strength; and having thus grown old before his time, he wisely judged it to be more decent to conceal his infirmities in some solitude, than to expose them any longer to the public eye. But he had no relish for attainments of any kind, and he sunk by degrees into the deepest melancholy.

* Thus the angel *Michael, describing* to Adam, among

Eating and Drinking.—Diet, the first of the six *non-naturals* before-mentioned, consists in meat and drink, and causes melancholy in proportion as it offends in quantity, quality, or the like. Food improperly taken, not only produces original diseases, but affords those that are already engendered both matter and sustenance; for neither unwholesome air, nor the most violent perturbation, or any other cause, can work its effect, except its operation be assisted by a pre-disposition of the humours; so that, let the father of disease be what it may, *Intemperance* is certainly its mother; and from this source not only melancholy, but most other distempers, generally arise. Galen, Isaac the Jew, Haly-abbas, Avecinna, four Arabian, and many other physicians, both English and foreign, have written copious treatises on this particular subject; and as their works are not generally found in modern libraries, I will briefly describe what kinds of food are in the opinions of these writers most likely to effect an alteration of the system, and to engender this melancholy humour. Beef

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other consequences of his fall, the condition of old age, says,

"——————— but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey; thy senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down."

ıng and hearty meat, good for such as
ıd and healthy, but very unfit for such
resty life, and are any ways dejected, or
complexion. Pork is in its nature more
than any other species of animal food;
ı *noxia delicatis* to such as have full ha-
queasey stomachs; and its too frequent
kely to generate not only a melancholy
on, but a quartan ague. Goats' flesh is
r the goat is a filthy beast, and ramish;
ırefore will breed rank and filthy hu-
but the kid when young and tender, is
d excellent eating. The flesh of the hart
l deer has an evil name, as a strong,
grained meat, yielding a gross and heavy
ınt, like that of horse flesh; and, though
tars and Chinese eat of it, as in Spain
ı of young foals, as a choice and dainty
is in general condemned; for all venison,
r highly it may be esteemed with us,
lly in our solemn feasts, (for there are
ɔarks in England than in all Europe
,) certainly begets bad blood, and ought
ɔaringly used. The flesh of hare, also, is
ıcholy meat; for it is hard of digestion,
the *incubus*, and causes fearful dreams.
ɛe venison, condemned by the physicians'
and although Mizaldus, and some others
ıese are *merry meats*, this is only *per*
s; and on account of the excellent sport
mals afford in hunting, and of the mirth
od company they promote while eaten, as
l *testifies in his Epigram* to Gallia. But

young rabbits are by all approved. Milk, and all that milk produces, as butter, cheese, curds; with the exception only of asses milk and whey, increase melancholy. Of fowl, peacock, pigeon, and all the fenny tribe, as ducks, geese, swans, hearnes, cranes, coots, didappers, water-hens, teal, curleus, and sheldrakes are forbidden; for though they are fine in feathers, and pleasant to the palate, although, like hypocrites, they have gay outsides, and seducing tastes, they are treacherous to the health, and deceitfully dangerous. Of fishes, the whole species are condemned, especially tench, lamprey, craw-fish, and such as breed in muddy waters. The Carthusian friars, therefore, who live mostly upon fish, are more subject to melancholy than any other religious order; and Forestus exemplifies it with an instance of one Buscodnese, a Carthusian friar, in high health, and of a ruddy complexion, who, by eating chiefly, and perhaps enormously, of this aquatic food, soon lost the roses from his cheeks, and became at length sallow, lean, and melancholy. Of herbs, gourds, cucumbers, cole-worts, melons, and especially cabbage, are disallowed; for they uniformly send up heavy vapours to the brain; and Horace calls those suppers, which consist of herbs, *cœnas sine sanguine*. Of roots, parsnips and potatoes are highly approved; but onions, garlick, scallions, carrots, and radishes, are flatulent, and dangerous. Of fruits, grapes, figs, and apples, are to be preferred; but every thing farrinaceous, as peas, beans, and all manner of pulse, are absolutely forbid; and that

which Pythagoras so earnestly recommended to his scholars of old, *A fabis abstinete*, may be for ever applied to melancholy persons. Spices cause hot and head melancholy, and are for that cause forbidden by our physicians to such as are inclined to this malady; and to these may be added all things that are sharp, sour, luscious, or over sweet; as oil, vinegar, verjuice, mustard, salt, and salted meats; for they are great procurers of this disease; and therefore the Egyptian priests abstained from salt, even so much as in their bread, in order, says Codronchus, that their souls might be free from perturbations. Wine is frequently the sole cause of this disease, especially if it be immoderately used; and Guianerius relates a story of two Dutchmen, whom he entertained in his own house, who drank so much wine, that in the short space of a month, they both became so melancholy, that the one could do nothing but sing, and the other sigh. A cup of generous wine, however, to those whose minds are still or motionless, is, in my opinion, excellent physic. Cyder and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be avoided. Beer, if it be over new, or over stale, if it be over strong, or not sod, if it smell of the cask, or be sour, is most unwholesome: but this drink, by being better brewed in England than in Germany, and mixed with the hop, which rarefies it, renders it more subtle, and gives it a specific virtue against melancholy; it is less exceptionable here than it s about Dantzick, Spruce, Hamburgh, Leipsic, and other parts of

Germany, where they use that thick black B hemian beer, which an old poet calls *Styg monstrum conforme paludi;* a monstrous drin like the river Styx; for

> "As nothing goes in so thick,
> And nothing comes out so thin,
> It must follow of course,
> That nothing can be worse,
> As the dregs are all left within*."

All impure, thick, and ill-coloured waters shou be particularly avoided; for, according to Gale they produce agues, dropsies, pleurisies, and the splenetic and melancholy passions; and is well known that water has a powerful oper tion and effect; for the waters of Astracan bre worms in those who taste them; the waters the river Axius, now called Verduri, the faire river in Macedonia, make the cattle who dri of them black; as those of the Aleacman, no called Peleca, another stream in Thessaly, tu cattle most part white; and Bodine suppos the stuttering of some families in Aquatan about Labden, to proceed from the same cau To this catalogue of noxious simples we m add an infinite number of compounds, artific made dishes, of which our cooks afford us great a variety, as tailors do fashions in our a parel. "Simple diet," says Pliny†, "is bes

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* ——— "Nil spissius illa
Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, unde
Constat, quod multas fæces in corpore linquat."

† Lib. ii. c. 52. See also Avicen, 31. doc. 2. c. "Ni

or many dishes bring many diseases; and rich sauces are worse than even heaping several meats upon each other."

But there is not so much harm proceeding from the substance and quality of the food itself, as from the intemperate and unseasonable use of it. *Plures crapula quàm gladius.* The *omnivorantia et homicida gula,* the all-devouring and murderous gut, destroys greater numbers than the sword. *Gluttony,* indeed, is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural heat of the body destroyed by intemperate diet. *Pernitiosa sentina est abdomen insaturabile:* an insatiable stomach is a pernicious sink. Mercurialis eloquently insists, that gluttony is a peculiar cause of this disease; and his opinion is confirmed not only by Hippocrates, Solinander, Crato, and other writers upon this subject, but by the common observation and experience of mankind*. The more

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deterius quam si tempus justo longius comedendo protrahatur et varia ciborum genera conjungantur; inde morborum scaturigo, quæ ex repugnantia humorum oritur."

* Milton, when he introduces the angel Michael giving directions to our first parents, by what means they might pursue health, says, there is,

——— "If thou well observe
The rule of *not too much*, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
'Till many *years over thy* head return:

impurely bodies are fed, the more the system will be corrupted; and yet, notwithstanding all the destruction which follows from gluttony and inebriety, see how we luxuriate and rage in all the wantonness of this destructive vice. *Quam portentosæ cœnæ:* what prodigious suppers! *Quidum invitant ad cœnam, efferunt ad sepulchrum*: what Fagos, Epicures, Apetios, Heliogables, our times afford! Lucullus' ghost still walks, and every man desires to sup in Apollo: Æsop's costly dish is ordinarily served up:—

> This is a common vice, though all things here
> Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.

The dearest cates are ever thought the best and it is no extraordinary thing for an epicure to spend thirty pounds upon a single dish, and as many thousand crowns upon a single dinner. Mully Hamet, king of Fez and Morocco, gave

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> So may'st thou live, 'till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
> Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
> Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; in death mature."

So also, in describing to him the various modes by which man would injure health, and extinguish life:—

> Of death, many are the ways that lead
> To his grim cave; all dismal; yet to sense
> More terrible at the entrance than within.
> Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die;
> By fire, blood, famine; by *intemperance* more,
> In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
> Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
> Before thee shall appear.

a immense sum for only the sauce to a capon. i ancient Rome, indeed,

——————— A lavish slave
Six thousand pieces for a barbel gave:
For his own gut he bought the stately fish,
And spent his fortune on a single dish.
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?
He might have bought the fisherman for less;
Or in Apulia, had he bargain'd well,
He might have bought a manor with the meal!

But that is nothing in our times, for every ing that is cheap is scorned; and, as Seneca bserves, "the glorious light of nature is loathed our meals, and banished from our presence, ly because it comes free, and at no expense." he wit of modern times directs all its rays *ad dam;* and the only inducement to study, is *udito luxu,* to please the palate, and to satisfy e gut.

"Invite a lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
Still if it be on oaken table set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat.
Something's amiss; he knows not what to think;
Either your venison's rank, or sauces stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expense, and talent-wrought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carved in rich pedestals of ivory;
He finds no more of that offensive smell;
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those of th' elephant."

A cook, as Livy informs us, was in ancei days considered as a base knave; but he is n a great man, in high request, a companion a prince, and the rival of a gentleman; and skill now ranked among the finest arts, and m noble sciences; but, *venter Deus*, he still we his brains in his belly, and his guts in his he

> This favour'd artist ev'ry fancy tries,
> To make, in various figures, dishes rise;
> While dirty scullions, with their greasy fists,
> Dive, in luxurious sauces, to their wrists.

What immoderate drinking makes up mess! Gluttons and drunkards flock in sh to every tavern, as if they were, *fruges consu nati*, like Offellius Bibulus, that famous Ro parasite, born to no other end than to eat drink; or as if they were so many casks n only to hold wine: and yet these are brave n Silenus Ebrius was no braver. To drink is the fashion of the times, an honour; and l accounted no gentleman, but a very milk- a clown of no bringing up, a fellow unfit company, who will not drink until he car longer stand. He who plays it off the is your only gallant; and it is now so far f being a disparagement to stagger through streets, that reeling sets a man upon his firmly establishes his character for upright and gives him high renown; as in like Epidicus told Thesprio, his fellow-servan Plautus, "*Ædipol facinus improbum;*" to w the other replied, "*At jam alii fecere idem,*

'i illa res honori." It is now no fault, there e so many high examples to bear one out. It brave to have a brain strong enough to carry ıuor well; for the sole contention in company who can drink most, and fox his fellow the onest. To be merry together in an alehouse tavern, is the sole felicity, the chief comfort, e *summum bonum* of our tradesmen: they will ɔour hard all day long to be drunk at night; d, as St. Ambrose says, will spend *totius anni bores* in a tippling feast; convert day into night, using the night-owl with their noise, and rise hen sober-minded men are going to rest.

—— "They drink and sing the night away
'Till rising dawn, and snore out all the day."

Snymdiris, the Sybarite, never once saw the n rise or set during a course of twenty years. hese Centaurs and Lapithæ*, these toss-pots

* The Centaurs, who are said to have sprung from iron, the son of Saturn, were a race of men inhabiting : mountainous parts of Thessaly; and, from their disition to drink, and being always on horseback, were ɔposed to be *half man, half beast*. The Lapithæ were : regular subjects of Pirithous, the king of that country. ı the marriage of his daughter Deidamia, he invited the ntaurs, to whom he was nearly allied, to the nuptial st; but they drinking to excess, became insolent, and ered violence to the women. This enraging the Lapithæ, y sought immediate revenge; the battle so celebrated heathen history ensued; and the race of Centaurs were ven, by the assistance of Theseus, from their country. , as Dr. Young has continued this fable, *the brute ran ay with the man;* thereby shewing, "that beings of origin truly celestial, may debase their nature, forfeit

and drain-bowls, invent new tricks in eating and drinking, and have sausages, anchovies, tobacco, caviare, pickled oysters, herrings, fumadoes, and other provocatives, to whet their appetites, that they may wet their lips, and be enabled, by carrying their drink the better, to rival the prowess of the brewer's horse, who can carry more liquor than the best of them. They make foolish laws, *contra bibendi fallacias*, and boast of their loyalty to the toast-master, justifying their wickedness by the reasoning of that French Lucian, the well-known Rabelais, that drunkenness is better for the body than physic, because there are more old drunkards than old physicians, and many other such frothy arguments. Not to drink is an unpardonable offence. There is as much valour expected in feasting as in fighting, as some of our city captains, carpet nights, and trenchermen, industriously prove, until they wilfully pervert the good temperature of their bodies, stifle the wit which God has blessed them with, strangle nature, and degenerate into beasts.

For when the wine's quick force has pierced the brain,
And push'd the raging heat thro' ev'ry vein,
The members all grow dull, the reason weak;
Nor can the tongue its usual accents speak:
The eyeballs swim; the legs forget their gait,
And bend beneath the body's cumb'rous weight.
Unmanly quarrels, and loud noise, deface
The powers of reason, and usurp their place:

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their character, and sink themselves, by licentiousness into perfect beasts."

times with vi'lent fits the patient falls,
if with thunder struck, or foams and bawls;
ks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breathes short,
ends and tires his limbs with antic sport,
ile the rank venom, scatter'd thro' the whole,
troys the noblest functions of his soul.

But an observance of strict abstinence would haps put most men *out of Commons;* and, as re is no rule so general as not to admit of ne exception, so upon the present subject we l, that custom in some measure detracts from injuries which are stated to arise from the ure of food, and its intemperate or unseason-e use; for such things as persons have been g accustomed to, however pernicious they y be in themselves, become, from use, less nsive, and lose a portion of their dangerous ects: it might, indeed, otherwise, be said, *medicè vivit miserè vivit;* that it would be serable to live according to the strict rules of sic. Nature itself is changed by custom. sbandmen, and those who are used to labo-us lives, eat, with eager appetites, fat and ty bacon, coarse salt meats, black bread, and d cheese, *O dura messorum ilia!* which the is of indolence would reject with scorn. stom is all in all, and makes that which uld be pernicious to some, delightful to others. avellers frequently experience this in a high gree. The strange meats of foreign countries ise great alterations and distempers in their nstitutions, until use and custom mitigate their ects, and make all good again. Mithridates,

by frequent use, was, to the astonishment
Pliny, able to endure poison: but it is certai
as Curtius records the story, that the young f
male who was sent to Alexander by King Poru
had been fed on poison from her earliest infanc
Theophrastus speaks of a shepherd who cou
eat hellebore in substance; and it is well know
that the Turks eat opium by a drachm at onc
but which we dare not take in grains*. Card
concludes out of Galen, and on the authority
Hippocrates himself, that unless the custom l
very bad, it is advisable for all persons to adhe
to that which they have been used to, be it die
bathing, exercise, or any thing else; for custon
like an insinuating school-mistress, silently ar
gradually establishes her authority over us, ar
then immediately unmasks, and becomes a fi
rious and unconquerable tyrant; and therefor
says Montaigne, "I give credit to the accou
of Plato's cures, in his Republic, and to tl
custom of the physicians, who so often resig
the reasons of their art to its authority." Tl
food also which the palate delights in, and high
relishes, may occasionally be taken, although
its nature it be productive of melancholy disp
sition; for the stomach readily digests, ar
willingly entertains, such meats as it loves be
Some, for instance, from a sort of secret ant
pathy, cannot endure even the smell of chees

* Garcius ab Horto writes of one whom he saw at Go
in the East Indies, that took ten drachms of opium in thr
days, and yet *consultò loquebatur*, spoke understandingl

ight of a roasted duck, which to others
t delightful food. Necessity, poverty,
ıd hunger, also frequently compel men
nes to eat things which they would in
tuations loath and abhor; and nature,
and accommodating herself to the oc-
nitigates and lessens the bad effects of
ands, which, under such circumstances,
ımpelled to endure. But to those who
thy, live plenteously, at ease, and can
for themselves, the viands before-men-
ıs being productive of melancholy, must
ı at their peril. Let them remember
rvation of Plato, who, having reproved
r playing continually with dice, the child
You blame me for a trifle;" to which
osopher wisely replied, "A bad custom,
, is not such a trifle as you seem to
"

eing taken into our bodies by respira-
d mixing itself with the minutest parts
corporeal system, is a cause of great
in producing or avoiding not only
ıoly, but almost every other species of
Hot, dry, thick, fuliginous, cloudy,
ıg, impure, or foggy air, thickens the
orrupts the humours, dejects the spirits,
ıedes the actions of the heart*. The

ıpurus aër spiritus dejicit, infecto corde gignit·
—*Paulus*, lib. i. c. 49. "Sanguinem densat,
ıs, Fernelius."—P. i. c. 13. "Ex aëre ambiente
ır humor melancholius."—*Jorbertus lib. de Quar-*

spirits rise and fall in proportion as the air i
which we breath is good or bad; and the h
mours of the body are greatly influenced by t
light or heavy state of the animal spirits
Bodine† has evidently shewn, that melancho
is most prevalent in hot countries, and therefo
in almost all the great cities of Spain, Afri
and Asia Minor, there are public receptacles
persons afflicted with this disease‡: this, ho
ever, must be understood of those places wh
an intense heat prevails, as in Cyprus, Ma
Apulia, and the Holy Land; where, at cert
seasons of the year, the surface of the soi
nothing but dust, the rivers being dried up,
air scorching, and the earth so highly inflar
that many pious pilgrims travelling bare
for devotion sake, from Joppa to Jerusa
upon the burning sands, are often seized
melancholy and madness. But even unde
equator, where the climate is temperate, th
wholesome, and the whole country a par
of pleasure, the leaves wearing an eternal g
and the showers conveying the most refres

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tana. "Calidus et siccus, frigidus et siccus, paludi
crassus."—*Montaltus*, c. xi.

* Qual[illegible]s aër, talis spiritus; et cujusmodi spiritus
mores.

† In his fifth book *De Repub.* cap. i. 5, of his M
of History.

‡ See al[illegible]o Leo Afer, lib. 3, *de Fessa Urbe*, a
works of Or[illegible]elius and Zuinger; and Gordonius, *lib*
part ii. c. 19, says, "Intellige, quod in calidis regi
frequenter acc[illegible]idit mania; ni frigidis autem tarde."

, many melancholy minds are frequently
Hercules de Saxonia, a professor in
assigns the heat of the climate as a
ıy so many Venetian women are melan-
and Montanus says, that the melancholy
was under his care originally engen-
e disease by exposing himself too fre-
o the vicissitudes of heat and cold‡.
ich and populous town of Aden, in
elix, the heat is so intense, that the
are held in the middle of the night to
pernicious effects; and a similar prac-
ails for the like reason in many parts
Iogul empire; but particularly in the
rmus, near the gulph of Persia, where
itants of all descriptions, like cattle in
e, to avoid its heat, and the noxious
hich the sun exhales from its sulphu-
il, are obliged to stand immersed to the
vater the greater part of the day§. The
constitutions are incapable of resisting
s of such a climate. Amatus Lusitanus
story of a young and beautiful female,
hirteen years of age, the daughter of
ent, a currier, who, to make her hair
auburn hue, washed it in the middle of

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* Acosta, lib. ii.

diù sub sole degant: They tarry too long in

d tam multum exposuit se calori et frigori."

refract the sun-beams that the Turks wear
ns.

the day, in the month of July, and exposed it t
the sun, by which means she created so violen
an inflammation in her head, that she becam
immediately melancholy, and afterwards ra
furiously mad. Extremes of all kinds are da
gerous, and excessive cold is almost as pern
cious as excessive heat. The inhabitants of tl
Northern climates are, for this cause, general
of a dull, heavy, and melancholy dispositio
The most pernicious air, however, is that whi
is thick, cloudy, misty, and foggy; such
arises from fens, as Romney Marsh, the hu
dreds of Essex, the fens of Lincolnshire, moo
lakes, dunghills, drains, and sinks. The tow
of Alexandria, in the Mediterranean; the hav
of St. John de Ulloa, in New Spain; the citi
of Stockholm, in Sweden; Regium, in Ital
Salisbury, Hull, and Lynn, in England, are u
healthy situations. They may be convenient f
the purposes of navigation and trade, but th
are unwholesome. Old Rome has descend
from her hills into the valley; and most n
cities are now built on plains, to enjoy such a
vantages as rivers, creeks, and havens afford, f
the purposes of commerce. There are, inde
some authors who have contended that a thi
and smoky atmosphere is not unfriendly
health; and the condition of the inhabitants
the city of Pisa in Tuscany, situated on the riv
Arno, in a low but fertile plain, at a small d
tance from the sea, is produced as an exampl
but let the scites of cities, built for such pu
poses, be as they may, how can those natio

ntinople itself, and many other cities in
, where carrion is permitted to lie in the
and every sort of uncleanliness prevails?
utation from which the noble city of
, the seat of royalty, where the air is
nt, and the situation fine, has not escaped.
mmon feelings of every man will convince
he will attend to them, of the superior
ges health derives from a pure and
ate atmosphere; for while troubled, tem-
s, foul, rough, and impestuous weather
s, while the days are cloudy, and the
damp, the mind becomes tetric, sad,
, angry, dull, and melancholy: but
the western gales blow calmly over our
and the sun shines mildly from the skies,
are looks alert and cheerful.

when the changeful temper of the skies
condenses, the dense rarefies,
tions on the alter'd air impress'd,

choly. The devil himself seems to take th opportunity of foul and tempestuous weather t agitate our spirits, and vex our souls; for as th sea waves, so are the spirits and humours in ou bodies tossed with tempestuous winds an storms.

Exercise, if opportunely used, contribut greatly to the preservation of health; but it be unseasonable, violent, or excessive, is extremely prejudicial. "Over exercise an weariness," says Fernelius, "consumes t spirits, refrigerates the body, stirs up t humours, and enrages such of them as natu would otherwise have concocted and expelle thereby causing them diversely to affect a trouble both the body and the mind." So al if exercise be unseasonably used, as upon a f stomach, or where the body is full of cruditi it is equally detrimental; for it corrupts t food, carries the juices, yet raw and undigeste into the veins, and there putrifies, and confoun the animal spirits. Crato particularly prote against all such exercise after eating, as bei the greatest enemy to concoction; and the fore it is not without good reason that Salvian Jacchinus, Mercurialis, Arcubanus, and ma other celebrated physicians, set down immoder and unseasonable exercise as a most forci cause of melancholy.

Idleness, which is the opposite extreme immoderate exercise, is the badge of gentry, bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtine the step-mother of discipline, the chief auth

mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the
n upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and
it cause not only of melancholy, but of
other diseases: for the mind is naturally
; and if it be not occupied about some
; business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks
elancholy. As immoderate exercise offends
one side, so doth an idle life on the other.
ss, as Rasis and Montaltus affirm, begets
choly more than any other disposition:
lutarch says, that it is not only the sole
of the sickness of the soul, but that
g begets it sooner, encreases it more, or
ues it so long. Melancholy is certainly a
ır disease to all idle persons; an insepa-
companion to such as live indolent and
ous lives. Any pleasant company, dis-
, business, sport, recreation, or amusement,
id "the pains and penalties of idleness:"
e moment these engagements cease, the
s again afflicted with the torments of this
e. The lazy, lolling race of men are
; miserable and uneasy. Seneca well says,
mihi malè quam molliter esse: I had rather
k than idle. This disposition is either of
or of mind. Idleness of body is the
per intermission of necessary exercise,
causes crudities, obstructions, excremen-
humours, quenches the natural heat, dulls
rits, and renders the mind unfit for employ-
As ground that is untilled runs to
, so indolence produces nothing but gross

humours*. A horse unexercised, and a haw unflown, contract diseases from which, if left their natural liberty, they would be entire free. An idle dog will be mangy; and ho can an idle person expect to escape? But ment idleness is infinitely more prejudicial the idleness of body: wit without employment is disease, *Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii:* the rust the soul, a plague, a very hell itself: *maximu animi nocumentum.* "As in a standing pool says Seneca, "worms and filthy creepers i crease, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in tl mind of an idle person." The whole soul contaminated by it. As in a commonweal that has no common enemy to contend wit civil wars generally ensue, and the members it rage against each other, so is this body natur when it is idle, macerated and vexed with car griefs, false fears, discontents, suspicions, a restless anxiety, for want of proper employme Vulture like, it preys upon the bowels of i victims, and allows them no respite from the sufferings.

> For he's the Tityus here, that lies opprest
> With idleness, or whom fierce cares molest:
> These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or co dition, however rich, well allied, or fortunat can never be well either in body or min Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighin

* Neglectis urenda silex innascitur agris.
HOR. *Lib.* i. *Sat.* 3.

grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves, and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill-health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy. This is the true cause why the rich and great generally labour under this disease; for idleness is an appendix to nobility, who, counting business a disgrace, sanction every whim in search of, and spend all their time, in dissipated pleasures, idle sports, and useless recreations: and

> Their conduct, like a sick man's dreams,
> Is form'd of vanity and whims.

Pharaoh reasoned philosophically on the subject of this disease: for when the children of Israel, for want of sufficient employment, requested, with murmuring and discontent, permission to offer up their sacrifices in the desart, he commanded the task-master to double the portion of their daily duty, conceiving that as the cause of their discontent proceeded from their want of employment, their murmurings might be appeased by additional labour. "Ye shall no more," said the king, "give the people straw to make bricks; let them gather it for themselves: but the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore, shall not in aught be diminished; for they are idle, and therefore it is they cry, let us go and sacrifice to our God." *Otiosus animus nescit quid volet:* An idle person knows not when he is well, what he would have, or whither he would

go; and being tired with every thing, disple
with every thing, and every way weary of
existence, he falls by degrees into the dee
melancholy.

Solitude, "nimia solitudo," too much soli
ness is cousin-german to idleness, and a prin
cause of melancholy. It is either enforce
voluntary. *Enforced solitude* is that whic
observed by students, monks, friars, and an
rites, who, by their order and course of life,
abandon all society, and betake themselv
privacy and retirement. Bale and Hospi
well term it, *Otio superstitioso seclusi;* suc
are the Carthusians, who, by the rules of
order, eat no flesh, keep perpetual silence,
never go abroad. Under this head also ma
ranged such as live in prisons or in desert pl

"Far from the busy hum of men."

Like those country gentlemen who inhabit lo
and sequestered houses; for they are oblig
live without company, or to exceed thei
comes by hospitably entertaining all who c
induced to visit them; except, indeed,
choose to hold conversation and keep com
with their servants and hinds, or such as
unequal to them in birth, inferior to the
fortune, and of a contrary temper and dis
tion; or else, as their only resource
solitude, fly, as many country gentlemen d
the neighbouring alehouse, and there spend
time with vulgar fellows in unlawful dis
and dissolute courses. There are others
are cast upon this rock for want of mean

society; there are others who seek it from
ɔng sense of some impending or suffered
ıity or disgrace: and there are others who
ıduced to seek it from the natural timidity
ashfulness of their temper; or as the means
ɔiding that rudeness of behaviour which
re in danger of meeting with in the world,
hich the delicacy of their feelings, and too
ıite sensibility, render them unable to
e. *Nullum solum infelici gratius solitudine,*
ullus sit qui miseriam exprobret. From
ver cause, however, this species of solita-
may arise, it is conducive to a melancholy
ition: but such effects are most likely to
ɔduced on the minds of those who have
usly passed their time in the social
res and lively recreations of good com-
and are, upon some sudden emergency or
compelled to resign the happiness of
ıtic life, or the more vivid joys of popular
ainments, for the cold comforts of a
y cottage, where they are abridged of
ısual liberty, and debarred from the com-
of their ordinary associates. But it is
ary solitude which is most likely to engen-
is disease, and to lead the mind, like a
a shoeing-horn, or a Sphinx, by seductive
and imperceptible degrees, into this
cable gulph. Piso calls this disposition
imary cause of melancholy; for the highest
ıt persons thus tainted can enjoy, is to be
t from all society, to lie whole days in bed,
lude themselves in their chambers from

the sight of mankind, to saunter alone throu
some sequestered grove, amidst the mazes
some entangled wood, or on the margin of
rushy brook, in silent but pleasing meditati
on such subjects as most affect their mind
amabilis insania et mentis gratissimus error:
most incomparable delight it is so to melanch
lize, to build fancied castles in the air, to
smiling to themselves, to act without contr
or observation an infinite variety of parts, and
realize in Fancy's maze the subject of th
imaginations, past, present, and to come.
delightful are these toys at first, that they foll
them day after day, and night after night, w
unexhausted pleasure, conceiving from
powerful impression they feel, that they are
very characters which their thoughts repres
to their distempered but pregnant minds.
object can induce them to abandon, or prev
them from enjoying, the delusive pleasu
which their vain conceits afford; but suspend
their ordinary tasks, avoiding all sublunary c
cerns, relinquishing even the pleasures of stu
and neglecting every other employment, th
fantastical and betwitching thoughts so cover
so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set up
creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distr
and detain them, that they surrender themsel
entirely to their influence, and wander ev
where musing and melancholizing, like one c
ducted in sad silence by the fairy hand of Pu
that merry wanderer of the night, or Ober
the king of shadows, over the enchanted hea

and unwinding themselves as so many
ınd still pleasing their deluded minds.

——— unsettled they remove,
ınre calls, from verdant grove to grove ;
:ch'd on flowery meads at ease they lie,
ır the silver rills run bubbling by.

alas! at last the scene is suddenly
by some bad event; and being habi-
ı vain solitude and fanciful meditation,
ble to endure the delights of rational
:hey can ruminate on nothing but harsh
asteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspi-
content, care, and weariness of life, sur-
:m in a moment, and they can think of
else. No sooner do their eyes open
ɜ infernal plague of *melancholy* seizes on
terrifies their souls by representing the
mal objects to their minds, which now
s, no labour, no persuasion, will enable
avoid.

——————— The fatal dart
ı their sides, and rankles in the heart :"

find it impossible to extract the shaft,
:tricate themselves from the dreadful
ıto which they have been plunged by
lgence of their pleasing but pernicious
tions.

ɜ gates of hell are open night and day ;
th the descent, and easy is the way :
ɔ return, and view the cheerful skies,
ɜ the task and mighty labour lies."

ɜ contemplation, induced by that species

of solitude so highly recommended by the fa-
thers of the church, may unquestionably, as Pe-
trarch observes, create an earthly paradise, a
heaven on earth, if it be rightly used: good fo
the body, and better for the soul. Of thi
effect, the piety, the innocence, and the virtue
which accompanied the retirement of the Em-
peror Dioclesian, and of Simulus, the courtie
and companion of Adrian, are remarkable in-
stances. *Vatia solus scit vivere*, was the obser
vation of the Romans when they commende
the advantages of rural retirement: "It is Vati
alone who knows how to live:" and certainl
many excellent philosophers, as Democritu
Cleanthus, Pliny, Cicero, and Jovius, have ad
vantageously sequestered themselves from th
contentions of a tumultuous world. Our zealou
innovators, therefore, were perhaps ill advise
when they subverted and flung down all abbie
and religious houses without distinction. Th
gross abuses, and greater inconveniences, th
prevailed in those retreats, might have bee
amended and reformed; and some of those fa
buildings, and everlasting monuments of th
piety of our forefathers, rendered favourable t
that religious devotion they were original
erected to promote. Some few monasteries a
collegiate cells might have been well spar
from the general wreck, and their revenues en
ployed in supporting those who choose to reti
from the cares and troubles, the vices and vex
tions, of a disastrous world. Some persons wl
are unfit, and others who are unwilling, to ho

the nuptial torch, together with many more, whom sickness, sorrow, or other misfortunes, may have disqualified from entering on the stage of active life with any probability of success, might, in the temperance and quietude of those holy retreats, have been comfortably supported; and while they mingled the study of useful science with the practice of virtue and religion, have become ornaments to human nature, and recommended themselves both to God and man. Characters of this description are never less solitary than when they are alone, or more busy than when they seem to be most idle*. It is reported by Plato, in his dialogue *de amore*, that Socrates, during his continuance in the army, and while he encamped on an extensive plain, was observed by his officers to fall suddenly into so profound a meditation that he continued rapt and musing from morning until evening, without ever waking from his reverie. The officers, in admiration of his philosophic character and exalted mind, placed a canopy over his head, and silently watched him throughout the night; but he still remained in the same posture, pensive and immoveable, until the sun opened his beams on the ensuing day, when he raised his

* An observation which Cicero, in his Offices, put into the mouth of Scipio Africanus: "Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus; nunquam minus otiosus quam cum esset otiosus." To which we may add the answer the poet made to the husbandman in Æsop, that objected idleness to him, namely, "That he was never so idle as in his company."

eyes to heaven, and saluting with reverent
awe and humble adoration the glorious lumina
he departed with quietude and composure to
tent, and issued his orders for the business
the day. The subject which during this lo
interval engaged the contemplation of this gr
man is not known; nor is it easy to be co
ceived how he could bring his mind to endu
such a long-continued train of intense thoug
It was, however, a fatigue which few, if a
modern philosophers would be able, or perha
willing, to sustain. But Seneca observes, th
a wise man is never so busy as when he silen
contemplates the greatness of God and t
beauty of his works; or withdraws from soci
for the purpose of performing some importa
service to the rest of mankind: for he that
well employed in such studies, though he m
seem to do nothing at all, does greater thin
than any other, in affairs both human and divi
There are, however, some men who are busy
idleness, and make the leisure of peace not o
more troublesome, but even more wicked th
the business of war. *Homo solus aut Deus, a*
dæmon: "A man alone is said to be eithe
saint or a devil:" and on such characters so
tude always produces its worst effects; for th
frequently degenerate from the nature of m
and loathing even the idea of society, become
species of misanthropic beasts and monste
ugly to behold by others, and hateful to the
selves. They are very Timons and Nebucha
nezzars; to whom we may apply the observ

made by Mercurialis to his melancholy
nt: "Nature may justly complain of you,
he gave you both a healthy body and a
ous mind, which you have not only con-
ed and rejected, but polluted and over-
rn; and by such misconduct have proved
elf a traitor to God, an enemy to Nature,
troyer of yourself, and a malefactor to the
l. You have wilfully cast yourself away;
y giving way to, instead of resisting, your
cogitations, have become the efficient cause
ur own misery and destruction."

ep, Nature's soft nurse, cannot, according
: received opinion, be immoderately taken
s disease; but in that phlegmatic, swinish,
and sluggard melancholy, of which Me-
non speaks, it may certainly do more
than good; for, as Fuchsius says of those
sleep like dormice, it dulls the spirits, de-
s the senses, fills the head full of gross hu-
s, produces distillations, and causes excre-
itious matter in the brain. Sleeping in the
ime upon a full stomach, after eating hard
, or when the body is ill composed to
certainly produces frightful dreams, in-
, night walking, crying out, and prepares
ody, as Ratzius observes, "for many peri-
liseases." On the contrary, waking over-
is both a symptom and an ordinary cause
is disease; for it corrupts the temperature
: brain, and changes the natural heat of the
Crato, Hildesheim, Jacchinus, and many
s, therefore, justly conceive this over-

much waking to be a principal cause of melancholy.

If enquiry be made which of all the foregoing causes is the most malignant in its effects, an answer is furnished by the observation which the Gymnosophist made to Alexander, when he ordered him to pronounce sentence on his companions; that every one of them is worse than the other*.

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* Alexander, in his expedition against Sabbas, took ten of the most acute and concise Gymnosophists, who had principally instigated the revolt, and propounded to them successively nine questions; declaring that he who first answered wrong, of which answer the oldest should be judge, should be first put to death, and after him all the rest. The questions and answers were, 1st. "Which are most numerous, the living or the dead?"—A. "The living; for the dead no longer exist."—2dly. "Whether the earth or the sea produces the largest animals?"—A. "The earth; for the sea is part of it."—3dly. "Which is the craftiest of all animals?"—A. "That with which man is not yet acquainted."—4thly. "What was your reason for persuading Sabbas to revolt?"—A. "Because I wished him either to live or die with honour."—5thly. "Which is the oldest, day or night?"—A. "The day, by one day."—6thly. "What are the best means for a man to make himself beloved?"—A. "Not to make himself feared."—7thly. "How may a man become a god?"—A. "By doing what is impossible for man to do?"—8thly. "Which is strongest, life or death?"—A. "Life; beause it bears so many evils."—9thly. "How long is it good for a man to live?"—A. "As long as he does not prefer death to life." Alexander then turning to the judge, ordered him to give sentence.—"In my opinion," said the venerable philosopher, "they have all answered one worse than another."—"If this is thy judgment,"

But those causes which arise from the *passions*, and which we shall now proceed to consider, are far more malignant in their nature, and grievous in their effects, than all the rest.

The *passions* are denominated by Piccolomineus, "*fulmen perturbationum*," or the thunder and lightning of the soul: from their producing such violent and speedy effects upon the human frame, as frequently to subvert the good estate and temperature both of body and mind; for, as the body by its bad humours troubles the spirits and works upon the mind, by sending gross humours into the brain, so *per consequens* the disturbance of the soul, and its faculties, works upon the body through the medium of its passions. "If the body," says Democritus*, in Plutarch, "should in this behalf bring an action against the soul, the soul would certainly be cast and convicted, for permitting the body to suffer, by her supine negligence, such gross inconveniences; for the soul having an unquestionable authority and control over the body, ought to use its authority as an instrument for effecting its own purposes, as a smith uses his hammer in moulding materials into such forms as he pleases." The Stoics† say that a wise man

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said Alexander, "thou shall die first."—"No," replied the philosopher, "not except you choose to break your word: for you declared that the man who answered worst should first suffer." The king loaded them with presents, and dismissed them.

* Lib. de sanitat. tuend.

† Lepsius Physiol. Stoic. Picolomineus Grad. l. c. 32.

should be ἀπαθής, free from all passion or pertur bation whatsoever, as Cato and Socrates are re puted to have been*. But this is an airy an unfounded notion; for common experienc evinces that no mortal can totally exempt him self from these vibrations of the heart and mind and, indeed, as Lemnius observes, that which i free from passion cannot be mortal, but must b either more or less than man†. The passion are natives of the human breast, and their co ruptions and discordances have been increase by the accumulating vices of succeeding gener tions; for however they may be occasionall moderated and subdued by the happy effects o a good education, the precepts of sound philo sophy, and the divine influence of religion, the predominate in general with such unrestraine and irresistible violence, that, like a raging to rent overflowing its banks, and bearing dow all before it, they overwhelm the soul, and d stroy not only the faculties of the mind, b change, in their course, the very temperature o the body. Ludovicus Vives compares them t the winds and waves, which, when light and f vourable, drive us gently over a calm sea to o destined harbour; but if high and adverse, to us tempestuously through a troubled ocean t some hostile and unfriendly shore. As the mir works upon the body through the medium o

* Seneca Epist. 104. Elian. lib. i. c. 6.

† Lemnius De occult. nat. mir. l. i. c. 16. Nemo mo talium qui affectibus non ducatur: qui nonmovetur, a saxum, aut Deus est.

the passions, so the passions produce their effect through the medium of the imagination*. The original fountain, therefore, of all human grievances of this description is *læsa imaginatio*, as Dr. Navarra justly observed, on being consulted by Montanus on the case of a melancholy Jew; for the disorder of the imagination communicates itself to the heart, and causes a distemperature of the spirits and humours to such a degree as to occasion melancholy; the mind being a soil much more favourable to the impregnation of this complaint, and more fertile and prolific in its effects, than the body.

The common misconceptions of persons labouring under this disease, such as their being kings, lords, cocks, bears, apes, owls, and objects of a more fantastical kind, are justly attributed by Wierus† to this source. One day, while Alexander had stripped himself to play at ball, the persons who were playing with him observed a man sitting in profound and melancholy silence on his throne, dressed in the royal robes, with the diadem upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand; and when they demanded who he was, he seemed to disdain giving them an answer; but being further questioned, he at length wakened as it were from his reverie, and re-

* See upon this subject Agrippa Occult. Philos. lib. xi. c. 63. Cardan, lib. xiv. Lemnius, lib. i. c. 12. Suacer Met. disput. 18. sect. i. article 23. T. Bright, in his Treatise on Melancholy, cap. 12; and Wright the Jesuit's Book on the Passions of the Mind.

† Occult Philos. lib. v. cap. 64.

plied, "My name is Dionysius; I am a nativ of Messene: upon a criminal process agains me, I left that place, and embarked for Babylon where I was kept a long time in chains; bu this day the god Serapis appeared to me, brok my chains, conducted me hither, and ordered m to reassume in dignified silence my royalty an crown." And many other instances of the lik sort might be given.

The force of imagination indeed is so grea that, as Ludovicus Vives relates, a Jew in Franc who had come by chance safely over a terribl dangerous passage, by means of a very narro plank that lay over a precipice, on perceivin the next day the danger he had escaped, fe down, and instantly expired. It is by workin on the imagination of patients, that empiri oftentimes perform such extraordinary cures as in those common instances of the cure of th tooth-ach, ague, gout, and hydrophobia, b means of pretended spells, words, tractors, ch racters, and charms. Strong conceit is a kind mental rudder which Reason should hold f the purpose of steering the mind into its rig course; but reason too frequently suffers itse to be carried away by the strong gales of a co rupt and vitiated fancy, and by the violence those perturbations which unrestrained passio create. Philosophy and religion are certain the best antidotes to these intellectual distu bances, and, by their operation, if timely adm nistered, all the exorbitant desires of the min and every unruly and extravagant passion of th

heart, might be moderated and restrained within their proper bounds; but men, alas! instead of applying these salutary medicines to abate the rage, and recover the temper, of their vitiated imaginations, cherish the disease in their bosoms until their increasing appetites, like the hounds of Actæon, tear into pieces the soul they were intended to enliven and protect.

The passions and perturbations which affect the fancy, and distract the imagination, are divided by the Thomists into the six which covet, and the five which invade; by Aristotle, into those which give pleasure or pain; by Plato, into those which engender love or hatred; by Ludovicus Vives, into good and bad; by St. Barnard, into those which excite hope or fear; to which others add, those which create joy or sorrow: but Wright, the Jesuit, distributes them into those which arise from the *irascible* and *concupiscible* inclinations.

Sorrow may be included in the catalogue of irascible passions productive of melancholy; for it is not only the inseparable companion, but both the cause and effect of this disease. Sorrow and melancholy move as it were in a circle, and reciprocally act upon and produce each other. This affection is described by St. Chrysostom, in his seventeenth Epistle to Olympia, to be "a cruel torture of the soul; a poisonous worm, which continually gnaws upon the heart, and consumes both the body and the mind; a perpetual executioner, working in night and darkness; a battle that has no end; and the

eagle which, as poets feign, was perpetually plucking at the vitals of Prometheus*." Every perturbation, says the royal preacher, is a misery; but grief is a cruel torment†. In ancient Rome, when a dictator was created, all inferior magistracies ceased; and when excessive grief seizes on the soul, all other passions immediately vanish. Eleonora, the mournful duchess, in our English Ovid‡, well describes the effect of this perturbation, in her lamentation over her noble husband Humphrey Duke of Gloucester:

"Saw'st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheerful look
Duke Humphrey once such joy and pleasure took;
Sorrow hath so despoil'd them of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my Elnor's face.

David roared in the disquietude of his heart; his soul melted away for very heaviness; and he became like a bottle in the smoke§. Crato gives an extraordinary instance of a patient whose mind was weighed down by the blackest melancholy merely from his having indulged immoderate sorrow||. And Montanus furnishes another instance of the like kind, in the case of a noble matron, whose sorrow gained such firm posses-

* Dr. Johnson says, "Sorrow properly is that state of the mind in which our desires are fixed upon the past, without looking forward to the future; an incessant wish that something was otherwise than it has been; a tormenting and harassing want of some enjoyment or possession which we have lost, and which no endeavours can possibly regain."

† Eccles. xxv. 15, 16. ‡ Mich. Drayton, in his Her. Ep.

§ Psalm xxxviii. 8.

|| Mærore maceror, marcesco et consenesco miser, ossa atque pellis suæ misera macritudine.

sion of her mind that the consequent melancholy could never be removed. It was the violence of sorrow that transformed Hecuba into a dog, and Niobe into stone.

Widow'd and childless, lamentable state!
A doleful sight among the dead she sat;
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair;
To every breath of wind unmov'd her hair:
Her cheeks still reddening, but their colour dead;
Faded her eye, and set within her head.
No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
But lies congeal'd within her frozen lips.
Stagnate and dull within her purple veins,
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.
Her feet their usual offices refuse;
Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose;
Action and life from every part are gone,
And ev'n her entrails turn'd to solid stone:
Yet still she weeps, and, whirl'd by stormy winds,
Borne through the air, her native country finds;
There fix'd she stands upon a bleaky hill;
There yet her marble cheeks fresh tears distil.

These lines well express that dumb, deaf, melancholy stupidity which benumbs all our faculties, when oppressed by accidents which we are not able to bear: and, indeed, the operation of grief, if it be excessive, must so overwhelm the soul as to deprive it of the liberty of its functions.

Melancthon observes, that sorrow draws a black blood from the spleen, and diffuses it round the heart in such a manner as to extinguish the spirits, and occasions those terrible hypochondrical convulsions to which persons who have surrendered themselves to habitual sadness are *so frequently subject*. But the kind

of sorrow most likely to produce these mischievous effects, is that which is silent and inactive; for

> Complaining oft gives respite to our grief;
> From hence the wretched Progne sought relief;
> Hence the Pœantian chief his fate deplores,
> And vents his sorrows to the Lemnian shores:
> In vain by secresy we would assuage
> Our cares; conceal'd, they gather tenfold rage.

Fear is cousin-german, or rather sister, to Sorrow, her *fidus Achates*, constant companion; chief assistant, and principal agent in procuring this mischief. What Virgil says of the Harpies may be truly applied to these twin destroyers:

> "Monsters more fierce offended heaven ne'er sent,
> From hell's abyss, for human punishment."

This foul fiend was held in so much awe by the Lacedæmonians, that they worshipped it under the title of Angerona Dea; and their augurs yearly sacrificing at its shrine in the temple of Volupia, endeavoured to deprecate its wrath, and to induce her to banish from the bosoms of the people all cares, anguish, and vexation, during the succeeding year. The Ephori of Sparta erected a temple to Fear near their tribunal, to strike awe into those who approached it. Theseus, before he engaged the Amazons, in obedience to the command of an oracle, sacrificed to Fear, that his troops might not be seized with it. Alexander performed the same ceremony before the battle of Arbela. Virgil places Fear at the entrance of hell; and Ovid in the retinue of *Tisiphone*, one of the furies. The lamentable

effects of this disqualifying perturbation are very sensibly felt by those who are compelled to speak before public assemblies, or in the presence of the wise and great, as both Cicero and Demosthenes have very candidly confessed; for it impedes utterance, confuses the ideas, destroys the memory*, and confounds the judgment. Lucian, to illustrate its effects, introduces Jupiter Tragœdus, when he was about to make a speech to the rest of the gods, as totally unable to utter a syllable, until he was prompted by the herald Mercury. It frequently confounds the brightest and strongest faculties of the human mind; hinders the most honourable attempts; discourages the efforts of genius; aggravates calamity; and keeps those who are under its influence in continual suspense and increasing alarm, depressing every hope of their minds, and rendering sad and heavy every feeling of their hearts. There is no passion that sooner dethrones the judgment from its natural seat:

> Mistrust of good success hath done the deed:
> Oh! hateful error, Melancholy's child.

And Shakspeare has declared that

> "————Our fears are traitors,
> Which make us lose the thing we wish
> To gain, by dread of the event."

There is, in short, no rack or torture so truly painful. *Nulla ut miseria major quàm metus*, says Tives truly; for there is certainly no greater

* Timor inducit frigus, cordis palpitationem, vocis defectum, atque pallorem. AGRIPPA, *lib.* 1. c. 63.

misery. It leads the imagination into its mo dreadful abyss, and tyrannises over the fan more than all other affections; for what tl mind fears it fancies it perceives; and the ide of ghosts, goblins, hags, spectres, devils, ar every thing that imports calamity and distre present themselves so strongly to the mind, to overwhelm it with horrors, which, if not di sipated by timely remedies, will in the end embi ter life with miserable melancholy.

Shame and *disgrace* cause most violent ar bitter pangs, and frequently plunge the mo generous minds into the deepest despair; fi there are men, as Cicero observes, who are ab to neglect the tumults of the world, to abandc the fields of glory, to contemn pleasure, and e dure grief, who are alarmed even at the appea ance of infamy, and are utterly unable to endu even undeserved obloquy or reproach. A sen of shame operates so powerfully on every liber and ingenuous mind, that it frequently caus the tortured sufferer to destroy his life. Ari totle, ashamed of being not able to understa the motion of Euripus*, put a period to his e istence: Homer was overwhelmed by this di tressing perturbation, because he was unable unfold the fisherman's riddle†: Sophocles w unable to survive the disgrace he felt on h favourite tragedy being hissed off the stage:

* Cælius Rodiginus antiquar. lec. lib. 29. cap. 8.

† Quod piscatoris ænigma solvere non posset.

‡ Valer. Max. lib. 9, cap. 12. Ob Tragœdeum e plosam, mortem sibi gladio conscivit.

ı stabbed herself, and so did Cleopatra, the infamy of being exhibited as a pub- tacle of triumph and dishonour*: Apol- Rhodius forsook his country and his and devoted himself to exile, merely he had mis-recited one of his poems†. of shame drove Ajax mad on the arms les being adjudged to Ulysses. Hostra- friar, was so mortified by the book Reuclin wrote against him, under the f *Epist. obscurorum virorum*, that for ınd grief he made away with himself‡: thony, the triumvir, on being conquered olleague, sat for three days in melancholy on the forecastle of his ship, and then d himself: so powerfully does this acute play its part among other passions and ıtions of the human mind. There are, many base, impudent, brazen-faced, un- rogues, whose countenances never betray ilt, who set all sense of shame at defiance, inflexible features no obloquy can move, ide all modesty, and laugh at disgrace; ıough perjured, stigmatized, and sen- ıs convicted rogues, thieves, or traitors, their ears, be whipped, branded, called, at, and hissed, like Ballio, the bawd in glory in their shame. The times un-

ı vidit in triumphum se servari, causa ejus igno- ıandæ mortem sibi conscivit.

male recitasset *Argonautica* ob pudorem exulavit.

‡ Jovius in elogiis.

happily produce many such shameless characters, who, like Thersites,

> " ———clamour in the throng,
> Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue,
> Aw'd by no shame, by no respect control'd,
> In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;"

and who may be truly said to possess " a wall of brass;" but of a different kind from that which Horace recommends, when he says—.

> " Be this thy fort and brazen wall,
> To be in virtue best of all;
> To have a conscience clear within.
> Nor colour at the change of sin *.

Modesty is the brightest badge of merit; and every ingenuous man, jealous of his reputation, feels a deep and deadly wound inflicted by the shafts of calumny and disgrace. Life and fortune are no considerations with him when placed in competition with the loss of character. The least blot upon his honour, the shadow even of disgrace passing over his fair name, and obscuring only for a time the brightness of his renown, renders him dejected and miserable.

Envy and malice are links of this chain of perturbations; for envy gnaws the human heart until it drowns the mind in melancholy: and Horace well observes

> " That stern Sicilian tyrants ne'er could find
> A greater torment than an envious mind."

" As a moth gnaws a garment, so," says St.

* Hor. Epist. 1st.

Chrysostom, "does envy consume the heart of man." Its malignant and scowling eye no sooner beholds another rich, thriving, and prosperous, than its heart heaves with throes of torturing anguish. Superior worth and virtue are rankling daggers in its beating breast. An envious man, like those who fell from Lucian's rock of honour, will injure himself rather than not do a mischief to his happier neighbour; as the character in Æsop willingly lost one eye that his fellow-creature might lose both: like the rich man in Quintilian*, he will poison the sweetest flowers in his garden to deprive the neighbouring bees of their honey. Malice is the joy of his life; calumny the language of his tongue, and his sole delight another's ruin. The temporary gratification of pleasure forms some excuse for the committal of other sins; but envy admits of no excuse or palliation. Gluttony may be satisfied, Anger appeased, and Hatred subdued; but Envy is a stubborn weed of the mind, which even the culture of philosophy can seldom subdue. It is, however, a disease incident to our very nature†. Saul and David‡, Cain and Abel§, felt its influence: Rachael envied the happiness of her sister||; and the brethren of Joseph were urged by this vice to sell him to the company of Ishmaelites, who came from Gilead, with spices, in their way to Egypt¶.

* Declam. 13.

† Insitum mortalibus a natura recentem aliorem felicitatem ægris oculis intueri. TACITUS, *lib.* 2.

‡ Psalm 37. § Genesis. || Gen. 30. ¶ Gen. 37.

Habakkuk repined at others' good. Domitian, jealous that a private man should be so much glorified, spited Agricola for his worth; and Cecinna was envied by his fellow-citizens, because he was more richly adorned. Women are not entirely free from this infirmity: they feel the passions of love and hatred always in extremes, and cannot endure a rival either in finery or affection, but, like Agrippina, if they see a neighbour richer in dress, neater in attire, more blessed with beauty, or more ardently admired, rage inflames their minds, and envy fills their hearts*, as Tacitus informs us was the case with the Roman ladies with respect to Solonina, the wife of Cecinna, with whom they were much offended, merely because she had a finer house and more splendid furniture†. Myrsine, an Athenian lady, was murdered by her jealous rivals because she excelled them in beauty‡; and our fair country-women, in their various assemblies and fashionable coteries, feel, if they would candidly confess it, no very pleasing sensations at the sight of a rival beauty, nor express any very sincere approbation of her superiority either in dress or charms, of which every village yields abundant examples.

* Ant. Guianerius, lib. 2, cap. 8, vim. M. Aurelii fœmina vici nam elegantius se vestitam videns, leænæ instar in virum insurgit, &c.

† Quod insigni equo et ostro veheretur, quanquam nullius cum injuria, ornatum illum tanquam læsæ gravabantur.

‡ Quod pulchritudine omnes excelleret, puellæ indignatæ occiderunt. CONSTANTINE AGRICULT. *lib.* ii. *cap.* 7.

Emulation, hatred, faction, and *revenge*, spring as feral branches from the baneful root of Envy, and become, *serræ animæ*, the saws of the soul; or, as Valerius describes them, *consternationis pleni affectus*, affections full of desperate amazement. There is, indeed, no perturbation more frequent, no passion more common, than *emulation*.

A potter emulates a potter,
One smith envies another.
A beggar emulates a beggar,
A singing man his brother *.

Every society, corporation, and private family, is full of it; for it takes hold of all descriptions of persons, from the *prince* to the *ploughman*: even gossips are infected with it: and there is scarcely a company of three, without there being some siding, faction, and emulation between two of them; or some jarring, private grudge, or heart-burning amongst them all. Scarcely two private gentlemen can live near each other in the country, except they be related by blood or marriage, but there is some emulation betwixt them, their wives, children, friends, followers, or servants: some contention about wealth, quality, precedency, or other matter of the like nature; in the indulgence of which, like the frog in the fable, who burst itself in attempting to swell into the size of the ox, they consume their fortunes, and increase their animosities,

* Καὶ κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ κοτέει καὶ τέκτονι τέκτων,
Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῷ.
HESIOD.

until they are broken and undone. Scarcely, indeed, can two great scholars be contemporaries, without falling foul of each other, and their respective adherents, with the bitterest invectives. These observations, however, must not be applied to that *generous emulation* which generally prevails among the liberal-minded students of the arts and sciences; an emulation that becomes the whetstone of wit, and the nurse of valour. The glory of Miltiades was not the envy, but an incentive to the ambition of Themistocles; as the trophies of Achilles moved the soul of Alexander. The mind that is not fired by the example of great exploits and noble actions, must indeed be sluggish and inert. The desire of excellence, when its object is great and virtuous, deserves the highest praise, and produces the greatest good; but when trifling or vicious, it is only productive of misery and pain. Henry the Eighth, of England, and Francis the First, of France, foolishly squandered immense sums of money in their celebrated interview in the plains of Ardes; and many weak and vain courtiers of each kingdom, outvying each other in expence and splendour, exhausted their fortunes, and died in contempt. The jealous minds of Adrian and Nero caused them to put all their equals to the sword: and it was this passion that caused Dionysius the tyrant to banish Plato the philosopher, and Philoxenus the poet, from his dominions, lest, by their superior excellence, they should eclipse *his glory*. The same infernal spirit caused the

exile of Corialanus, the confinement of Camillus, and the murder of Scipio. When Richard the First of England was a fellow-soldier with Philip of France at the seige of Acon, in the Holy Land, the English monarch so far surpassed his jealous contemporary in virtue and in valour, that the indignant soul of Philip sought every occasion to create a quarrel; and at length, bursting into open defiance, he recked his revenge, by invading the territories of his more generous rival, with virulent, immortal, and snake-hung enmity. The libels, calumnies, invectives, bitter taunts, persecutions, wars, and bloodshed, which the passions of jealousy, hatred, and revenge create, may be instanced in the Guelf, and Gibelline faction in Italy; that of Adurni and Fregosi in Genoa; that of Orleans and Burgundy in France; and that of York and Lancaster in England. "A plague on both your houses!" exclaimed Mercutio, when he fell a victim to the jealous animosity that prevailed between the Montagues and the Capulets. And indeed this passion rages with inveterate violence not only among individuals and families, but even among populous cities, as Carthage and Corinth fatally experienced.

Forbear, rash men! the guilt of shedding blood;
And to each other give what he deserves.
Love, with affection's warmer fires, the good;
And pity him who from fair Virtue swerves.

Anger, which is described to be "a short-lived madness*," carries the spirits outward, and, by

* Ira furor brevis est. HOR. *lib.* 1, *ep.* 2.

disturbing the body, and agitating the min induces melancholy by means of the sorro disappointment, and repentance it constant creates. It is said to be one of the three mo violent passions of the human breast: and Bas in his homily *de Irâ*, justly calls it "the wor of demons, the great darkenner of the unde standing, and the most corroding cancer of tl soul:" for, as Horace observes,

——— "Nor the God of wine,
Nor Pythian Phœbus from his inmost shrine,
Nor Dindymene, nor her priests possest,
Can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast
Like furious Anger."

The effects of madness and anger are, indee the same: the eyes of the unhappy sufferer, i both cases, stare wildly, and almost start fro their spheres: his teeth gnash together, hi tongue faulters, his complexion becomes livi and his whole frame distorted. And, accordin to Hippocrates, the most dangerous maladi are those which disfigure the countenance. (ye fair!

Let no rude passions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the finest face.
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a gorgon horror reigns *.

The victim of this dangerous passion is fre quently unconscious of its influence at the tim it prevails. Plutarch ordered his disobedien

* "Ora tument ira, fervescunt sanguine venæ,
Lumina Gorgonio sæviùs angue micant."
OVID, de Arte, b. iii.

e to be stripped and whipped in his presence
ı extreme severity. The slave, while he was
ergoing the punishment, remonstrated with
master, telling him that he was acting unlike
philosopher he pretended to be; for that he
not only declaimed against the indecency of
er, but had composed a work to expose its
gers, and that his conduct upon the present
ısion was in contradiction to his writings.
which Plutarch calmly replied, "How,
ian, by what dost thou judge that I am now
ry? Does either my face, my colour, my
:e, or my speech, give any manifestation of
being moved? Do my eyes look fierce, is
countenance disturbed, are my threats dread-
! Do I redden, do I foam? Does any word
ıpe from my lips of which I ought to repent?
I start? do I tremble with wrath? For those,
ll thee, are the true signs of anger." And,
ıing to the fellow who was whipping the
e, "Lay on," said he, "until this gentleman
I have settled this disputed point of philo-
hy." This was however very unlike the
duct of Tarentinus, who, on his returning
ıe from the wars, and finding every thing in
greatest disorder, from the negligence of his
ant, "Go," said he to the offender: "by
gods, if I was not angry, I would drub you
l." All vices are less dangerous the more
y are shewn, and most pernicious when they
t under a dissembled temper.
Iontanus had a melancholy Jew under his
:, whose *disease he* ascribes entirely to the

indulgence of this hideous passion. Anger overthrew the mind of Ajax: and Charles the Sixth of France indulged this passion against the Duke of Brittany to such an extreme, that he at first lost all appetite for food, and inclination to sleep; and at length, about the calends of July, 1392, while he was riding on horseback, was seized with a mad and moody melancholy, which afflicted him during the remainder of his days.

There is no stronger proof of a sound and healthy mind, than the not being transported to anger by any accident: the clouds and the tempests are formed below, while all above is quiet and serene. Quietude and serenity, indeed, are the characteristics of a brave man, who suppresses all provocations, and lives within himself, modest, venerable, and composed. But anger is a turbulent humour, which, devoid of every sense of shame, and of all regard to order, measure, or good manners, transports a man into misbecoming violence with his tongue, his hands, and every part of his body; and, sparing neither friend nor foe, tears all to pieces; dissolves the bond of mutual society; and tramples on all the laws of hospitality. The mischiefs, however, which the indulgence of this furious passion produces on the minds of individuals, are not its worst effects; for hence come slaughters, poisons, wars, and desolations, the razing and burning of cities, the unpeopling of nations, the turning populous countries into idle deserts, public massacres, regicides, and the subversion of kingdoms. *Nulla pestis humano generi pluris*

stetit. "There is no plague," says Seneca, "that has done mankind so much harm." The subjects of history are, in general, little more than those enormities which a band of hair-brains have committed in their rage. We may certainly, therefore, put this passion into our catalogue of causes producing this disease, and pray that "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, malice, anger, all such pestiferous perturbations, Good Lord deliver us*."

* The ill effects and barbarity of anger cannot be more strongly painted than they are in the story of Piso, as told by Seneca, in his admirable essay on the dangers of this passion. A soldier and his comrade had had leave of absence; and the soldier returned to the camp precisely at the appointed hour, but without his companion. Piso conceiving that he had murdered him, condemned the soldier to die, and ordered a centurion to see the sentence immediately executed; but while the axe was lifted to perform this office, the comrade, to the joy of the whole field, suddenly burst through the surrounding ranks, and cried to the executioner to hold his hand. The two soldiers embraced each other with the liveliest joy, and most cordial congratulations; and the executioner conceiving that this happy event would afford the same satisfaction to Piso, that it had afforded to every spectator, conducted them immediately to the tent of the general: but, alas! his former fury, which had not yet subsided, became now redoubled; and, in the madness of his passion, he mounted the tribunal, and sentenced all three to death. The soldier because he had been once condemned; the comrade, because, by his absence, he had been the cause of that condemnation; and the centurion, because he had disobeyed the order of his superior. "An ingenious piece of inhumanity," says Seneca, "to contrive how to make

Care, corroding care, and every other species of anxiety that molests the spirits, and preys upon the mind, may be well ranked in the same row with those irascible passions which so greatly contribute to the production of melancholy; for while the epithets cruel, bitter, biting, gnawing, pale, tetric, and intolerable, by which the malignant qualities of care are usually described, its common etymology, *Cura quasi cor uro*, evinces its destructive ravages on the heart. Cares, indeed, both in kind and degree, are as innumerable as the sands of the sea-shore; and the fable which Hyginus has so pleasantly constructed on this subject, shews that man is their proper prey. "Care," says he, "crossing a dangerous brook, collected a mass of the dirty slime which deformed its banks, and moulded it into the image of an earthly being, which Jupiter, on passing by soon afterwards, touched with etherial fire, and warmed into animation; but, being at a loss what name to give this new production, and disputing to whom of right it belonged, the matter was referred to the arbitrament of Saturn, who decreed that his name should be MAN, *Homo ab humo*, from the dirt of which he had been made; that Care should entirely possess his mind while living; that Tellus, or the earth, should receive his body when dead; and that Jupiter should dispose of his celestial essence according to his discretion. Thus was

three criminals where effectually there was none." He was ashamed of what he had done in his anger, and plunged himself into deeper guilt to conceal his shame.

man made the property of Care from his original formation; and Discontent, the offspring of Care, has ever since been his inseparable companion." The reflection alone, that we are born to unavoidable misery during our earthly state of existence, is sufficient to dissatisfy the mind, to macerate the body; and make us weary of a life in which Misery and Misfortune "mark us for their own."

When man first leaves the dark abode of night,
Breaks from his mother's womb, and views the light,
The tender cries with which the air he fills,
Are a sure presage of his coming ills.

And even when he has waked from his swaddling imprisonment, and no longer lies "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;" when

Young with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
He cuts his cable, launches through the world,
And fondly dreams each wind and star his friend;
Amidst a multitude of artful hands,
He's ruin's sure perquise and lawful prize.

The ocean of active life presents to his astonished view a wide scene of dark storms and dreadful tempests, through which his frail bark must make its way to the distant port of temporary ease. The voyage from the cradle to the grave is dreary and disastrous. Blind at its commencement, disappointment mocks his labours through the middle of it, and grief assails him at its end. Retrospection on his own conduct only exhibits a black catalogue of his innumerable *errors*; and if he looks through

the several conditions of life, he sees nothing but new causes of sorrow and discontent. In the markets there are brawlings and contention: at the court, nothing but knavery and deceit: at home, connubial misery and parental woes. The melancholy chain of uneasiness and grief runs through every department of life, and binds man, insolent in prosperity, dejected in adversity, in every situation foolish, and ever seeking something, which, when possessed, he abhors, and casts away, to a miserable, though short, existence.

> 'Twixt hope and fear, 'twixt care and strife,
> He labours through a tedious life.

The world, in short, is a labyrinth of errors, a den of thieves and cheaters, a puddle of increasing filth, an adverse ocean, in which, if we fortunately escape the jaws of Scylla, we are sure to fall into those of Charybdis:—

> "Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim."

There are, indeed, some few of the inhabitants of this dim and murky spot who are conceived to be happy on account of their vast riches, splendid possessions, fair names, and high alliances; but ask themselves, and you will hear them declare, that of all others they are the most miserable and unhappy. "A new and elegant shoe," says Græcinus, "may please the eyes of every observer, but it is the wearer alone who knows where and how sharply it *pinches.*" To think well of every other man's

tion, and to dislike our own, is one of the rtunes of human nature.

eas'd with each other's lot, our own we hate*."

: Greeks boast of Socrates, Phocion, and les; the Psophidians, of Aglaus; and the ns, of Cato, of Curius, and Fabricius, for great fortitude, government of their pas- and contempt of the world; but none of tasted unalloyed felicity. Content dwells nongst the sons of men; but, as Solomon ays, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." any favoured individual blessed with son's hair, Milo's strength, Scanderbeg's Solomon's wisdom, Absalom's beauty, is' wealth, Cæsar's valour, Alexander's Cicero's eloquence, Gyges' ring, Perseus' us, Gorgon's head, and Nestor's years, he l not be content:—

r while in heaps his ample wealth ascends,
s not of his wish possessed;
e's something wanting still to make him blessed."

tune, indeed, is but a fickle goddess, and those soonest whom she seems to favour The rich and magnificent Xerxes, who marched victoriously with innumerable s, was obliged to shift for himself in a cockboat; and was, at length, bound in hains, like Bajazet the Turk, and made a

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Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors."
HOR. *Lib.* i. *Ep.* 14.

footstool for a tyrannising conqueror to triumph over. The bitterest calamities, as Polybius observes, generally follow the most renowned actions. But, *homo homini dæmon.* A man in prosperity denies others every pleasure which he enjoys himself. Seated at his table, and lolling in the soft luxury of his easy chair, he forgets the tried and hungry servant, who stands uneasily and tantalised behind him, to administer in silence to his enjoyments. Revelling in the profusion of his wealth, sated with all the delicacies the most luscious banquet can afford, and charmed by sounds of sweetest melody, he forgets that many a poor, hungry, starved creature, is pining in the streets, full of pain and grief, sick, ill, and weary, in want even of a morsel to assuage his appetite, and almost without a rag to conceal his nakedness. He loaths and scorns his inferiors, hates or emulates his equals, and, with a lowering and malignant eye, envies, while he attempts to degrade, his more virtuous superiors. But if this picture of "proud man, dressed in a little brief authority," be not sufficient to prove the extent of human misery, let us separately examine every state and condition of life. Kings and princes, monarchs and magistrates, appear to be the most happy; but inspect them closely, and you will find that of all others they are the most oppressed with cares. *Quem mihi regem dabis,* says Chrysostom, *non curis plenum?* Sovereignty is a tempest of the soul; and the darkness of its afflictions outweighs the splendours of its crown, and the

umber of its rays. *Splendorem titulo sed cru-ntum animo.* The title shines with deceitful ightness, while the anxieties created by its fice crucify the soul. Rich men are, generally eaking, in a similar predicament; their wealth like a child's rattle, which pleases for a mo-ent, and is enjoyed no more; but fools per-ive not the pain they feel, and the miseries ey endure. The middle ranks of life, like so any asses, are born to pass their time for ught but provender. Of the lowest class we all speak hereafter. Every particular profes-on is, in the opinion of the world, incapa-e of affording perfect content. A lawyer is nsidered as a sordid wrangler; a physician, inspector of filth and nastiness*; a philoso-er, a madman; an alchemist, a beggar†; a et, a hungry jack; a schoolmaster, a drudge; husbandman, an emmet; a tradesman, a liar; ailor, a thief; a serving-man, a slave; a soldier, butcher; a courtier, a parasite; and a smith, fellow that never has the pot one moment m his nose. Like the man who could not d a tree throughout the wood on which he uld hang himself with any pleasure, so no n can find a state of life capable of affording rfect satisfaction.

> While thus around the foul winds blow,
> Our earth-born cares more bitter grow;

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* "Stercus et urina, medicorii sercula prima."

† As appears by the following definition of this sup-ed art, in the form of a charade: Alchemy is "Ars

Sweet Hope the tortur'd bosom flies;
The heart, deep sunk, desponding dies;
The mind, with rays no longer bright,
Sinks down, and sets in endless night.

The *passions* and *desires*, like the two twists of a rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine inextricably round the heart; producing good, if moderately indulged; but certain destruction, if suffered to become inordinate. Desire is truly said to have no rest; to be infinite in its views; and endless in its operations. St. Austin compares it to a wheel that is continually revolving with increased rapidity, and producing from its vortex an offspring more various and innumerable "than the gay motes that people the sun-beams:" and it certainly extends itself to every object, great and small, which either art or nature has presented to the eye of man. To describe all the branches of this perturbed family would be impossible. I shall therefore confine myself to those which, in the opinions of Guianerius, Fernelius, Plater, and others, are most likely to produce the disease of melancholy; as first, that appetite for power, which is called *ambition;* secondly, that desire of gain which is called *covetousness;* thirdly, that pride, self-love, and vain glory, which reaches after *fame;* and, fourthly, that desire of superior knowledge which induces an excess of

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sine arte cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis medicare."

study; referring the universal *passion of love* to a separate and distinct consideration.

Ambition, that high and glorious passion which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honour and distinction; and when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness. It is described by different authors, as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness. Seneca, indeed, calls it *rem solicitam, timidam, vanam, et ventosam;* a solicitous, fearful, vain, and windy thing; because those who, like Sysiphus, roll the restless stone of ambition, are, in general, doubtful, apprehensive, suspicious, in perpetual agony, cogging, colleaguing, embracing, capping, cringing, applauding, flattering, fleering, visiting, and waiting at men's doors with assumed affability, counterfeit honesty, and mean humility; and, in truth, every honourable and exalted sentiment, every principle of real virtue, and all the honest claims of independence, are sacrificed to obtain the objects which induce this guilty passion; for if the servility above described be not competent to its purposes, no means, however base, will be left untried to attain them. It is astonishing to observe the abject slavery and vicious prostitution to which this description of charac-

ters subject themselves; what pains they take, how they run, ride, cast, plot, counterplot, protest, swear, vow, and promise; what labours they undergo; how obsequious and affable they are; how popular and courteous; how they grin and fleer upon every man they meet; with what feasting and inviting they pass their days; and how they fatigue themselves, and spend their fortunes, to obtain possession of that which they would be much happier and honester without: with what waking nights, painful hours, anxious minds, and bitterness of thought, they consume their time and end their days. The mind, in short, of an ambitious man, is never satisfied; his soul is harassed with unceasing anxieties, and his heart harrowed up by increasing disquietude. Such dispositions are insatiable; *nihil aliud nisi imperium spirant;* their thoughts, actions, and endeavours, are all for sovereignty! Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squirrels in a chain, they still climb and climb, with great labour, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top. Their gratifications, indeed, like those of L. Sforza, tend invariably to their own undoing, and the ruin of those who embark in their cause. A knight would be first a baronet, then a lord, then a viscount, then an earl, then a duke, and then a king; as Pyrrhus is said to have first desired Greece, then Asia, then Africa, and then the whole world. But, like the frog in the fable, they swell with desires until they burst, and fall down with Sejanus, *ad Gemonias scalas*, breaking their own necks,

olving all around them in ruin and deso-
This intense and eager passion is not
the ardour of that which Evangelus, the
in Lucian, possessed, who blew his pipe
; that he fell down dead. The ambition
ar and Alexander were two fires or tor-
ravage the world by several ways.

lames among the lofty woods are thrown
different sides, and far by winds are blown;
laurels crackle in the sputtering fire,
ile frighted sylvans from their shades retire;
as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
id they run, the foamy waters fry,
y roll to sea with unresisted force,
down the rocks precipitate their course;
with less rage ambitious heroes take
ir different ways; nor less destruction make.

of them could enjoy the empire of the
ease and peace. The seat of ambition,
, is the suburbs of hell.

oh! the curse of wishing to be great,
led with hope, we cannot see the cheat.
n wild Ambition in the heart we find,
well content, and quiet of the mind;
glittering clouds we leave the solid shore,
wonted happiness returns no more.

usness is a great source of melancholy.
t greediness in getting, that tenacity in
, and that sordidity in spending, which
erize this mean and abject perturbation,
der men unjust to their God, unkind to
llow-creatures, and unhappy in them-
"The desire of money," says St. Timothy,

"is the root of all evil; and those who lust after it, pierce themselves through with many sorrows." Hippocrates, in his epistle to Craterva, an herbalist, advises him to cut up, among other herbs, the weed of covetousness by the roots, without leaving, if it be possible, even a spray behind; for that, by effecting this, he should not only be enabled the more easily and effectually to cure the diseases of his patients' bodies, but to eradicate entirely the most pernicious disorders of their minds. Covetousness, indeed, is the very pattern, image, and epitome of all melancholy; the great fountain of human miseries; and the muddied stream of care and woe.

> To either India see the merchant fly,
> Scar'd by the spectre of pale Poverty!
> See him with pain of body, pangs of soul,
> Burn thro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole.

There are, indeed, certain worldly-minded men, of the *terræ filii* breed, who conceive that covetous characters must necessarily be happy, because there is more pleasure in acquiring wealth than in spending it, and because, according to the problem of Bias, the getting of money is a pursuit in which men are never fatigued. What is it, they ask, that makes the poor man endure a long and laborious life, carry almost intolerable burdens, submit to the hardest fare, undergo the most grievous offices with the greatest patience, rise early, and lie down late, if there be not an extraordinary delight in the pursuit and acquisition of riches? What makes the mer-

who has no need, *satis superque domi*, to around the world, braving the hardships ry climate, but that his pleasures are su- to his pains. Such observations may at ew appear plausible, popular, and strong; t those who entertain this conceit, reflect moment without prejudice and partiality, ey will soon be convinced to the contrary.

Athens liv'd a wight in days of yore;
ough miserably rich, he wish'd for more;
t of intrepid spirit to despise
' abusive crowd: Rail on, rail on! he cries,
hile in my own opinion fully blest,
ount my money, and enjoy my chest.

t. Chrysostom truly observes, that it is one to be rich, and another to be covetous. men may certainly, by a proper use of wealth, render not only themselves, but all d them comfortable and happy.

ealth in the gross is death; but life, diffus'd;
poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies;
it well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

ovetous men are fools, miserable wretches, ds, madmen, who live by themselves, *sine uendi*, in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, w, discontent, with more of gall than honey ir enjoyments, who are rather possessed ir money than possessors of it; *mancipati iis*, bound 'prentices to their property; *ervi divitiarum*, mean slaves and drudges ir substance. Like Ptolemy, the sovereign

of Cyprus, who preferred his gold to hi
they are only kings in fancy, but in re
miserable vassals. Such men, like Ac
cause he could not possess himself of
vineyard, are always dejected and mel
troubled in abundance, and sorrowful i
Austin, therefore, defines covetousness
dishonest and insatiable thirst of gain, a
hell, which devours all, and yet nev
enough; a bottomless pit, an endless n
quem scopulum avaritiæ cadaverosi senes
mum impingunt. A covetous man is th
nual victim of suspicion, fear, and distr
wife, his children, and his servants, he c
as so many thieves lying in wait to
first favourable opportunity to rob hir
gold; and he banishes every friend,
should beg, borrow, or purloin his t
Valerius mentions an instance of a mi
during a famine, sold a mouse for ten
and died himself of hunger. Euclio
Aulularia of Plautus, commands Stapl
wife, to make all the doors fast, and pu
fire, lest some acquaintance, on passing
seeing the light, should call in, and
by suffering its vapours to escape an
through the chimney. This is not an in
but a real picture of all covetous m
while

> With false weights their servants' guts they
> Will pinch their own to cover the deceit;
> Keep a stale crust 'till it looks blue, and th
> Their meat not fit for eating 'till it stink;

The least remains of which they mince and dress
With art again, to make another mess;
Adding a leek, whose every string is told,
For fear some pilfering hand should make too bold;
And with a mark distinct seal up each dish
Of thrice-boil'd beans and putrid summer fish.
But to what end these sordid ways of gain?
It shews a manifest unsettled brain.
Living to suffer a low starving fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy state;
For as their strutting bags with money rise,
The love of gain is of an equal size.
Kind fortune does the poor man better bless,
Who, though he has it not, desires it less.

Cyrus was a prince of extraordinary liberality, and bestowed his riches upon the deserving nobles of his court, with a bounty even surpassing the generous feelings of his heart. The wealthy but miserable Crœsus reproached the monarch for his munificence, and shewed him, by a calculation, to what an immense sum his gifts would have amounted, if they had been lucratively employed. The prince, to convince the sordid usurer of his mistake, pretended to his nobles, that his treasury was exhausted, and requested of them to raise him, for a particular expedition, a sum far exceeding that which they had conjointly received. The grateful nobles laid their whole fortunes immediately at his feet. "You see," exclaimed Cyrus to the astonished miser, "with what a small deposit I have gained the inestimable treasure of numerous friends; and how much more serviceable my wealth, thus employed, has proved, than it could have

been, had I laid it out in mercenary means. The real and sincere affection of my friends is more valuable to me than all my money, however great, could have been while locked in chests, or employed at usurious interest, which must have exposed me, as the same conduct does every other man, to the hatred and contempt of every virtuous mind." This is the true use of riches. *Non esse cupidum pecunia est;* not to be covetous is wealth; and a confidence in other men's virtue is no light evidence of our own.

The *love of Gaming*, the most baneful and destructive of all the various passions by which the happiness of man has ever been assailed, is the offspring of Avarice. How many poor, distressed, miserable wretches may be seen in almost every path and street begging for alms, who are well descended, and have formerly possessed flourishing estates; but now, alas! ragged, tattered, starving, and lingering out a painful life in discontent and sorrow, all from coveting inordinately the possession of extraordinary wealth, or pursuing intemperately expensive pleasures. It is, indeed, the common end of sensual epicures, and of all those who seek to gratify their too vehement desires. Lucian has well described the fate of such men's proceedings in his picture of Opulentia, whose residence he represents to be on a lofty mountain, the summit of which her fond votaries are eagerly endeavouring to reach. While their money lasts, they are conducted on their way over flowery

neads by the fairy hands of Dalliance and 'leasure; but when Fortune fails, their treacheous conductors revile them for their vain atempt, and thrusting them down headlong into he vale of Tears, expose them to the torments f shame, misery, reproach, and despair. It is he common fate of prodigals, and of all the ollowers of such vain delights. But the ordiary rocks upon which such men do impinge nd precipitate themselves, are cards, dice, orses, hawks, and hounds. The fortunes, ineed, of some men are consumed by mad fanstical buildings; by making galleries, cloisters, rraces, walks, orchards, gardens, pools, rillets, owers, and such like places of pleasure, *inutiles omos*, as Xenophon calls them, which, however elightful they may be in themselves, ornamenl to the place where they are made, or befitng the dignity and fortune of the proprietor, are equently the causes of his ruin: and Forestus ives an instance of a man, who, having conumed his fortune in erecting a superb but nprofitable building, of which he could afterards make no advantage, became miserable nd melancholy for the remainder of his days.

If noble Atticus make plenteous feasts,
And with luxuriant chambers please his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
In him it is not luxury, but state:
But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts!

Horses, hawks, and hounds, also, when trained for the mad and expensive sport of hunting, destroy the fortunes of their possessors, and overthrow the spirits they were intended, when used as moderate recreations, to enliven and support. An injudicious huntsman, like Acteon, is devoured by his own dogs. A physician of Milan, who was famous for the cure of insanity, had a pit of water in his house, called the *waters of insanity*, into which he plunged his patients, some up to the knees, others to the middle, and others to the chin, in proportion as they were more or less affected with this dire disease. While one of them, who was almost recovered, was standing one day at the door of the doctor's house, he observed a sportsman ride by, finely mounted, with a hawk on his hand, surrounded by a pack of spaniels and other attendants; and asking the occasion of all this parade, was told that it was to kill game. "Game!" exclaimed the patient; "and pray how much more may all the game be worth which you kill, in any one year, than the expenses of this suite." The sportsman replied, that his dogs, his horses, his hawks, his hounds, and other accompaniments, might, perhaps, be 1000*l.* a year; but that the game he killed was was scarcely worth as many shillings. "Ride away!" cries the astonished patient with great anxiety, "ride away with all possible speed, if you value your life." "But why?" replied the sportsman, "where is the danger?"—"Danger!" rejoined the patient; why if the doctor here *should* see you, and know all this, he would cer-

inly plunge you over head and ears for ever in
e waters of insanity." Sports and gaming, in-
ed, whether pursued from a desire of gain or
re of pleasure, are as ruinous to the temper
d disposition of the party addicted to them, as
y are to his fame and fortune. Leo the
nth, who, from his violent fondness for the
rts of the field, acquired the appellation of
he Hunting Pope," frequently abandoned his
ital, amidst the greatest emergencies of pub-
affairs, and retired to his seat at Ostia, in
rch of rural diversion, where, if his sport was
iled, or his game not good, he became so
atient, that he would revile his noble com-
ions with the bitterest taunts, and most
rilous invectives; but if his sport was good,
uninterrupted, he would, with unspeakable
nty and munificence, reward all his fellow-
ters, and gratify the wishes of every suitor.
is, indeed, the common humour of all
esters, who, whilst they win, are always
l, merry, good-natured, and free; but, on
contrary, if they lose even the smallest trifle,
gle hit at backgammon, or a dealing at cards
wo-pence a game, are so choleric and testy,
they frequently break into violent passions,
the most impious oaths, and horrid impre-
ns, and become so mad that no man dare to
to them. But, alas! they have in general,
ially if their stakes be large and excessive,
occasion to regret their winning than los-
for, as Seneca truly observes, their gains
t *munera fortunæ, sed insidæ*; not Fortune's

gifts, but Misfortune's baits, to lead them on to their common catastrophe, beggary and ruin. *Ut pestis vitam, sic adimit alea pecuniam;* as the plague destroys men's lives, so gaming ruins their fortunes.

> Alea Scylla vorax, species certissima furti;
> Non contenta bonis aninum quoque perfida mergit,
> Fœda, furax, infamis, iners, furiosa, ruina.

The fall of such men is not entitled to the common consolations which the feelings of humanity in other cases of distress, uniformly afford; but deserve, as they were of old, rather to be publicly exposed and hissed out of every honest society, than pitied and relieved. At Padua, in Italy, there is a stone near the senate-house called The Stone of Turpitude, on which gamesters and spendthrifts are exposed to public ignominy: and in Tuscany and Boëtia, such dangerous insolvents were brought into the market-place cloathed in the skins of bears with empty purses in their extended paws, when they sat all day, *circumstante plebe*, amidst the reproaches of the populace, tortured by a sense of infamy and the shafts of ridicule.

> Many there are of the same well-bred kind,
> Whom their despairing creditors may find
> Lurking in shambles; where, with borrow'd coin,
> They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine.

Self-love, "cæcus amor sui," *Pride*, and *Vain-glory*, which St. Chrysostom calls the devil's three great nets, are main causes of melancholy. The passion of Self-love is of all human perturbations the most powerful and insidious. Those whose

ɜ are perfectly free from the oppressions
ʃ, insensible of anger, void of fear, exempt
varice, undevoted to any fond fancy, im-
ıs to the shafts of love, and strangers to
ɿs of wine, may be captivated and over-
ɩy this pleasing humour, this gently-whis-
Syren, this delightful charm, but most
ɟable passion. It glides so sweetly into
ind, so softly lulls the senses, plays so
gly around the heart, and ravishes the soul
ıch a variety of endearing charms, that
vhom it assails seldom perceive their dan-
til they are past all cure. The heart,
ʒ to its kind influence, silently dilates, and
ing all its fibres, willingly receives and
ıes in its deepest recesses this cordial poi-
The more pregnant it is with mischief,
re grateful it appears. Flattery and adu-
however gross or insincere, are always
d by it with fond delight. Pliny, indeed,
epistle to Maximus, candidly confesses
: could not express the charm he felt when
rd himself commended. The coarse and
e daubings of a parasite, even though the
to whom he addresses his false encomiums
ɜcious that he falls as short of the attri-
virtues as a mouse is inferior to an ele-
always convey an inward satisfaction;
hough the blush of modesty, or the frown
er, may sometimes be raised by a bold
ıgance of praise, the offence is remem-
vith silent gratitude, and the offender for-
vith becoming mercy. The subtle poison

steals insensibly into the heart, and rises in b
ful vapours to the breast, until the whole b
is affected with the tympany of self-conceit:
the bloated patient, filled, by this "*fallax su
tas*" and "*blandus dæmon*," with the mag
ostentation, thanks God, like the Pharisee in
Gospel, "that he is not as other men are;
tortioners, unjust, and adulterers; or ever
this publican."

> Nothing so monstrous can be even feigned,
> But with belief and joy is entertained.

This mischief arises from the over-weer
conceit which every man entertains of his
great parts and extraordinary worth; for wh
Narcissus like, he applauds, flatters, and adm
himself, and thinks all the world is of the s
opinion; and as deformed women easily
credit to those who tell them they are fair,
men are too credulous in their own favour,
willing to exalt, and over highly prize, their
characters, while they villify and degrade th
of other men. Every man believes himsel
be made of a more pure and precious metal
any of his fellow-creatures. *De meliore
finxit præcordia Titan.* "I once knew,"
Erasmus, "so arrogant a man, that he thou
himself inferior to no man living; who,
Calisthenes, the philosopher, was so insolent
he neither held Alexander's acts, or any o
subject, worthy of his pen." Philosophers
glorious creatures, the venal slaves of rum
fame, and popular opinion, who, though
affect a contempt of glory, put their name

the front of their works. The best authors, indeed, Trebellius Pollio, Pliny, Cicero, Ovid, and Horace, furnish abundant proofs of this preposterous vanity, conceit, and self-approbation, in the proud strains and foolish flashes of which they are so frequently guilty; and perhaps the observation of Cicero to Atticus, that there never was a great orator or true poet, who thought any other orator or poet better than himself, is universally true: but in the opinion of all wise men, such puffing humours are perfectly ridiculous, and lessen the characters they are intended to raise.

The company of Cynics, monks, anchorites, and philosophers, who seemingly despise the charms of praise, and the splendours of glory, who affect

> "To war against their own affections,
> And the huge army of the world's desire,"

and think themselves free from the bad effects of a love of adulation, are a class of characters directly opposite to those above described; but they are more proud and vain-glorious than those whose example they pretend to shun: *Sæpe homo de vanæ gloriæ contemptu, vaniùs gloriatur.* When men who are enabled to array themselves in clothes of gold, wander with melancholy and dejected humility, outwardly cloathed in a sheep's russet, they may be fairly suspected of being inwardly swoln with arrogance and self-conceit. The precept of Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, *Know yourself*, may fairly recommended to both these descriptions of character; and perhaps the writings of

Socrates are the best to inform them of its value; for he, by the study of it, acquired a contempt of himself, as to be reckoned only person that was worthy to be called a man: and "whoever," says Montaigne, "s *know himself* in the same manner, may bo be his own trumpeter, and listen with less ger to parasites and flatterers, who, with im derate praise, bombast epithets, glozing ti and false eulogiums, so bedaub, applaud, gild over many a silly undeserving man, they drive him quite out of his wits."

> "O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
> On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of Praise,
> With what a shifting gale your course you ply!
> For ever sunk too low, or borne too high.
> Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;
> A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows."

Excessive Study, induced by that love of le ing which frequently fastens on the mind scholars, leads inevitably to that lofty madi or slip-shod melancholy, which is said to be of the five principal plagues that afflict conti meditation; and indeed Arculanus and Lev Lemnius consider *studium vehemens* as the g est cause of this disease. Fuschius and Her de Saxonia speak of a particular fury, th raised and conjured up by intense readi Certain it is, that great scholars†, who

* Peculiaris furor, qui ex literis fit. Nihil magis ac assidua studia, et profundæ cogitationes.

† Mr. Hoole, in his life of the celebrated Italian

:nerally the finest wits, although they are not ways the wisest men, are, of all others, most bject to madness: the epithets, indeed, of

sso, gives the following anecdote on this subject: "At saccio, near Naples, Manso had an opportunity of ex- ining the singular effects of Tasso's melancholy, and en disputed with him concerning *a familiar spirit* which pretended communed with him. Manso endeavoured vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illu- n of a disturbed imagination; for the latter was strenu- s in maintaining the reality of what he asserted, and, to ıvince Manso, desired him to be present at one of the sterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance meet him the next day, and while they were engaged discourse, on a sudden he observed that Tasso kept his s fixed on a window, and remained in a manner im- veable: he called him by his name, but received no wer. At last, Tasso cried out, "There is *the friendly it* that is come to converse with me. Look! and you be convinced of the truth of all I have said." Manso d him with surprise. He looked, but saw nothing, pt the sunbeams darting through the window: he cast yes all over the room, but could perceive nothing; vas just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, some- putting questions to *the spirit*, sometimes giving s; delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, such elevated expressions, that he listened with tion, and had not the least inclination to interrupt At last, the uncommon conversation ended with ırture of *the spirit*, as appeared by Tasso's words, rning to Manso, asked him if his doubts were re- Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarcely at to think of his friend's situation, and waved er conversation on the subject." And Dr. Crich- s inquiry into the nature and origin of mental nt, gives several cases of the like kind, on the elancholy produced by intense study.

severe, sad, dry, tetric, which are generally a
plied to persons of studious dispositions, evi
its dangerous effects upon the human fra
Partritius, in his "Institution of Princes," c
tions their preceptors against making them gr
students; for study, as Machiavel holds, weak
their bodies, enervates their minds, damps th
spirits, and abates their courage. A cert
Goth was so well convinced, that excell
scholars never make soldiers, that, when he
vaded Greece, instead of burning all the dep
tories of Grecian literature, which he had o
commanded to be done, he reversed the or
and "left them that plague to consume th
vigour, and destroy their martial spirit."
disadvantageous to exertion is this disposit
supposed to be, that Cornutus was preven
from succeeding to the throne of his father,
cause he was so much addicted to learning a
the muses. And certain it is that intense stu
by overpowering the faculties of the mind, a
diminishing the animal spirits, produces a str
tendency to melancholy. The life of a confirm
student is sedentary, solitary, free from bo
exercise, and totally unused to those ordin
sports which others so fondly follow, and wh
contribute so highly to health and happin
Forestus mentions a young divine of Louv
whose brain was so affected by severe appli
tion to the science of theology, that he imagi
he had a bible in his head. A mechanic lo
to his tools; a painter washes his pencils
smith mends his hammer, anvil, or forge, a

a husbandman sharpens his ploughshare; but scholars totally neglect those instruments, the brain and spirits, by means of which they daily range through the regions of science and the wilds of nature. Like careless and unskilful archers, they bend the bow until it breaks. In almost every other pursuit, diligence and industry are sure of being rewarded with success; but in the beloved pursuits of literature, the most unremitted industry, though it may sometimes exalt a student's fame, is never favourable to his fortune, and always destructive of his health. Every thing is sacrificed to the enjoyment of this delightful though laborious occupation. Saturn and Mercury, the patrons of learning, are both dry planets; and Origanus observes, that it is no wonder the Mercurialists are poor, since their patron Mercury was himself a beggar. The destinies of old put poverty upon the celestial herald as a punishment; and ever since those Gemilli, or twin-born brats, Poetry and Poverty, have been inseparable companions. Their tutelary deity is enabled to furnish them with the riches of knowledge, but not of money. Poverty creates vexation; and vexation, combined with the anxious and unremitted exercise of the brain, exhausts the animal spirits, extinguishes the natural heat of the body, and prevents the functions from performing their proper offices. This is the reason why students are so frequently troubled with gout, catarrhs, rhumes, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone, cholic, crudities, oppilations, vertigoes, consumptions, and all

that train of diseases which follow sedentary and cogitative habits. Of their immoderate pains and extraordinary labours, the works of the great Tostatus, of Thomas Aquinas, of St. Austin, of Hierom, and many thousands besides, might be produced as examples; for

> "He who desires this wish'd-for goal to gain,
> Must sweat and freeze before he can attain."

Seneca confesses that he never spent a day in idleness, but kept himself awake night after night, tired and slumbering, to his continual task. Cicero, in his fine oration for the poet Archias, boasts, that whilst others loitered, and took their pleasures, he was continually at his studies. And Thibet Benchorat employed himself incessantly for more than forty years to discover the motion of the eighth sphere! The works of Hildisheim, Trincavellius, Montanus, Garcius, Mercurialis, and Prosper Calenius, contain many cases of scholars who have neglected all worldly affairs, and by intense study became melancholy and mad, for which the unpitying world gave them very little credit or commendation. But if you should, from the absurdity and folly of such proceedings, doubt the fact, you may go to Bedlam and satisfy your senses. Those, indeed, who are fortunate enough to preserve their wits, become, in the opinion of the world, little better than madmen, because in sooth they are unable to ride a horse with spirit, to carve dexterously at table, to cringe, to make congees, and to "*kiss* away their hands in courtesies," which

every fop and common swasher can do. Their personal appearance, to say the truth, is in general extremely awkward, odd, and singular.

> "The man who, stretch'd on Isis' calm retreat,
> To books and study gives seven years complete;
> See strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
> He walks an object new beneath the sun!
> The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
> So stiff! so mute! some statue, you would swear,
> Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air."

Thomas Aquinas supping one evening with Lewis, king of France, suddenly knocked his fist upon the table, (his wits, I suppose, were a-wool-gathering, and his head busied about other matters,) and exclaimed, *Conclusum est contra Manichæos!* But who can describe his confusion, when he recollected the absurdity into which this absence of mind had so ridiculously betrayed him? Vitruvius also relates, that Archimedes having suddenly discovered the means of knowing how much gold was mingled with the silver of king Hieron's crown, ran naked from the bath, and cried, "Ευρηκα," *I have found:* and, indeed, this profound philosopher was commonly so intent upon his studies, that when the soldiers, who had taken the town by storm, were rifling his house, he never perceived what was doing about him. Minds so abstracted, possess so little knowledge of the common affairs and transactions of life, that Paglarensis conceived his farming bailiff had cozened him, when he heard him say that his sow had produced eleven pigs, but his ass only one foal.

Ignorant, however, as such characters must in worldly affairs, and awkward as they are their manners, they are in general since harmless, upright, honest, innocent, and pl dealing; and as they neglect their fortunes, r their healths, and endanger their lives, for t common benefit and advantage of manki ought to be highly respected, and carefully p vided for, by a generous public. With them

> "As in the gates and in the jaws of hell,
> Distressing cares and sullen sorrows dwell,
> And pale diseases, and repining age,
> With Fear and Famine's unresistless rage."

If, indeed, they had nothing to trouble them l the sorrowful reflection that their lives are lik to be thus rounded with misery, it would sufficient to make them melancholy. But tl cannot avoid the painful and alarming recoll tion, that in this race for literary fame, "ma are called, but few chosen;" and that the hi distinction which accompanies the character a real scholar, depends more upon nature tl art: all are not equally capable and docile; *omni ligno non fit Mercurius.* Kings may cre majors, knights, barons, and other officers, l cannot make scholars, philosophers, artists, o tors, and poets. But, alas! with all the gen and labour it requires to reach this desired gc where, when it is attained, is the scholar seek preferment? His fate in this respect more miserable than all he has before endur Perhaps, when his higher faculties decline,

"At last his stammering age, in suburb schools,
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar rules."

For so many fine scholars are degradingly employed. Perhaps he may be forced to read lectures, or accept a curacy with Faulkner's wages of ten pounds a year and a dinner on Sunday; wearing out his time, like his master's ass, for nought but his provender; and subject to the humour of his patron or parishioners, who cry *Hosanna* one day, and *Crucify him* the next, when, serving-man like, he must seek out for another situation, with only his old torn tattered cassock to his back, as an ensign of his infelicity. If, as it befel Euphormio, he become a trencher chaplain, in some great man's family, he may perchance, after an irksome service of many years, procure some small living, on condition of his marrying a poor relation, or a cast-off favourite, of his benefactor, to have and to hold to him, for better or worse, during the term of his natural life. But if, before this happy period arrives, he happens unintentionally to affront his good patron, or lady-mistress,

"He's seiz'd immediately, by his commands,
And dragg'd, like Cacus, with Herculean hands,
From his offended sight."

Socrates, sitting with Phædrus under a plane-tree on the beautiful banks of the river Iseus, and observing a number of grasshoppers jumping and chirping round him, told his fair companion, that these poor but lively animals, were once scholars, and being obliged, in their origi-

nal state, to live without food, to sing in summer, and to pine in winter, Jupiter transformed them, as most suitable to their circumstances, into grasshoppers; those animals being enabled by their nature to live without food, and to support themselves by the dews from heaven.—Alas!

> "Is this the fate of study? to grow pale,
> And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
> For this in rags accoutred are they seen,
> And made the May-game of the public spleen?"

To say the truth, it is but too often the fate of scholars to be servile and poor. Many of them are driven to hard shifts, and turn from grasshoppers into humble bees, from humble bees into wasps, and from wasps into parasites, making the Muses their mules to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches, and get a meal's meat: their abilities and knowledge only serving them to curse their fooleries with better grace. They have store of gold, without knowing how to turn it to advantage; and, like the innocent Indians, are drained of their riches without receiving a suitable reward. "There came," says Petronius, "by chance into my company, a fellow not very spruce in his appearance, and conceiving, from that circumstance alone, that he was a scholar, I asked him in what particular department of literature he had indulged his genius, to which he replied, "Poetry;" saying, on my inquiring why he was so ragged, that this kind *of* learning never made any man rich, for that

poet was a character not likely to esteem,) be esteemed by, rich men.

"To study's claim if wealth her aid refuse,
What hope, alas! can cheer the friendless muse?
Scorn's favourite theme, insulted while oppress'd,
Her fate a proverb, and her sighs a jest:
Hooted as mad by all the vulgar crew,
Oft, through despair, she proves the scoff too true;
Or sorrow leads her to some lonely cell,
Where pining want and hopeless anguish dwell:
There flow her tears, unpitied and unknown,
While scarce an echo murmurs to her moan:
More wretched still perchance her offspring go,
To the dire dungeon's scene of guilt and woe;
Where, long immers'd in melancholy gloom,
They sink unpitied to the welcome tomb."

it the scholars of modern times, perceiving w unpropitious the study of poetry, and other gant and sublime sciences, generally prove to acquisition of wealth, now sordidly apply r minds to the more gainful employments of physic, and divinity. The prospect of lucre ow the only stimulus to learning; and he e deepest arithmetician, who can count the est number of fees; the truest geometri- who can measure out the largest fortune; ost perfect astrologer, who can best turn e and fall of others' stars to his own ad- e; the ablest optician, who can most re- on himself the beneficial beams of great favours; the most ingenious mechanic, n raise himself to the highest point of ent; and the soundest theologian, who ach himself into an excellent living;

leaving the higher regions of the sciences almost unpeopled, and only acquiring such a superficial knowledge of them as may be sufficient for light toying and table conversation; or enable them, by means of a voluble tongue, a strong voice, a pleasing tone, a steady countenance, and some trivial polythean gleanings from the rich harvests of other men, to make a fair shew, and impose themselves on the world as truly learned and ripe good scholars.

Bad nursing is a cause from which melancholy is not unfrequently derived. The stream always partakes of the nature of the fountain; and a bad nurse may be the means of tainting the most healthy child with a disposition to this malady. The hair of a goat that is nourished by a ewe will be as soft as wool; but the wool of a sheep suckled by a she-goat will be as wirey as hair: and Giraldus Cambrensis gives an account of a sow that, having been accidentally nourished by a brach, miraculously hunted all manner of deer, as well or rather better than an ordinary hound. Phavorinus shews most clearly that the deformity, dishonesty, impudence, and cruelty of the nurse will to a certain degree be communicated to the child she fosters: for the milk contains the seeds not only of the diseases of the body, but of the dispositions of the mind. The mad and inhuman cruelties of Caligula are imputed, by Dion, the historian, to the circumstance of his nurse having anointed her bosom with blood while he sucked her milk; and certain it is, that such a disposition could not have

:rived from either of his parents. Aulus
Beda, Franciscus Barbarus, and Guivarra,
e many instances of the like kind: and
said to have made the children of his
s take occasional nourishment from the
of his wife; as a certain means of secur-
him their fidelity and affection. Marcus
s was so strongly impressed with the
f this theory, that he anxiously recom-
l every mother, of what condition in life
she might be, to suckle her own children:
queen of France was so precise upon this
, that when, during her absence, a strange
nly once suckled her child, she forced the
o eject the milk. If, however, a mother
ish, drunken, waspish, choleric, crazed,
d, or otherwise unfit or unequal to per-
his affectionate and important office, a
nurse, sound and healthy both in body
mind, ought to be preferred; for *Nutrices*
m matribus sunt meliores.
education also may be a cause of melan-
for a child who escapes the dangers of
ery may fall into those of *the school.*
rmation of the human character almost
depends on education; but the extreme
of schoolmasters and tyrannizing pre-
, who are always threatening, chiding,
g, whipping, or striking their pupils, de-
their intellectual vigour, subdues their
spirits, dejects their hearts, and sows the
f this baneful disease. The human mind
and sickens at the idea of compulsion;

loses its natural tone and vigour by incessant constraint; and becomes, by repeating sufferings of this kind, downcast and melancholy. Those impatient, hair-brained, imperious pedagogues, *aridi magistri*, as Fabius calls them, *Ajaces flagelliferi*, are in this respect worse than hangmen and executioners. Beza complains of a rigorous schoolmaster at Paris, whose unceasing vociferation and cruel discipline so sickened his mind, and alienated his heart from all enjoyment, that, after passing many months in melancholy distress, he resolved to put a period to his existence; but that fortunately, as he was going to a convenient place for the purpose of committing this rash act, he met his uncle, who listened to his complaint, and removing his apprehension of future severity, by taking him from the dominion of this noisy flogger, and keeping him under his own roof, restored him in time to his right mind. And Trincavellius had a patient only nineteen years of age, whose mind had sunk into extreme melancholy, *ob nimium studium, turvitii et præceptoris minas*, by reason of over study, and his tutor's threats. But it is said, that "He who spares the rod spoils his child;" and certainly excessive lenity and indulgence is of the two extremes more mischievous than harshness and severity. The affection of a too tender father and fond mother, like Æsop's ape, frequently proves the ruin of their offspring, pampering up their bodies to the utter undoing of their minds. "They love them so foolishly," says Cardan, "that they rather seem to hate

them, bringing them up not to virtue, but to vice; not to learning, but to riot; not to sober life and conversation, but to all sorts of pleasure and licentious behaviour." There is, upon this important subject, a happy mean which should be attentively observed both by parents and preceptors. The nurture and education of children is a matter of the greatest difficulty and importance in human science; and the success depends greatly on the choice of proper preceptors. Plutarch, in his treatise on Education, gives a special charge to all parents, not to commit their children to such as are indiscreet, passionate, light and giddy-headed; for the authority of those who teach is very often a detriment to those who desire to learn. A tutor, says Montaigne, should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel, but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot, before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.

Terror, or that species of alarm and apprehension, which is impressed strongly and forcibly upon the mind by horrible objects or dreadful sounds, produces a fiercer and more grievous kind of melancholy than can be communicated

by any other modification of Fear. Felix Plater and Hercules de Saxonia, speaking from their own observations, say, that this horrible disease (for so they term it) arising *ab agitatione spirituum*, from the agitation, motion, contraction, and dilatation of the spirits, and not from any distemperature of humours, imprints itself so strongly on the brain, that if the whole mass of the blood were extracted from the body, the patient could not be effectually relieved*.

For when the mind with violent terror shakes,
Of that disturbance too the soul partakes;
Cold sweats bedew the limbs, the face looks pale,
The tongue begins to falter, speech to fail,
The ears are fill'd with noise, the eyes grow dim,
And deadly shakings seize on every limb.

The alarm and terror created by the dreadful massacre at Lyons, in the year 1572, during the reign of Charles the Ninth, was so great, that many of the inhabitants, merely from the effect of the fright, run mad, and others died quite melancholy†. A number of young children, at

* Terror et metus maxime ex improviso accedentes ita animum commovent, ut spiritus nunquam recuperent, gravioremque *melancholiam* terror facit, quam quæ ab interna causa fit. Impressio tam fortis in spiritibus humoribusque cerebri, ut extracta tota sanguinea massa, ægre exprimatur, et hæc horrenda species *melancholiæ* frequenter oblata mihi, omnes exercens, viros, juvenes, senes. Plater lib. iii. Non ab intemperie, sed agitatione, dilatatione, contractione, motu spirituum. Her. de Sax. cap. 7.

† Quarta pars comment. de statu religionis in Gallia sul Carolo, 1572.

Basil, went, in the spring of the year, to gather flowers in a meadow, on one side of which, at some distance from the end of the town, a malefactor had been recently hung in chains; and while they were all gazing at it very stedfastly, some one threw a stone at the gibbet, which hitting the body, and making it stir, alarmed them to such a degree that they all ran terrified away; but one, whose pace was slower than the rest, looking unfortunately behind her, and conceiving from the motion of the carcase that it was flying after her, was so shocked by the idea, that she uttered the most dreadful screams, became frightfully convulsed, lost her appetite, was unable to take any rest, and in a short time died of melancholy*. At Bologne, in Italy, in the year 1504, a violent earthquake happened in the dead of the night, which shaking the whole city to its foundations, so terrified the inhabitants, that many of them continued in a state of the most woeful dejection during the remainder of their lives; particularly one Fulco Argelanus†, a man of strong nerves and great courage, who was so grievously affected, that after continuing for many years deeply melancholy, he at last run wild, and killed himself. Arthemedorus, the Cimmarian, lost his wits by the unexpected sight of a crocodile; as did Orestes at the sight of the furies; and Themison, the physician, fell

* A case related by Felix Plater.

† Related by Beroaldus, the man's master.

into an hydrophobia on seeing a patient ir tortures of that disease*.

Scoffs, Calumnies and *Jests,* are frequentl causes of melancholy. It is said that " a with a *word* strikes deeper than a blow w *sword;*" and certainly there are many men w feelings are more galled by a calumny, a l jest, a libel, a pasquil, a squib, a satire, epigram, than by any misfortune whatso Aretine, whose severity procured him the a lation of the *scourge of kings,* was pensioned by Charles the Fifth and Francis the Firs procure his favour; but these benevole

* The following story of the effects of terror is r upon the authority of a French author, by Mr. An in his volume of anecdotes. While Charles Gustavi successor of Christina, queen of Sweden, was bes Prague, a boor of most extraordinary visage desired tance into the royal tent, and offered, by way of an the king, to devour a whole hog of one hundred wei his presence. The celebrated old General Konig was at this time standing by the king's side, and, t a soldier of great courage, being tainted in some with superstition, hinted to his royal master, that th sant ought to be burnt for a sorcerer. " Sir," sa fellow, highly irritated by the observation, " if majesty will but make that old gentleman take sword and his spurs, I will eat him immediately, I begin the hog." The general, brave as he was, terrified at this tremendous threat, which was a panied by the most hideous and preternatural exp of the frightful peasant's jaws, that he immediately round, ran out of the tent, and never stopped until l secured himself in his quarters, where he continued time melancholy and desponding, before he could r *himself* from the effect of his panic.

instead of silencing his satires, only rendered them more cutting and severe, and raised his arrogance to so high a pitch, that he published a medal with the inscription of "*Il divino Aretino*" on one side, and on the other his own effigy seated on a throne, receiving the homage of submissive princes: but his epitaph perhaps will best describe his profligate character:

Time, that destroys the proudest men,
Has plac'd within this earthy bed
The scoffing Aretine, whose pen
Defam'd the living and the dead.

His bitter taunts, his jests severe,
Virtue and innocence annoy'd;
E'en Glory's palm, and Pity's tear,
His black and rancorous tongue destroy'd.

The King of kings, who sits on high,
And rules at will this nether sphere,
Escap'd not his foul blasphemy:
For oft he cried, "No God is there."

Ancient Rome was not without a Lucian and a Petronius; nor will modern Europe ever want a Rabelais, a Euphormio, or a Boccalini, the ape, as this latter was called, of the splenetic and worthless Aretine. Adrian the Sixth, among many other illustrious characters, was so vexed and mortified by the various satires which were occasionally inscribed on the celebrated statue of Pasquin, near the Ursino palace at Rome, that he ordered this vehicle of epigrammatic wit to be thrown from its pedestal, and burned, and its ashes cast into the Tiber; but this renowned piece of statuary was happily saved from destruc-

tion by the sagacity of Lodovicus Suesanus, the facete companion of the offended pope. "The ashes of Pasquin," observed Suesanus, "will not only be turned into frogs by the mud of Tiber, and croak more virulently than before; but the poets being *genus irritabile*, a race of animals naturally prone to raillery and slander, will yearly assemble, and celebrate the obsequies of their beloved patron, by mangling the character of him who caused his destruction:" and his holiness, upon this hint, though he could not quiet his feelings, suppressed his passion, and countermanded his orders. In the true spirit of this idea, Plato and Socrates advised all their friends, who valued their characters, to stand in awe of poets, as a set of terrible fellows, who could praise and censure as they thought fit*. *Hinc quam sit calamus sævior ense patet.* The complaint of David, that his soul was full of the mockery of the wealthy, and the spitefulness of the proud†, discovers the anguish which

———these men, replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

are capable of inflicting. They possess, indeed, in general, so petulant a spleen, that they cannot speak but they must bite, and had rather sacrifice their best friend than lose a bitter jest.

If they may have their jest, they never care
At whose expense; nor friend nor patron spare:

* Qui existimationem curant, poetas vereantur, quia magnum vim habent ad laudandum et vituperandum. Plato de legibus, *lib.* 13.

† Psalm cxxiii.

And if they once th' ill-natur'd paper stain,
Rejoice to hear the crowd repeat the strain.

They take, in short, to use the language of Shakspeare, "as large a charter as the winds to blow on whom they please;" and friends, neuters, enemies, without distinction, are the objects of their cruel sport, and lie within the mercy of their wit. They

"Bruise them with scorn, confound them with a flout,
Cut them to pieces with their keen conceits."

They must sacrifice, at least once a day, to the god of laughter, or they grow melancholy themselves; but in performing their rites, they care not who they grind, or how they misuse others, so as they exhilarate their own minds *. Their wit and genius, indeed, extend no further than to sport with more honourable feelings, to emit a frothy kind of humour, to break a puny pun or a licentious jest; for in every other kind of conversation they are dry, barren, straminious, dull, and heavy; and, indeed,

——————"The influence
Of a gibing spirit is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools;
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it; never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

Leo the Tenth was a character of this unami-

* "There cannot," says Lord Shaftesbury, in his essay on the freedom of wit and humour, "be a more preposterous sight than an *executioner* and a *merry-andrew* acting their parts on the same stage."

able cast, and his highest delight in making *ex stolidis stultissimos, et maxime ridiculos, ex stultis insanos;* soft fellows, stark noddies. A vain and indifferent fiddler of Parma, named Tarascomus, was so cajoled by him and his coadjutor Bibiena, that he fancied himself the finest musician of Italy; and, by their tricks, was induced to set foolish songs to ridiculous music, to adopt and publish absurd precepts on the art of singing, to tie his elbow to a post, that he might improve the sweep and motion of his bow-arm; and at length they caused him to pull down the beautiful and highly polished wainscot which adorned his rooms, under an idea that his fine voice might be more happily reverberated from the thick and plastered walls. In like manner they possessed one Baraballius, of Cajeta, with an idea that he was a greater poet than Petrarch; and induced him not only to offer himself as a candidate for the laureatship, but to give an invitation to a large company to attend his instalment; where, when some of his real friends endeavoured to convince him of his folly, the poor fellow's brain was so strongly possessed, that he accused them in great anger, of envying his honour and prosperity. Jovius, who has written the history of these transactions, expresses a wonder that a venerable, grave man, of sixty years of age, should have been so imposed upon; but who is able to resist a combination of eccentric talents, exerted under the specious garb of friendship and admiration?

The perpetrators of such ridiculous mischief might, by the same means, be exposed to the same ridicule and absurdity.

Those who study this species of wit and humour, may perhaps excuse the practice, by contending, that it can do no harm where the party is weak enough not to discover the deceit; and that may in some degree be true; for what the mind does not see, the heart cannot feel; but if the sufferer should discover it, no quiet can be administered to his tortured soul; and ought injury to be committed merely on the possibility that it may escape detection? or a man rendered ridiculous in the eyes of others, because he has not sense to discover it himself? *Leviter volant graviter vulnerant.* Personal jests may fly lightly, but the wounds they make are sore and deep, especially if they proceed from the tongue or the lips of a presumed friend. The shooting of bitter words, as David well expressed it, pierces like arrows, and cuts like a two-edged sword, leaving behind it an incurable wound*. Many men indeed, especially those who are choleric, suspicious, and impatient of injuries, are so moped and dejected by this kind of treatment, and meditate so continually on it, that they sink, with aggravated pain, into the deepest melancholy. The authors of such serious mischief, perhaps, only mean, in the hour of mirth and merriment, to exercise what they call harmless pleasantry, and fret the

* Psalm lxiv. and Jeremiah, xviii.

feelings of their companion, holding it *optimum alienâ frui insaniâ*, an excellent thing to enjoy another man's distress: but *volat irrevocabile verbum*, the offensive word cannot be recalled; and it is not only cruel, but impious, to bait a friend with foul derision; for it is declared by the Psalmist, that "he who puts a reproach upon his neighbour, shall not abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, nor dwell upon his holy hill*." Wit and raillery are weapons which require great skill and dexterity to wield without doing even unintentional mischief. Ladislaus II. king of Poland, being benighted in hunting, and forced to take up his abode in a poor cottage on the borders of a forest, on feeling the hardness of his bed, observed jeeringly to his companion, the Earl of Shrine, that his lordship's wife was much better accommodated by the abbot. The Earl, stung by the insinuation, replied, *Et tua cum Dabesso*, "And your's with Dabessus," a young courtier for whom the queen was supposed to entertain an affection. But this reply rooted itself so deeply in the mind of the king, that he never recovered his usual spirits, but became quite melancholy; and, when the cause of his dejection reached the queen's ears, the earl, for this rash repartee, was put to death†. Tiberius, who withheld the legacy which his predecessor Augustus bequeathed to the Roman

* Psalm xv.

† Related by Martin Cromerus, in the sixth book of his History of Poland.

people, on observing a man whispering in the ear of a corpse, and inquiring of him the reason of it, was informed, that he was only desiring the departed soul to acquaint Augustus that the Roman people were yet unpaid: but the feelings of the emperor were so grievously hurt by this bitter sarcasm, that he ordered the offender, with unmanly severity, to be immediately slain; telling him, as he expired, that he might now carry the information to Augustus himself.—Those who are disposed to be facetious and jocular, should keep within the limits of becoming mirth, and be careful not to indulge his gay and frolicsome delight at the expense of another's happiness, but should particularly restrain it in the presence of those who are any way inclined to this serious malady; for "a heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue." *Hilaes oderunt hilarum, tristemque jocosi;* There is no joking with a discontented mind. The advice of Castilio, Pontanus, and Galateus, which will be willingly followed by every good man, is

> "Play with me, but hurt me not;
> Jest with me, but shame me not."

Courteousness, gentleness, urbanity, politeness, or whatever it is that the word *comitas* expresses, is a virtue which lies between the two extremes of rusticity and scurrility, as affability lies between flattery and contention; and wit and humour should not only be kept within these boundaries, but should be accompanied with that ἀβλαβεια, or *innocency*, which hurts no

man, and abhors all offer of injury*. No man is permitted to act

> "Like the bold ribald, whose licentious jest
> Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest."

A fault, a vice, a crime, or even an imperfection, cannot, either by the laws of good manners or humanity, be made the subject of jest, or even noticed in the presence of the offender. To upbraid and hit a man in the teeth with misfortunes, of whatever kind they may be, is ungenerous, indecent, unbecoming, cruel, and unpardonable. A man of thorough good breeding, whatever else he may be, will never do a rude or brutal action. But these observations do not apply to those whose professed object is to lash the vices of a corrupt and degenerate age; but to those private characters who are disposed to rail, scoff, jest with, and pester others by name, if absent, or personally, if present. All wit and humour, however excellent it may be in itself, which in the smallest degree wounds the feelings of another, is coarse unfeeling horse-play; and no person who possesses either piety, grace, or good manners, will use such jests as are *mordentes et aculeati*, bitter, biting, poisoned, injurious, or which in any way leave a sting behind them.

> Set not thy foot to make the blind to fall,
> Nor wilfully offend thy weaker brother;
> Nor wound the dead with thy tongue's bitter gall;
> Neither rejoice thou in the fall of other.

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* "Quæ nemini nocet, omnem injuriæ oblationem abhorrens."

f Liberty, whether by servitude or im-
ent, is the source of such severe afflic-
ıt few can endure it patiently, although
accommodated with every thing that
can require, or even luxury can bestow;
us houses, airy walks, extensive gardens,
bowers, and good fare; for the very
living *alienâ quadrâ*, at another man's
d command, tortures in the extreme
irited and liberal mind. Custom, in-
ll sometimes change the very nature of
es; but even the females of Italy and
who are mewed and locked up from
of life and liberty, by the keys of jea-
ıd despotism, cannot, amidst all the
rs of the seraglio, or the indulgences
luennas, be perfectly happy. The idea
ıint is vexatious and tormenting to the
ınind; and a life confined to any precise
icular boundary, still passing round and
the same circle, like a dog in a wheel,
ıe in a mill, without novelty or change,
ɔusly adverse to all the feelings of na-
t it can only be endured in a melancholy
e. If then a life confined to one spot,
enlarged and accommodating it may
ı intolerable, to live in strict confine-
abject slavery, must, as Hermolaus told
:r, be worse than death; as indeed the
of those thirty thousand Indian slaves
yearly condemned to work, like mould-
ınder ground, in the gold and silver
Potosi, in *Peru*, and of those innume-

rable wretches who are condemned to the galleys, or the inquisition in Spain, would loudly proclaim, were they permitted to speak, or their voices could be heard,

> One plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;
> Whilst others, deathless as their haughty lord,
> Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
> And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.

Robert, duke of Normandy, being closely confined by his youngest brother Henry I. pined away in unextinguishable grief and gloomy melancholy. The royal captive, Jugurtha, whose courage in the field was unequalled, had not fortitude sufficient to endure the slavish triumph in which he was drawn through the capitol, at the wheels of the chariot of his insulting conqueror Marius, but died in melancholy and despair at the end of the sixth day of his captivity. The Bishop of Salisbury, in the reign of King Stephen, was so tainted by the idea of imprisonment, and the calamities which attend it, that he refused all nourishment, and lingered a long time between the fear of death and the torment of life, unwilling to live, but unable to die. A Lacedemonian boy, who was taken prisoner by Antigonus, was sold as a slave; but on being ordered by his imperious purchaser to some painful duty, replied, "Shall a Lacedemonian be a slave where liberty is within his reach?" and immediately threw himself from the point of an adjacent rock, and plunged into the sea.

Poverty is universally abhorred, as the most

dreadful enemy of human happiness. Every other species of misery may be easily forgot, because it is not always forced upon our regard; but in all the intercourses of worldly society, indigence is accounted odious, vile, and base; exposed to calamity, neglect, insult; reduced not unfrequently even to hunger and nakedness; and always accompanied by the deepest gloom and melancholy. The mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; for it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct, however excellent, can avoid reproach.

> From no affliction are the poor exempt;
> They think each eye surveys them with contempt.
> Unmanly poverty subdues the heart,
> Cankers each wound, and sharpens every dart.

From the fangs of this dreadful fiend all men fly with terror and affright; leaving no haven, coast, or creek unsearched; diving to the bottom of the sea, penetrating into the bowels of the earth, passing through the zones, enduring the extremes of heat and cold, turning parasites and slaves, forsaking God, and even despising his holy religion, to release themselves from this grievous calamity.

> Poison'd by thee, whose venom can destroy
> Each generous thought, they know no future joy,
> But heaping wealth — for this they will forego
> Peace, honour, safety, every good below.

All happiness, in short, seems to ebb and flow in proportion as men are more or less removed,

by accumulated riches, from the terrors of poverty, and its attendant disgrace: for in the world's esteem, wealth ennobles every character, by whatever means it may be acquired; and the most unprincipled villian, if he be rich and bountiful, will be honoured, admired, adored, reverenced, highly magnified, and gather many friends.

> "For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
> And human powers, *immortal Gold!* are thine;
> And he who piles the shining heap, shall rise
> Brave, noble, honourable, just, and wise."

The rich Florentine, John de Medicis, was so sensible of the power of riches, that, when on his dying bed, calling before him his sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo, to give them his blessing, he exclaimed, "My mind is at rest at this awful moment, when I reflect that I shall leave you, my children, in the possession of good health and abundant riches." This power, indeed, is not only the effect of real wealth liberally bestowed, but is frequently acquired by those who have the art of displaying its ensigns, and putting on its semblance. Coin, well counterfeited, passes along while current before it is detected; and outward splendour, well managed, may, for some time, procure to some Fastidious Brisk, or Sir Petronel Flash, all the subserviency and attention that is bestowed on real riches. But, on the contrary, a man evidently poor in purse, is always concluded to be poor in spirit; and although he be honest, wise,

learned, well deserving, noble by birth, and of exceeding good parts, he is contemned, neglected, forsaken, considered a low slave, a vile drudge, an odious fellow, a common eye-sore, scarcely fit to be made a foot-stool; and, like the people of Africa, who, as Leo Afer observes, are base by nature, no more to be esteemed than a dog. A poor man can have no learning, no knowledge, no civility, scarcely common sense; and if he speaks, "What a babbler he is!" Dante, whose works have rendered his fame immortal, was once ignominiously excluded from company on account of his poverty: Teretius was placed at the lower end of Cecilius' table, merely because he was poorly dressed: and Terence, the celebrated Roman poet, was, in his adversity, left and abandoned by his former illustrious friends and admirers, Scipio, Lælius, and Fucius, and suffered to die in melancholy distress on a foreign shore. Rats, indeed, instinctively quit the noblest mansion when it is about to fall. But the most grievous consequence of poverty is, that it exposes the unhappy sufferer to the keenest shafts of ridicule from a contemptuous and unfeeling world; and a poor man is frequently forced to endure the jests, taunts, flouts, and blows of his superiors, to get a meal's meat; or to submit to their ever varying humours, to avoid those dreadful alternatives, thieving or starving. Human fortitude is unable to sustain such severe conflicts; and the children of poverty are invariably the chil-

dren of discontent, and the victims of melancholy. Forestus, in his medicinal observations, relates a memorable example of two brothers of Louvain, who being by accident left destitute of the means of support, became melancholy, and, in the anguish of their discontent, by mutual stabs, died in each other's arms.

"What cannot Want? the best she will expose,
And sink e'en Virtue in her train of woes:
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!"

The very apprehension of poverty, indeed, is frequently so alarming as to produce the same effect; for Apicius, the celebrated Roman epicure, finding, on examining his affairs, that he had only 100,000 crowns left, destroyed his life by poison for fear of being famished: and the once rich and powerful Bishop of Salisbury, on being despoiled of his property by King Stephen, and reduced to a state of indigence, ran immediately mad with grief and vexation. Ausonius relates, in a neat epigram, a story of a melancholy man, who, on going into a wood, with intention to hang himself, in order to get rid of the miseries of poverty, fortunately found a large bag of money concealed at the foot of the tree, which had such an effect upon his spirits, that he flung away the rope, and went dancing merrily home, with the treasure under his arm, quite cured of his melancholy: but the man who had wished to secrete it, on coming to the spot, and

finding it gone, fell into such a sudden despondency, that he hanged himself with the very rope which the fortunate finder of his treasure had flung away.

> Want, and incurable Disease, fell pair!
> On the hopeless mind remorseless seize
> At once; and seek a refuge in the grave."

The death of a Friend unavoidably causes the deepest affliction; for true friendship is our last and only comfort under every misfortune, and the greatest solace amidst the miseries of life. The temporary absence of those whom we love and esteem, casts a sorrowful gloom over the mind, and gives a painful uneasiness to the heart. Montanus mentions an instance of a lively country girl, whose sensibility was so affected on leaving her native place, and quiting the loved companions of her youth, that her spirits subsided, and sunk her into an irrecoverable melancholy for the remainder of her days. The absence of that best of friends, a real husband, must be severely afflicting to every fond and faithful wife; and during this distressing interval

> Her tearful eyes are strangers to repose;
> In bitter grief she sighs and vents her woes;
> Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears;
> In fancy sees her absent lord, and hears
> His charming voice still sounding in her ears.

short and temporary absence of friends can k such violent effects, *death*, which causes ternal separation, must inflict the bitterest ngs: Then

'The soul loaths the day, and sickens at the sky,
And longs in bitterness of soul to die.

Stroza Filius, the elegant Italian poet, in h Epicedium, bewails the death of his fond fath with an excess of sorrow; and Quintilian, lamenting the loss of his wife and childre shews how superior the genuine feelings of t heart are to all the rules of rhetoric in the el quence of distress. "What affectionate fath could ever pardon my insensibility should I l capable to pursue my studies? What parent w not detest me, should I now find any other en ployment for my tongue, than to accuse the go of suffering me to live, after depriving me of s that was near and dear to my soul? Can think that providence watches over mortal Witness, my misery, it does not: and yet in wh am I to blame, but that I yet live?" Eve Alexander, whose trade was death, on losing h beloved Hephestion, lay tossing in the bitterne of his grief for three days on the cold eart refusing all sustenance or sleep, and calling the fates to destroy him, that his soul might b united in death, as it had been through life, wi that of his departed friend: and with similar e cess did Adrian, the emperor, lament the dea of his friend Antinous; and Austin, his moth Monica: to which might be added many oth instances of a like kind, from the works of t later physicians. "From the day," says Mo taigne, "that I had the misfortune to lose n friend, I pined and languished; the pleasures the world, instead of comforting me, doubl

:tion. I was so accustomed to be his
›art at all times and places, that I felt
er half was taken away. There was no
r imagination in which I did not miss
r as he surpassed me in virtue, and every
complishment, so also did he in the du-
riendship."

he, alas! is snatch'd away,
refore, ah! wherefore should I stay?
liss is fled; no longer whole,
but possessing half my soul,
rful to Pluto's dark abode,
him I'll tread the dreary road;
fell Chimera's breath of fire,
hundred handed Gyas dire,
ever tear my friend from me,
ustice and the Fates decree.

CHAPTER IV.

E CONSEQUENCES OF MELANCHOLY.

›nsequences which the disease of me-
' produces, are the symptoms and prog-
or, in other terms, the effects which
rom the causes already described. Parr-
he celebrated Grecian painter, purchased,
those Olynthian captives which Philip
don brought home to sell, a strong, ath-
it extreme old man, and put him to the
›lent agonies that the severest tortures
flict, in order, by the writhings and con-
of his body, the better to express the
d passions of the Prometheus which he

was then about to paint: but the effects and co sequences of a melancholy habit are so strong delineated upon both the body and the min that no such ingenious, but inhuman, cruelty necessary to describe the symptoms of this tc turing disease. The herb tortocolla is said produce the different effects of laughing, cryin sleeping, dancing, singing, howling, and drin ing, on different constitutions; and in like ma ner the various causes which produce mela choly, work in different habits innumerable ai opposite symptoms; but various and complicat as they are, they may be aptly described in ju as affect the Body, and such as affect the Mind

The consequences of this disease, upon tl body, are leanness, a withered skin, hollow eye a wrinkled forehead, a dejected visage, hars features, cholicy complaints, eructations, singin in the ears, twinkling of the eyes, vertigo in th head, a palpitation of the heart, a faulterin speech, laughing, grinning, fleering, murmu ing, blushing, trembling, soliloquy, sobbin swooning, a depraved and indifferent appetit bad digestion, a slow and timid pulse, except be of the carotides, which is very strong; vary ing, as Struthius clearly proves, according to th strength and violence of the disease; but th principal consequences is an eternal restlessnes watching, and indisposition to sleep. Trine velius mentions an instance of a melanchol man, who never closed his eyes for fifty days the mother of Hercules de Saxonia, who laboui ed for many years under this disease, declare

most solemnly, that, during the period of seven months, she was a total stranger to the blessings of repose: and Skenkius produces instances of patients who have never slept for two years; and yet received no visible injury from so long a privation of rest.

> Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
> He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles: the wretched he forsakes:
> Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

The consequences of this disease on the mind, are fear, sorrow, suspicion, jealousy, inconstancy, petulancy, bashfulness, a love of solitude, and a hatred of life.

Fear is almost the first, and certainly the most general, consequence of a melancholy disposition; but the apprehensions it excites are always without any real cause, or apparent foundation. Like an unstaunched hound, the mind runs away with a wrong scent, without perceiving itself to be at fault; as in those cases where the patients conceive the canopy of heaven is falling upon their heads; that their bodies are frames of glass about to receive a fracture; that the earth is about to sink under their feet; that they are kings, cardinals, persons appointed to save the world, and many other of the like nature, more or less extravagant, in proportion to the strength and description of the disease.

Sorrow, a causeless sorrow, is another inseparable companion of melancholy. The unhappy sufferers, pensive, weeping, and dejected,

look as if they had newly come from the Trophonian cave; or as if the vulture which is said to have preyed incessantly on the vitals of Titius, was continually gnawing at their hearts. Terrible dreams disturb their short repose; and no sooner are their eyes open, than the heaviest sighs escape from their lips. Smiles, indeed, and fits of laughter, will sometimes intervene; but they only sink from their short-lived mirth into deeper sadness and despondency.

Suspicion and *Jealousy* are among the mental aberrations of this disease. A melancholy person always conceives himself neglected, and applies every whisper or jest which he happens to hear to his own disadvantage; misconstrues every word that is uttered; puts the worst interpretation on all that is said; and conceives all around him are forming plans to circumvent and cover him with disgrace. Montanus mentions the case of a melancholy Jew, who was so waspish and suspicious, that no man, however cautious, could continue inoffensively in his company: and these unhappy conceits generally strike deep root into their disordered minds.

Inconstancy is another characteristic consequence of this disease: alternately easy and restless, resolute and wavering, obstinate and yielding, prodigal and covetous, constant and fickle, pleased and displeased, animated and dejected.

"From their coarse mixture of terrestial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,

And grief and joy; nor can the inconstant mind,
In the dark dungeon of Disease confin'd,
Assert its native skies."

A passionate disposition is also a frequent consequence of melancholy, *Quicquid volunt valdè volunt;* whatever melancholy persons desire, they expect immediately to obtain; and the least delay or disappointment renders them austere, surly, dull, and mad. To this observation, however, there are many exceptions; for melancholy frequently engenders the finest conceits, gives a deep reach and excellent apprehension to the mind, and renders it judicious, wise, and witty; but the thoughts it engenders are, in general, antic and phantastical, *Velut ægri somnia, vanæ finguntur species,* like a sick man's dreams.

Bashfulness is another consequence of a melancholy disposition, which is the reason why persons thus afflicted seldom visit any except their very intimate and familiar friends; and even then they frequently sit wholly silent, or enter into conversation with seeming pain and reluctance. Frambesarius, a French physician, had two such patients, *omnino taciturnos,* whom no provocation could prevail upon to speak: and Rodericus à Fonseca gives an instance of a melancholy young man, of only seven and twenty years of age, who was so extremely bashful that he could neither eat nor sleep if any person was present. The mind in these cases seems conscious of its debility, and ashamed to expose its defective powers.

Love of Solitude is the first symptom and

highest enjoyment of a melancholy mind. The fears and sorrows which fill the melancholy bosoms of these poor sufferers drive them from all the lively enjoyments of social life. The strong sense they entertain of the inadequacy of their powers to endure the company, or support the conversation, of other men, without becoming objects of laughter and derision, subdues all the energies of their souls.

> While by this dire disease their souls are toss'd,
> Their heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost:
> Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
> From this dark dungeon to their native sky.

Like Bellerophon, they wander through the deepest glooms and most sequestered vales, sad, solitary, and dejected; avoiding the sight of their fellow creatures, and averse even from their best and most familiar friends. The first symptoms by which the citizens of Abdera discovered the melancholy of Democritus, were, his forsaking the city, wandering, in the day, on the green banks of the neighbouring brooks, and sleeping at nights in dark groves or hollow trees. The Egyptians in their hieroglyphics, express a melancholy man by a hare sitting in her form, as being the most timid and solitary of all animals.

A Tedium Vitæ, or weariness of life, succeeds. Incapable of relishing any of the pleasures or amusements of the world, uneasy and restless in every situation, displeased with every occurrence, and anxious to pull the crawling serpent from *their* hearts, they call one moment upon death

to relieve them from their miseries, and the next fly from his feared embrace: unwilling to die, and yet unable to live.

> Until the increasing wound such pangs create,
> That their own hands prevent the stroke of fate.

The poisoned bowl of Socrates, the dagger of Lucretia, the halter of Timon, the knife of Cato, and the sword of Nero, are the fell instruments which fate bequeaths to their disordered souls.

Melancholy discloses its symptoms according to the sentiments and passions of the minds it affects. An ambitious man fancies himself a lord, statesman, minister, king, emperor, or monarch, and pleases his mind with the vain hopes of even future preferment. Elinora Meliorina, a melancholy but aspiring lady of Mantua, conceived she was married to a king, and would kneel down and address her husband as if he were on his throne; and if she found by chance a bit of glass on a dung-hill, or in the street, she would say it was a jewel sent to her by her lord and husband. The mind of a covetous man sees nothing but his *re* or *spe*, and looks at the most valuable objects with an eye of hope, or with the fond conceit that they are already his own. A love-sick brain adores, in romantic strains, the lovely idol of his heart,

> "And in the shape of Corin, sits all day
> Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
> To amorous Phillida;"

or sighs in real misery at her fancied frowns. And a scholar's mind evaporates in the fumes of *imaginary praise* and literary distinction.

Rhasis, the Arabian, divides the symptoms melancholy into three degrees: First, *falsa c tatio*, such as consist in false conceits and i thoughts: secondly, *falso cogitata loqui*, wh the patient soliloquises and utters his conc to himself; and thirdly, when the patient p his conceits into practice. But it is impossi to speak sufficiently upon this subject; for attempt a description of a phantastical conc a corrupt imagination, or a vain thought, wo be like the artist, in Ausonius, who attempted paint an echo. Certain it is, however, th there is nothing so vain, absurd, ridiculo extravagant, impossible, incredible, chimeric prodigious, or strange, which a melanch man will not really fear, feign, suspect, a imagine: and what Ludovicus Vives said in je of a silly country fellow that killed his ass drinking up the moon, *ut lunam mundo rede* we may truly say of him in earnest. T tower of Babel never yielded such confusion tongues as the chaos of melancholy does vari of symptoms; for there is in every species melancholy *similitudo dissimilis;* as in me faces, a disagreeing likeness still: and as in river we swim in the same place, though not the same identical water, so this disease yiel a continued succession of different symptoms

CHAPTER V.

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY is said to be the inexorable parent of every mental disease; but Paracelsus ridicules the idea of its being incurable; and certain it is, that this dreadful malady, even in its most afflicting stages, seldom causes immediate death; except, indeed, by the ungoverned hand of the miserable sufferer. Montanus, however, is of opinion, that to whatever extent the patient may be relieved, some dregs and vestiges, the *veteris vestigia flammæ*, will still remain, and accompany him to his grave; and unquestionably it is a disease much more easy to be prevented than entirely cured.

> "To administer to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart,

is certainly a task surrounded with difficulties seemingly insurmountable; but when we seriously consider the assistance that may be derived from Him who turns "the mourning of those that trust in Him into joy and gladness*," the frowns of despair will be converted into the

* *Ecclesiasticus.*

smiles of hope, and the idea of difficulty v
vanish in proportion to our faith in the Almigt

—— "For the Almighty Power above
With ease can save each object of his love:
Wide as his will extends his bounteous grace,
Nor lost in time, nor circumscribed by place."

God hath "created medicines of the eart
and appointed physicians, by their art and
dustry, to prepare and apply these treasures
the use of man; and therefore, *à Jove pri*
pium, before we begin with medicines, we sho
use prayer*, and continue, not one without
other, but both together; for otherwise, as
prophet Jeremiah denounced of the childrer
Egypt, "in vain we shall use medicine or
for health." The efficacy of prayer, indeed,
this complaint, is acknowledged not only
Hippocrates, Galen, and Hyperius, but by ev
other rational and good physician, many
whom, especially Messul and Crito, conclu
their consultations with a solemn address
the Deity, imploring him to deliver their
happy brother from the perils of his distress.

"Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."

The *Physician*, who is *manus Dei*, and
whom God hath given knowledge that he mi
be glorified in all his wondrous works, ou
next to be sought; for "with such age

* "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing
prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your
quests be made known unto God."—*Phil.* iv. 6.

God doth heal men and take away their pains." A wise and honest physician will not administer medicine except in cases of absolute necessity; but will try the effect of diet, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, before he proceeds to exhibit the potency of his art; and when this necessity arises, will address his prescriptions, not, harpy-like, to the draining of his patient's purse, but to the speedy expulsion of his disease; and not *irritare silentem morbum*, as Heurnius complains, stir up, in hopes of pay, a silent disease, which, by good council, or the rectification of the non-naturals, might be easily cured*. Above all, he will endeavour to obtain, by every means in his power, the good opinion and confidence of his patient; for Galen is of opinion, that the confidence of the patient sometimes contributes to the cure of melancholy, as much as the physician's physic; and Paracelsus informs us, that Hippocrates was as much indebted, for the surprising cures he performed, to the high conceit his patients entertained of his honour and ability, as to his knowledge of medicine. Melancholy is a disorder of the mind, to the cure or alleviation of which, nothing is more essential than the kind offices and conversation of a real friend.

The *Patient* must also call forth, with resolution and fortitude, all the possible powers of his mind in aid of his physician; for although

* "Quod sæpe evenit cum non sit necessitas. Frusta fatigant rimediis ægros, qui victus ratione curari possunt." —*Heurnius*, lib. iii. cap. 1.

it will be highly to his advantage to rely
implicit confidence upon the skill of those w
he may consult, he may do much for hin
and, like the waggoner in Esop, by setting
shoulder to the wheel, greatly relieve his
tress. An unreserved disclosure of the 1
minute circumstances of his case, is an i
pensable obligation; for by suffering, lil
cowardly citizen, who neglects to arm unti
enemy is at its gates, his bashfulness or i
ference to conceal any of its symptoms, he
not only protract his cure, but possibly pro
incalculable mischief. It is, however, the c
mon fault of all melancholy persons rathe
over-state their afflictions than to conceal tl
Obedience also to the directions of his pl
cian, and a steady perseverance in the co
he shall prescribe, is another necessary dut
the part of the patient; and particularl
cherish a confidence in his ability, and not
upon every trifling dislike, from one physi
to another, or to try too hastily a variet
remedies. But, above all, let him be carefi
avoid experiments upon himself, by adop
unapproved remedies, recommended to hin
unauthorized books, or ignorant friends;
that which in the very same disorder ma
highly beneficial to one patient, may be
tremely detrimental and destructive to anot
as the following fable from Camerarius wi
lustrate:—An ass, laden with wool, and a n
laden with salt, were travelling together thro
the ford of a river. The water wetting

package of the mule, and melting the salt, relieved the animal from the weight of its burden, which, being observed by the ass, he, at the next river they passed through, wetted *his* package, in hopes of finding the same relief; but the water, instead of lighting his load, made the wool more heavy, and pressed him to death by its increased weight. "Medical works," says Penottus, "are filled with prescriptions which appear to the eye of an injudicious reader like excellent remedies, but when taken prove fatal poisons;" and he instances the case of John Baptista, a Neapolitan nobleman, who accidentally reading a medical pamphlet in praise of hellebore, was induced, on his own judgment, to try its effects; but taking a drachm, instead of a scruple, was under the necessity of sending for Valleriola, the physician, to save his life.

The *Remedies* by which the alleviation or cure of melancholy, even if it have passed its meridian, can be most rationally expected, are the rectification of the *six non-naturals* already mentioned; for as the neglect and abuse of them chiefly promote the disease, so a proper use of them is most likely to afford relief; but if these *diateticks* fail, recourse must then necessarily be had to medicine.

Diet, Διαιτητικὴ, "victus," or living, properly so called, consists, as we have before observed, in meat and drink. Those meats which are tender, moist, and easy of digestion, are most salutary; as kids, rabbits, chickens, veal, mut-

tom, partridge, pheasant, quail, and all mountain birds. The lean of fat meat is best; and all broths, pottages, and other spoon meats, especially cock-broth, mixed with borage, lettuce, and such wholesome herbs, are excellently good. The Arabians recommend brains as a fine antidote to melancholy; but this opinion is opposed by Laurentius, and many other physicians.—Eggs are said to be highly nutritive; and butter, oil, sugar, and honey, under certain restrictions, are allowed. Galen excepts to mutton; but, without question, he means that rammy mutton which is bred in Turkey and Asia Minor, where the sheep have great fleshy tails of eight and forty pounds weight. Bread made of good wheaten flour, pure, well purged from the bran, and kneaded with rain-water, is of itself "the staff of life." The thinnest beer, and lightest wines, are, of all liquors, the best, except fine pure water, sweet to the smell, and like air to the sight, such as is soon hot, and soon cold. But all spices, and sour sauces, must be never, or very sparingly, used. The fish of gravelly bottomed streams are far preferable to those that inhabit muddy pools, but they are greatly inferior to the tenants of the sea. Of fruits, the sweetest are the best, particularly the juice of the pomegranate; and of herbs, borage, bugles, endive, fennel, anniseed, and balm, are to be preferred. The use of rose-water, if it be sweet, and well distilled, is particularly serviceable in the cure of this disease. But, in diet, the principal thing to be avoided is repletion and inani-

›n. Melancholy men have, in general, good ›petites and bad digestions; and nothing sooner ›isons both the body and mind, than to eat ›d ingurgitate beyond all measure, as many of em do.

Thus when, alas! men come to die
Of dropsy, jaundice, stone, and gout;
When the black reckoning draws nigh,
And life before the bottle's out;

When long-drawn Time's upon the tilt,
Few sands and minutes left to run,
When all our past gone years are spilt,
And the great work is left undone;

When restless conscience knocks within,
And in despair begins to bawl,
Death, like the drawer, then steps in,
And cries, I'm ready at your call.

Temperance indeed is a bridle of gold; and who uses it rightly, is more like a god than nan: but the English, who are the most sub-t, of all other people, to this dreadful malady, ›, in general, very liberal and excellent feeders. ›to advises his patients to eat only twice a y, and never without an appetite, or upon a ll stomach: and Prosper Calenus prescribed is very rule to Cardinal Cæsius, who laboured ›g under this disease. Fasting and feasting in tremes are equally pernicious, and best re-›ained by tasting only of one dish of plain food, d never eating until hunger requires to be tisfied. Men think it a great glory to have eir tables daily furnished with variety of meats; t the physician pulls every guest by the ear,

and tells him, that nothing can be more prejud cial to his health than such variety and plent Cornara preserved a feeble constitution to a extreme old age by means of diet only.

Unerring Nature learn to follow close,
For *quantum sufficit* is her just dose.
"Sufficient" clogs no wheels, and tires no horse,
Yet briskly drives the blood around its course;
And hourly to its wastes adds new supplies,
In due proportion to what's spent and dies:
While surfeiting corrupts the purple gore,
And robs kind Nature of her long liv'd store;
Tears from the body its supporting soul,
Quite unprepar'd to reach its destin'd goal;
While long with temperance it might safely dwell,
Until, like fruit quite ripe, it slips its shell.

Air.—As a long-winked hawk, when he first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft, and f his pleasure fetches many a circuit in the sk still soaring higher and higher, till he comes his full pitch, and in the end, when the game sprung, comes down amain, and stoops upon sudden; so a melancholy mind, when it fee the virtues of the enlivening air, freely expatiate and exercises itself for recreation, roving awhi and wandering delighted over the ample field until it descends to its dull and earthy elemen again. Fine air is unquestionably the best ant dote to melancholy. The Egyptians, who li in a clear and healthy temperature, are the liv liest, merriest people on the face of the eart The inhabitants of the Orcades are said to b free from all infirmity, both of body and mind, by reason of the sharp and purifying a

they receive from the sea*. But the Bœotians, from the fogs in which they are involved, are, of all nations, the most dull and heavy. The airy hills of Perigord in France are the seats of vivacity and health; but the fog-filled marshes of Guienne are hospitals of dejection and disease. He, therefore, who wishes either to recover or enjoy the invaluable blessings of health, and particularly he who is disposed to be melancholy, should frequently wash his hands and face, shift his clothing, have clean linen, and be comfortably attired; for, *sordes vitiant*, nastiness defiles a man, and dejects his spirits; but above all, he should shift his place of residence, and always chuse, at each remove, a dry and airy eminence. Cyrus, by living seven months at Babylon, three at Susa, and two at Echatana, enjoyed the pleasures of a perpetual spring. When Cicero, Pompey, and other illustrious Romans, went to see Lucullus at his rural villa near the sea, they praised its light and open galleries, as well-suited to enjoy the breezes of the spring, but very ill calculated to exclude the winter winds. "True," replied Lucullus, "but I possess at least the wit of the crane, and always change my situation with the season." The Bishop of Exeter is said to have had a different house, suited in its site and fashion, to every month of the year. Vallies certainly abound with the best soil, but they unfortunately yield, in general, the worst air; and therefore those who are obliged to live, for pro-

* Hector Boethius' History of Scotland, and Cardan de rer. var.

fit sake, in low, foggy situations, should c
its bad qualities by good fires. Sutton Col
in Warwickshire, stands, as Camden obs
loco ingrato et sterili; but it is blessed with
lent air, and productive of all manner of
sures. A clear air cheers up the spirits, a
hilarates the mind; but a thick, black,
and tempestuous atmosphere, contract
powers both of body and of mind, and
throws, in time, the strongest health. A
prospect alone will relieve melancholy
short, change of air, and variety of pleasin
jects, are the best remedies for this infir
and Lælius à fonte Ægubinus, that great d
in his consultation upon melancholy, says,
although there are many things by wh
patient may be helped, change of air is that
does the most good, and is in general most
to effect a cure.

Bathing, either in natural or artificial bath
great use in this malady, and yields, as man
sicians, particularly Ætius, Galen, Rhasi
Montonus, contend, as speedy a remedy
other physic whatsoever. Crato and Fusch
commend baths medicated with camomile,
and borage. Laurentius, and others, sp
milk baths*, the body afterwards to be an
with oil of bitter almonds; and some pre
a bath in which ram's heads, and other ingre

* In Rome, says the author, rich women fre
bathed in milk; and, in some instances, each b
composed of the produce of at least five hundred sl

of the like kind, have been previously boiled. The richness and expence of the Roman baths are well known, which is, in some degree, a proof of their utility, especially in warm climates. But the Porrectan baths, the baths of Aquaria, the waters of Apona, the springs of St. Helen, the Chalderinian baths, and all those which are naturally impregnated with brass, iron, allum, sulphur, although greatly superior to any artificial baths of the like nature, ought to be warily frequented by melancholy persons. Of the efficacy of cold baths in the cure of this complaint, many physicians have expressed their doubts; but Cardan commends bathing in fresh rivers and cold waters, and advising all those who wish to live long to use it, says, that it agrees with all ages and complexions, particularly in sultry climates.

Exercise, both mental and corporeal, when duly regulated, and discreetly taken, highly contributes not only to the restoration and establishment of general health, but to the prevention and expulsion of this particular disease. The heavens themselves are in constant motion; the sun rises and sets, the moon increases and decreases, the stars and planets have their regular revolutions, the air is agitated with winds, the waters ebb and flow, and man also should ever be in action. Employment, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is indeed so essential to human happiness, that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery. Hieron advises Rusticus the monk never to let the

devil find him idle; and Mahomet was s
vinced of the utility of this advice, that,
ambassadors from the yet unconquered pro
were admitted into his presence, they foun
engaged in carving wooden spoons *. T
test time for exercise is before meals, wh
body is empty, particularly in a morning;
the pores have been cleared by ablutio
the perspiration of sleep, and the body r
from its repletion; but it should be rather *a*
rem than *ad sudorem;* for Hippocrates is
nion, that if exercise produce more than a
inclination to perspire, it may be dang
Galen therefore recommends the *ludum*
pilæ, or tossing the little ball, either w
hand or racket: (a game which is said t
been invented by Aganella, a fair maid of C
for the use and entertainment of Nausi
daughter of king Alcinous,) as the most
cial, because it gently exercises every part
body. There are indeed many other spor
recreations, as hunting and hawking,
Camden calls *hilares venandi labores,* b
they invigorate the body, and enliven the
fowling, an exercise strongly recommen

* Domitian busied himself in catching flies; t
Augustus used to play with nuts among children;
der Severus exercised himself in playing with lit
and young pigs; and Adrian was so enamoured w
and horses, that he bestowed on them monume
tombs. Xenophon advises a person rather to play a
to throw dice, to make even a jester of himself,
he might be far better employed, than to do nothi

Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer; fishing, which, though Plutarch * calls it a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having in it neither wit nor perspicacity, is certainly an agreeable diversion, and healthy exercise; for if the angler catch no fish, he enjoys a rural walk, fine air, pleasant shades, the melodious harmony of birds, and the pleasures of the sweetly purling stream, on which he sees swans, herons, ducks, waterhorns, coots, and other fowl, sporting with their brood, which may be better suited to his constitution, and more delightful to his mind, than the cry of the hounds, or the echo of the horn. Racing, by which many gentlemen gallop out their fortunes; bowling, ringing, coits, hurling, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.* But the most pleasant of all outward pastimes is that of a pleasant excursion; a merry journey, with some good companions, to visit friends, see cities, castles, towns, and countries.

> To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,
> And take the gentle air upon the mountains.

The general remedy for uneasiness is change of place. St. Bernard, in the beautiful description he has given of his own monastery, says, "A melancholy mind seeks the pleasures of some verdant bank; enjoys, when the dog-star rages, the luxury of a shady bower; comforts his misery by a view of the various objects which a fine prospect presents to his nature-loving eye, and stills the agitation of his soul by the sweet har-

* In his book de Soler. Animal.

mony of the surrounding groves." Diocleslan, the emperor, during his melancholy fit, was so pleased with rural recreations, that he resigned the sceptre for the spade, and turned gardener. If my testimony of the delights of rural life be of any worth, I can truly say I am *verè Saturnus;* no man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fish ponds and rivers; and I found every change of scene highly favourable to the cure of melancholy, not only as it induced exercise, but as it presented new and striking objects to my enraptured view. The mind of Telemachus, though dejected by the idea of having lost his father, was ravished with delight at the sight of the magnificent palace of Menelaus. To view the pageantry of a coronation, splendid nuptials, the public reception of a prince or ambassador; or to see two kings fight in single combat, as Porus and Alexander, Canute and Edmund Ironside, Scanderbeg and Ferat Bassa the Turk, raises the mind from its lethargy, and gives new action to its dormant powers. The mind and body must be continually in exercise, and therefore dancing, singing, masking, mumming, however severely they may be censured by the Catos of the age, are, if opportunely and soberly used, extremely beneficial in the cure of this disease. *Melius est fodere quam saltare,* says St. Austin; and Tully insists, *Nemo saltat sobrius:* but these are the observations of men to whom age and infirmities had rendered all youthful pastimes unpleasant and disagreeable. Let the world, I say, have their

may-games, wakes, whitsunales; their dancings and concerts; their puppet-shews, hobby-horses, tabors, bagpipes, balls, barley-breaks, and whatever sports and recreations please them best, provided they be followed with discretion.

What I aim at is, that such as are *fracti animis*, troubled in mind, should relieve and refresh themselves by these disports, but not make them the entire business and sole occupation of their lives. Philip, duke of Burgundy, at the nuptials of Elenora, sister to the king of Portugal, in the depth of winter, at Bruges in Flanders, being fatigued by the sameness of the entertainments, and prevented by the inclemency of the season, from enjoying the diversions of the field, to relieve his mind from the melancholy into which it was sinking, walked in disguise with his courtiers, during the night, through the streets of the town; and accidentally finding a country fellow quite drunk, and snoring on a bulk, ordered him to be quickly conveyed to the palace, where dressing him in the highest fashion of the times, he placed servants round him to watch the moment of his waking, and persuade him that he was a great lord. The duke, by the laughter and good humour which the drollery of the fellow occasioned, completely recovered his good spirits; and the subject of it, after being again intoxicated and laid asleep by the good cheer he was supplied with, was at length conveyed, in his own clothing, to the bulk from which he had been taken. Many such tricks are put in practice by great men, to

exhilarate themselves and others, and while they are harmless, they are not unuseful jests. But among the exercises or recreations of the mind within doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, or so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of

Reading, which, as Cicero, in his celebrated oration for the poet Archias, truly observes, " employs us in youth, amuses us in old age, graces and embellishes prosperity, shelters and supports adversity, makes us delightful at home and easy abroad, softens slumber, shortens fatigue, and enlivens retirement." No person can be so wholly overcome with idleness or involved in the labyrinth of worldly cares, troubles, and discontents, who will not find his mind, if he has any, much enlightened by reading. To most men, indeed, study affords an extraordinary delight. The childish bauble of wealth is in no way comparable to it. It affords a sweetness equal to that of the cup of Circe; and so bewitches the mind that has once fastened on its charms, that it is fascinated by its power. Julius Scaliger was so much affected with poetry, that he pathetically exclaimed, that he would rather be the author of Lucan, and of the ninth ode of Horace, than emperor of Germany: and Nicholas Gerbelius, that good old man, was so ravished by the restoration of a few Greek authors, that he exclaimed, *Arabibus, atque Indis omnibus erimus ditiores.* Aristotle is more known than Alexander, for we have a bare relation of

Alexander's deeds; but Aristotle, *totus vivit in monumentis.* "If I were not a king," said James the First, on seeing the Bodleian library, "I would be an university man." So sweet is the delight of study! Heinsius, the Leyden librarian, says, "I no sooner come into the library than I bolt the door, and exclude lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance, and Melancholy herself; and, in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all those rich and great men who are unacquainted with this happiness." Whoever, therefore, is over-run with solitariness, or carried away with pleasing melancholy and vain conceits, for want of employment, cannot prescribe to himself a better remedy than this of study, provided the malady does not proceed from this source. But of all reading, as a cure for this complaint, that of the Holy Scriptures is the best.

Sleep, by expelling cares, and pacifying the mind, is particularly serviceable in the cure of melancholy; and must not only be procured at proper intervals, but protracted, if possible, beyond its ordinary duration. Crato is of opinion that seven or eight hours is a competent time for a melancholy man to rest. He who wishes to taste the sweets of sleep, must go to bed, *animo securo, quieto, et libero,* with a secure and composed mind, in a quiet place; for to lie in bed, as some do, and not sleep night after night, giving assent to pleasing conceits and vain imagi-

nations, is extremely pernicious. All violent perturbations of the mind must, in some sort, be qualified before we can look for soft repose. The quietude and security of rural retirement greatly encourage this composure of the mind. Ficinus recommends the concord of sweet sounds to the ear of a patient, previous to the usual hours of rest, as a certain means of procuring undisturbed and pleasing repose; others the reading of some amusing tale; and others, to have a bason of water gently dropping its contents near the bedside. But perhaps a good draught of muscadine, with a toast and nutmeg, may prove as efficacious a remedy against that disinclination to sleep, and those fearful and troublesôme dreams with which melancholy men are molested, as any that can be prescribed; always including, however, the two indispensable requisites for this purpose, a clear conscience, and a light supper. When Ptolemy, king of Egypt, had successively posed the eighteen interpreters, he asked the nineteenth what was necessary to procure quiet rest? to which the sage replied, "Honest actions by day, and religious meditations by night." The most certain cure, indeed, of this complaint, is that which is effected by rectifying the passions and perturbations of the mind; for a quiet mind is the true *voluptas* or *summum bonum* of Epicureans; the highest blessing man can enjoy: and Galen, the common master, from whose fountain all subsequent physicians fetch their water, relates, that he has cured many patients of this

infirmity by the right settling alone of their minds.

Music is one, and not the least powerful, of those many means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, and to divert those intense cares which accompany this complaint. *Musica est mentis medicina mæstæ;* a roaring-meg against melancholy: it rears and revives the languishing soul; affects not only the ears, but the very arteries; awakens the dormant powers, raises the animal spirits, and renders the most dull, severe, and sorrowful mind, erect and nimble. The effect of music upon the human soul is wonderful: Athenæus calls it a matchless and inexhaustible treasure; and Cassiodorus says it will not only expel the severest grief, soften the most violent hatred, mitigate the sharpest spleen, but extenuate fear and fury, appease cruelty, abate heaviness, and bring the mind to quietude and rest. The harps of Orpheus, Amphion, and Arion, charmed all nature with their powers: even

> —— Things inanimate have moved,
> And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
> By magic numbers and persuasive sounds.

Music, divine music, besides the excellent powers it possesses of expelling many other diseases, is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive even the Devil himself away. Canus, a musician at Rhodes, when Apollonius inquired what he could effect by means of his pipe, told him that he could make a melancholy man merry, a merry man mad, a lover

more enamoured, and a religious man more devout. Ismenias the Theban, Chiron the Centaur, Clinias and Empedocles, are said to have cured not only melancholy, but many other diseases, by the power of music alone. Timotheus, the musical son of Thyrsander, performed harmonic wonders in the court of Alexander: and we have the authority of Holy Writ, that the harp of David refreshed the mind, and drove away the evil spirit from the bosom of king Saul *. There is no mirth without music. A table, as Epictetus truly observes, without music is little better than a manger; for music at meals is like a carbuncle set in gold, or the signet of an emerald highly burnished. But if the complaint, as it sometimes happens, proceed from this cause; if the patient be some light *inamorato*, who capers in conceit of the excellency of his own talents, or breathes soft sighs in sonnets to his mistress, music is most pernicious, and like a spur to a free horse, will drive him blind, or force his speed until he break his wind; for to those whose minds are musically bent, the concord of sweet sounds operates like a charm, and will make such a patient so mad, that the sound of jigs and hornpipes will ring eternally in his ears. It is on this account, possibly, that Plato withholds music and wine from all young men, *ne ignis addatur igni*, lest, they being for the most part amorous, one fire should increase another. Many men, indeed, become melancholy by hearing music, but it is a melancholy

* 1 Sam. xvi.

ost pleasing kind; and therefore to
e sorrowful or dejected, it is highly
; but to others, says Plutarch, *Musica*
entat quàm vinum; making some men
tigers. Like the horn of Astolphus
, or the golden wand of Mercury in
; works different effects on different
ons, and well authorises the assertion
rastus, that music makes and miti-
ıy maladies.

nd *Merry Company* are the companions
in the cure of melancholy. The
ıe heart the longer the life. Mirth is
: three Salerntian Doctors; Dr. Merry-
Diet, and Dr. Quiet; which cures all
. Magninus, indeed, holds a merry
n to be better than music, and as useful
ncholy mind as an easy carriage and
oad are to a weary traveller. *Nil ego*
ı *jucundo sanus amico.* The Nepenthes
r, the bowl of Helenas, and the girdle
, are only types of liveliness, mirth,
l humour, which, when rightly under-
ıd seasonably applied, will dispel the
are, and brighten the most afflicted
Mirth, therefore, is said to be the prin-
;ine by which physicians batter down
of melancholy. *Dulce est desipere in*
ıd Benedictus Victorius Faventinus, in

ıs temperat, calorem excitat, naturalem virtu-
orat, juvenile corpus diu servat, vitam prorogat,
cuit, et hominum negotiis quibus libet aptiorem
:hola Salern.

his Emperics, says, that to hear music, to see dancing, masking, and mummery, to chat with a droll companion, and frequent the company of fair and lively females, are the surest antidotes to this complaint. Beauty alone is a powerful charm and sovereign remedy against all melancholy fits. It is sometimes wise for the gravest characters to play the fool. The solemn Socrates would be merry by fits, sing, dance, drink, and ride a cock-horse with his children :—

> "Equitare in arundine longâ."

So did Scipio and Lælius :—

> For sourer Scipio, once in arms approv'd,
> And Lælius, for his milder wisdom lov'd,
> Could from the noisy world enjoy retreat,
> And laugh at all the busy farce of state,
> Employ the vacant hour in mirth and jest,
> Until their herbs, or frugal feast, were dress'd.

I shall therefore adopt the recommendation of Hessus to every melancholy man :—

> "Utere convivis, non tristibus utere amicis,
> Quos nugæ et risus, et joca salsa juvant."

Ctesias mentions a monarch of Persia, who had one hundred and fifty virgins attending at his table, to play, sing, and dance, by turns; and it is well known that the Greek fiction of the Nine Muses, arose from the custom of a king in Egypt keeping nine of the fairest beauties of Circassia, to enliven his spirits with their music and conversation. It was the advice of the prophet Tiresias to Menippus, who travelled

ll the world over, even down to hell itself, in earch of content, to be merry and wise. To xhilarate the heart has been the practice of very age and country, as the best means of preerving life. Every good physician rings this emedy in his patient's ears; and Marsilius ficinus thus concludes an epistle to Bernard Camisianus, and other friends: "Live merrily, O my friends! free from cares and grief: again and again, I exhort you to be merry; and if any thing trouble your hearts, or vex your souls, cast it off with contempt. This I enjoin you not only as a divine, but as a physician; for without mirth, physic is of no force."

Every leisure hour employ,
In mirth, in revelry, and joy:
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
Drive corroding care away;
Join the gay and festive train,
And make old age grow young again.

But the mischief is, that many men, knowing that merry company is the only medicine against melancholy, spend all their days among good fellows in a tavern or alehouse, drinking *venenum pro vino*, like so many malt-worms, menlabes, water-snakes, or frogs in a puddle, and become mere funguses and casks:—

A friendly gang! each equal to the best,
Where all, who can, have liberty to jest.
One flaggon walks the round, that none should think
They either change or stint him of his drink:
And lest exception may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.

Like Timocreon of Rhodes, *Multa bibens, et multa vorans,* they drown their wits in wine, consume their fortunes, lose their time, weaken their temperatures, contract diseases, and completely ruin their constitutions. In their endeavours to avoid the Scylla of dejection, they plunge into the Charybdis of drunkenness, and use that mirth which was intended for their help to their undoing. They had better endure the miseries of melancholy than convert themselves into beasts and beggars, and make that good company, which properly used is a sovereign remedy for all kinds of discontent, their sole misery and perdition. The society which a wise man will keep is that

> Where ev'ry guest may drink, and fill
> As much or little as he will;
> Exempted from the Bedlam rules
> Of roaring prodigals and fools;
> Mixing in the full but friendly bowl,
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Friendship, indeed, when it is rational and sober, as well as lively and pleasant, is of all other remedies the most powerful and efficacious in the cure of this disease. The attachments of mere mirth are but the shadows of that true friendship, of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance. How powerful is the charm of a discreet and dear friend! *Ille regit dictis animos, et temperat iras.* What may he not effect? Porphyrius, the philosopher, in his life of Plotinus, relates, that, having sunk into discontent and melancholy, by a long continued

h of mind, he determined to destroy a life
he was no longer able to endure; but
is dear friend Plotinus accidentally meet-
m as he was proceeding to perpetrate the
nischief, and perceiving, by his distracted
, that all was not well within, he urged
ith such soft affection and tender concern
close the troubles of his mind, that he
ame his resolution, pacified his disordered
gs, reconciled him to himself, and making
shamed of ever having entertained so vile
on as that of self-murder, redeemed him,
ibus erebi, from the jaws of hell itself.
e friend will observe the looks, the ges-
the motions, and all the aberrations of
atient, and afford him the timely assistance
atary counsel and kind advice. Symptoms
escape the sight of vulgar eyes, will, to
ler and affectionate mind, anxious for the
of a friend, be easily perceptible; and no
will be spared to prevent the farther pro-
of the complaint. When Lælius, in the
ace of the Roman consuls, who, after they
ondemned Tiberius Gracchus, prosecuted
ose who had held a correspondence with
asked Caius Blosius, the intimate friend of
hus, what he would have done for him,
as replied, "Every thing." "How!" ex-
ed Lælius; "every thing! Suppose then
d commanded you to set fire to our tem-
"He would never," said Blosius, "have
such a command on me." "But what if
d," continued Lælius. "Why, if he had,"

replied this sincere friend, "I would have obeyed him." False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports; forming the most pleasing remedy against, not only melancholy, but every grievance and discontent: for

Discontents and *Grievances* are the lot of man: our whole life, as Apuleius well observes, is a *glucupicron*, a bitter-sweet passion, a mixture of pleasure and of pain, from which no man can hope to go free: but as this condition is common to all, no one man should be more disquieted than another.

> He who desires but neighbours' fare,
> Will for no storm or tempest care.

Affliction is, perhaps, necessary to the rectitude of our worldly state. An expert seaman is tried in a tempest, a runner in a race, a captain in a battle, a valiant man in adversity, and a Christian by temptation and misery. As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue. Misery is necessary to the attainment of true happiness. "Whatever is necessary," as Cicero asserts, on the authority of an ancient poet, "cannot be grievous." The evils that a man is born to endure, he ought to bear without repining; remembering, that fickleness is the characteristic of fortune; that sorrows surmounted sweeten life; and that the highest human attainment is a contented mind.

> But, ah! how rare's the thankful breast,
> How few will own they have been bless'd,

Or at life's close depart contented
With the rich feast that life presented!

tent generally proceeds from defects of body, of mind, or of fortune, the sense ch aggravates the feeling, and, by wound- e natural pride of the heart, renders it d and melancholy.

ly defects, however, are generally counter- ed by extraordinary perfections of mind. igle eye of Hannibal, and the total blind- Timoleon, Teresius, Democritus, and , were more than compensated by the rays which filled their minds. The ban- ged Æsop, the hairy and deformed Socra- emaciated Seneca, the blear-eyed Horace, ping Loyola, the crooked-backed Galba, lubberly Ajax, out-shone their contem- s, in art, in wisdom, in valor, and in great- Virtue is of no particular form or station: st outlines of the human frame are fre- filled up with the dullest wits. A little d, well polished, is always of greater an a rocky mountain, whatever may be and extent.

ess and *Disease* are also in weak minds rces of melancholy; but that which is to the body may be profitable to the soul. s, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind ortality, and while we drive on heedlessly ll career of worldly pomp and jollity, ulls us by the ear, and brings us to a sense of our duty. Pliny calls it the

foundation and corner stone of true philosophy; and, indeed, if we were only to practise in health what we promise in sickness, we should in general be completely happy. It is the bright day of health that brings forth the adder of uneasiness; for what sick man was ever covetous, ambitious, envious, cruel, or malicious?

Baseness of Birth also sometimes afflicts a delicate and nicely feeling mind; but of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of *high birth* is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid. Birth in China cannot confer nobility; for there honourable distinction can only be obtained by real worth. A man who leaves a noble posterity, is certainly entitled to higher respect than he who only boasts of noble ancestors. The great Catherbeius, sultan of Egypt and Syria, was originally a common slave; but his extraordinary worth, valor, and manhood, procured him to be elected emperor of the Mamalukes. Castruccius Castrucanus was a poor orphan child, who was found lying in a field, exposed to the extreme of misery; but his virtue raised him to the throne of Senes. And history furnishes innumerable instances of the like kind. Why, therefore, should any man think baseness of birth a reproach? Who thinks Cicero less respectable for having been a plebeian, Agathocles less glorious for having been a potter's son, or Marius less great for having been a plough-boy at Arpinum? *E tenui casa sæpè vir*

exit; many a great man comes out of a
ttage. What rational man thinks the
of the kings of Denmark, because they
their pedigree from Ulfo, who was the
bear? Let no proud *terræ filius,* or vain
be offended by these examples; but
t, that it is virtue alone that can ennoble
ss; and that nothing is so intolerable as
nate fool, or so detestable as exalted
ness. The nobility of many of our mo-
ntry consists of the parchment by which
tle is conferred; but how much better is
born of mean parentage, and to excel in
vorth and noble actions, than to be *dege-*
noptolemi, as many great men are, who
y valued for their riches?

rty also is accounted, in the world's es-
he greatest misery that can befal a man;
roperly considered, it will afford no real
f discontent. Riches, like the rains from
, fall on persons of every description,
r good or bad, *sed bonis in bonum,* they
y valuable to those who would be con-
without them; for to those who would
ey only convey pride, insolence, lust, riot,
erance, ambition, cares, fears, suspicions,
s, anger, and every other disease, both of
nd of mind.

crime, disease, or vice, is now unknown,
nce *Poverty,* the god of Virtue's, gone;
ide, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
ur like a deluge in from foreign parts,
nce gold obscene and silver found the way
r plain and honest manners to betray.

Rich men, whose only objects are to gratify the mean and sordid passion of avarice, are like painted walls, fair without, but rotten within. The higher they soar, the greater are the dangers to which they are exposed; for misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers: or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor. But,

> The man, within the golden mean,
> Who can his boldest wish contain,
> Securely views the ruin'd cell,
> Where sordid Want and Sorrow dwell;
> And, in himself securely great,
> Declines an envied room of state.

Worldly wealth, indeed, is the Devil's bait; and those whose minds feed upon riches, recede, in general, from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase; as the moon when she is fullest of light is farthest from the sun. Theodoret, therefore, justly exhorts his readers, as often as they shall see a man abounding in wealth, *qui gemmis bibit et serrano dormit in ostro*, and naught with all, not to call him happy, but to esteem him unfortunate, because he has thereby so many inducements and temptations to live unjustly; and, on the other side, to consider a virtuous man, though poor, as far from being miserable.

> 'Tis not in wealth to give true joys:
> Him purest happiness attends,
> Who heaven's distinguish'd gifts employs
> With wisdom, to the noblest ends.

Seneca calls the happiness of wealth *bracteata felicitas*, tin-foiled happiness; and *infelix felicitas*, an unhappy felicity. A poor man drinks out of a wooden dish, and eats his hearty meal with a wooden spoon; a rich man with languid appetite, picks his dainties with a silver fork from plates of gold; but in *auro bibitur venenum;* the one drinks in health and happiness from his pottered jug, the other disease and poison from his jewelled cup.

> ———Were it not better to inquire
> How Nature bounds each impotent desire,
> What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,
> And then divide the solid from the vain?
> Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,
> Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn?
> Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,
> Would turbot only or a capon please?

Poverty, indeed, is well described by the holy fathers of the church, and the finest orators of antiquity, as the way to heaven, as the mistress of true philosophy, the mother of religion, the sister of innocency, and the handmaid of sobriety and virtue. *O fortunatos, nimium bona si sua norint.* The rich, it is true, cover their floors with marble, their roofs with gold, their porticoes with statues, and their chambers with costly furniture, and curious paintings; but what is all this to true happiness? The happier poor live and breathe under a glorious sky, the august canopy of nature; enjoy the brightness of the stars, the daily radiance of the sun, the nightly lightness of the moon, the harmony of the groves, and all

that bounteous nature presents to the hands of honest industry and calm content, which far surpass all the enjoyments that art and *opulentia* can give.

> Like the first mortals, blest is he,
> From debts, and mortgages, and business free;
> With his own team who ploughs the soil,
> Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.

Nature is content with bread and water; and he that can rest satisfied with what nature requires, may contend with Jupiter himself for happiness.

> If you, my Iccius, to whose hands
> The fruits of his Sicilian lands
> Agrippa trusts, use well your gain,
> What more can you from Jove obtain?
> Hence with complaints! can he be poor
> Who all things needful may secure?

Whatever is beyond this moderation, says Mandarensis, is not useful, but troublesome: and he that is not satisfied with a little, will never have enough. "O ye Gods!" exclaimed Socrates, as he passed through a fair, "what a number of things are there here which I do not want!" Strength, both of body and mind, is the offspring of Temperance; and Temperance is the offspring of Want, man's best physician, and chiefest friend. Virtue, when she first descended from heaven to bless mankind, being scorned by the rich, abandoned by the wicked, ridiculed by courtiers, hated by money-loving men, and thrust out of every door, wandered to the humble cottage of her sister Poverty, where she was

cherished with the warmest affection, and with whom alone she still resides. All true happiness, say the Holy Scriptures, is in a low estate. A man's fortune, like his garment, if it fit him well, is not less useful for being made of homely materials. A rich man may be decorated with the titles of Lord, Patron, Baron, Earl, and possess many fine houses; but he who is poor has the greater happiness.

> While with the rich the passing day
> In fruitless wishes wears away;
> Ah! rural scenes his heart repeats,
> How I enjoy your bless'd retreats!
> Where, while with Nature's views I please
> My fancy, or recline at ease
> In sweet oblivion, lose the strife
> And all the cares of splendid life.

The misery which is supposed to follow poverty, arises not from want, but from peevishness and discontent. A mind once satisfied, if, alas! a mind can be satisfied upon this subject, is happy; for he who is thoroughly wet in a bath, cannot be more wet if he be flung into the sea. The mind is all; for if a man had all the world, or a solid mass of gold as big as the world, he could not have more than enough. True plenty consists in not desiring, rather than in possessing, riches; the contempt of which confers more real glory than the possession. Even by those who are miserably poor it should be recollected, that "misery is Virtue's whetstone;" that "the poor shall not always be forgotten; that the Lord is a refuge to the op-

pressed, and a defence in the time of trouble; and that he who sows in tears, shall reap in joy." A lowering morning may turn to a fair afternoon, *nube solet pulsâ candidus ire dies.* When Zeno, the philosopher, lost all his goods in a shipwreck, he exclaimed, "Fortune may take away my means, but cannot touch my mind." Alexander sent a hundred talents of gold to Phocion of Athens, for a present, because he heard he was a good man; but Phocion returned the gold, with a request that he might be permitted to continue a good man still. So the Theban Crates flung, of his own accord, his money into the sea, exclaiming, *Abite nummi, ego vos mergam, ne mergar, à vobis:* and shall Christians become sorrowful for the want of wealth, when Stoics and Epicures could contemn it so easily? O, man! let thy fortune be what it will, it is thy mind alone that makes thee poor or rich, happy or miserable.

He who enjoys th' untroubled breast,
With Virtue's tranquil wisdom bless'd,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.
If God the winter's horrors bring,
He soon restores the genial spring.
Then let us not of fate complain,
For soon shall change the gloomy scene.

Servitude, Loss of Liberty, and *Imprisonment,* are not such miseries as they are, in general, conceived to be. Alexander was the slave of fear; Cæsar, of pride; Vespasian, of his money; and Heliogabalus, of his gut. Lovers also are

the slaves of beauty; and statesmen of ambition; and yet are so contented with their conditions, that they hug their chains with rapturous delight. To set them free would render them discontented and miserable. A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life, but the prison of the soul? To some men the wide seas are but narrow ditches, and the world itself too limited for their desires: to roam from east to west, from north to south, is their sole delight; and when they have put a girdle round the globe, are discontented, because they cannot travel to the moon. But Demosthenes was of a contrary temper: instead of indulging this vagrant disposition, he shaved his beard, to prevent the possibility of his being tempted to go abroad. It is the idea of being confined, that causes the misery of imprisonment; for it is sometimes accompanied by the highest advantages. It was a confinement occasioned by sickness and disease, that first caused Ptolemy, the Egyptian king, to become the disciple of the celebrated Strato, and in-

duced him to give his mind wholly to the ele gant delights of literature and rational con templation: a confinement which, in its ult mate effects, produced that noble edifice th Alexandrian library, and caused it to be fur nished with forty thousand volumes. Boethiu never wrote so elegantly, as while he was prisoner; and many men have, in the privacy o imprisonment, produced works that have im mortalized their own characters, and transmitte their names with honourable renown to th latest posterity. The eloquent epistles of S Paul were chiefly dictated while he was unde constraint; and Joseph acquired greater credi during his imprisonment, than when he was th lord of Pharaoh's house, and master of th riches of Egypt. Neither can *Banishment*, whe properly considered, be called a grievance: *pa tria est ubicunque bene est*. It is no disparage ment to be exiled. To sigh after home; to b discontented on being sent to a place, to whic many go for pleasure; to prefer, as base Ice landers and Norwegians do, their own ragge rocks to the fruitful plains of Greece and Italy is equally childish and irrational. Happiness i not confined to any particular spot, but may b found by wisdom and virtue in every climat under heaven; for wherever a man deserves a friend, which is the highest happiness on earth there he will find one. Those land-leapers Alexander, Cæsar, Trajan, and Adrian, who, con tinually banishing themselves from one place t another, now in the east, now in the west, an

never at home, and Columbus, Vasquez de Gama, Drake, Cavendish, and many others, got all their honours by voluntary expeditions. But if it be said, that banishment is compulsory, it must be recollected, that it may be highly advantageous; and that, as Tully, Aristides, Themistocles, Theseus, Codrus, and many other great and deserving men, have experienced this fate, it is not in itself really disgraceful.

The *Death* of a friend is certainly an event of a very grievous and afflicting nature; but ought we, in a life so transitory and full of perils, to fix our affections so firmly even on deserving objects, as to render our sorrows for their loss so poignant as to injure health, and destroy all future happiness? One of the chief benefits of virtue, is the contempt of death; an advantage which accommodates human life with a soft and easy tranquillity, and gives us a pure and amiable taste of it; without which, every other pleasure is extinct. Death is inevitable, and, like the rock of Tantalus, hangs continually over our heads, ready to fall.

> Though great thy wealth, renown'd thy birth,
> Nor birth, nor opulence, can save
> The poorest, humblest child of earth,
> From the relentless yawning grave.

The death of a good and virtuous man ought to be contemplated as the termination of trouble; a kind release from worldly misery: but, though all that live must die, we cannot contemplate its approach without alarm and apprehension for

ourselves, and the severest sorrow and lamentation for our friends. Some degree of dread and sorrow is, perhaps, unavoidable* :

But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief;
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unsatisfied, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd;
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart?

Mourn the sad loss, but mourn not unappeas'd;
'Gainst sovereign power 'tis impious to contend;
Ev'n deep regret shall yield, by patience eas'd,
And learn to bear what we despair to mend.

Socrates, while in the agonies of death, perceiving that his friends, Appollodorus and Crito, with some others, were weeping over him, asked them what they meant by being sorrowful on so joyful an occasion. Tully grieved for a moment over the cold remains of his deceased daughter, the beloved Tulliola; but reflection and philosophy immediately drying his tears, and enabling him to triumph over his sorrows, he rejoiced more in the idea of her being received into the

* Epictetus says upon the subject of Death, "If you love a pot, remember that it is but a pot, and then you will be less troubled when it happens to be broken;" and so when your wife, child, or friend dies, remember they were mortal, and that remembrance will alleviate your sorrows.

felicities of heaven, than he had before grieved at her departure from the miseries of the earth. If the mere doctrines of philosophy could so fortify the mind of a heathen, under such a misfortune, what will not the divine influence of our holy *Religion* be able to effect on the mind of a Christian? It was in the spirit with which Cicero viewed this dreaded event, that Lodovicus Cortesius, an able and opulent advocate of Padua, ordered his son, upon pain of forfeiting his patrimony, instead of attending his funeral with black mourners, to provide twelve virgins clad in green to bear him to his grave, and as many minstrels to chant hallelujahs for his approaching felicity. The Thracians also, when a child was born, wept in apprehensive sorrow: but when an adult was buried, they rejoiced in feasting and in mirth. The death of Etoneus, a noble young Greek, being lamented by his friends with excessive sorrow, Pindarus, the poet, thus addressed them: "Quiet your minds, ye weeping friends; for the fate of this lamented youth is not so miserable as you seem to apprehend: he is not condemned either to the Styx or to Acheron, but, *gloriosus et senii expers heros*, lives immortal in the Elysian Fields, enjoying that happiness which the greatest kings so earnestly seek, and wearing the garland of felicity, which we all so anxiously hope to obtain."

Repulse and *Disgrace* do not of themselves convey any imputation against the moral character of the sufferer, and therefore ought not to

cause discontent in the mind of a man of good understanding. A base, impudent, illiterate, unworthy and insufficient man, is not unfrequently preferred, where a man of the strictest honesty, the greatest learning, and highest merit, is rejected. Corrupt interest, or blind partiality, frequently bestow favours upon vice and folly, to which wisdom and virtue are alone entitled. The race is not always given to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. A fat prebend, in a certain cathedral church, in Moronia Felix, having become void by the sudden death of the prebendary, the bishop, who had the disposal of the vacant stall, was assailed, almost before the body was cold, by a multitude of candidates, for the preferment. The pretensions of the first were founded on the interest of many powerful friends, who were determined to outbid at least their less opulent rivals: the second candidate was the bishop's own chaplain, who was sure he should succeed, from the high opinion he conceived his patron entertained of his abilities and character: the third possessed all the advantages that usually accompany noble birth, and relied with confidence on the influence of his great connexions: the fourth had recently published many curious and useful discoveries in the art of chemistry, which he flattered himself would outweigh the merits of his competitors: the only merit of the fifth, was that of being an honest and laborious parish priest, who had for many years been attentive to the high duties of his humble station, and whose pious and exemplary

character was strongly certified by his whole flock: the sixth was the distressed son of the deceased prebendary, who had left a widow, with a numerous family, without having been able to discharge the whole of the debt to the bishop, by which it was said the office had been obtained: to the seventh, the bishop had repeatedly promised the next place that should happen to be in his gift: the eighth had only the recommendation of many friends, who loved him for his good humour, and pitied the distress in which he had been involved by expences in behalf of the church: the ninth had married a female friend of the bishop, who exerted all her interest with his lordship in favour of her husband: the tenth was a foreign ecclesiastic, who had been converted by the bishop: the eleventh offered to exchange another prebend of equal value; and the twelfth was an excellent scholar, who lived retired at the university, without friends, and almost unknown to the good diocesan: but it was to him that the bishop, of his own mere motion, and after much perplexity, presented the prebend: but what reason had the repulsed candidates to be offended with his choice, or to be discontented at their own disappointments?

As to *Injuries*, it has, indeed, been said, that the putting up with one injury is only a means of provoking another; but this notion is not only erroneous, but pregnant with mischief. "Suppose," says Socrates, "an ass should kick me, would it be right or becoming in me to kick

him again?" And when his friends, on perceiving the outrages and abuse he submitted to from Xantippe, endeavoured to stimulate him to revenge, he wisely replied, "No, gentlemen, I shall not, by quarrelling with my wife, furnish you with sport and laughter, and enable you to stand by and cry, while you clap your hands, 'Now, Socrates!—Now, Xantippe!' as men do dogs when they fight, to animate them more fiercely in the combat." Following the advice of false or foolish friends, to resent those petty injuries which patience and wise mediation might happily compose, is frequently the cause of great vexation and disquietude. "Recompense to no man evil for evil, but overcome evil with good, and as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men; for if thine enemy hunger, and thou feed him; if he thirst, and thou givest him drink; thou shalt, in so doing, heap coals of fire on his head: therefore avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." Submission in such contests is victory. *Durum et durum non faciunt murum*; two refractory spirits will never agree; and *obsequio vinces*, one must stoop to conquer. Soft words pacify wrath, and overcome the fiercest spirits. Humility and wisdom always triumph over pride and folly. Justice, by means of mildness and humility, inflicts on the head of the guilty the punishment which was intended for the injured party, as Haman was hanged on the very gibbet he had provided for the destruction of Mordecai. To shun provocation,

t it be remembered, that the least fly has a leen, and the smallest bee a sting; and therere to live quietly ourselves, we must do no rong to others. It is as much the nature of a lcked man to do an injury, as it is the duty of wise and honest man to bear it; for he who anot bear injuries, witnesses against himself, at he is no good man. These observations ll also apply with equal force to scoffs, slanrs, contumelies, obloquies, defamations, deactions, pasquillings, libels, and the like. A ise citizen of Athens, who had a scolding wife, henever she bawled, played upon his drum, id by that means drowning her noise, rendered of no effect. Aristophanes attempted to ridile the character of Socrates on the stage; but e philosopher attended the representation, and, isely laughing at the attempt, defeated, by his se and unconcern, the whole effect of the mae which the poet had levelled against him. ger and revenge, indeed, are their own puhment, as Praxiteles experienced, when pasnately dashing on the floor the mirror which flected the deformities of his face, he beheld displeasing features multiplied in every fragent of the glass. A steady, erect, composed, id temperate conduct, always defeats the inded effects of malice and ill-nature.

There are many other grievances which hapn to mortals in this life, from friends, wives, ildren, servants, masters, companions, neighurs, and ourselves, to the cure of which the llowing rules will greatly contribute: "Rempence *evil with good*: do nothing through

contention or vain glory; but every thing with meekness of mind, and love for one another."

But if the rectifications of the six non naturals already mentioned, will not effect the cure of melancholy, the patient must then have recourse to Pharmaceutics, or that kind of physic which cures by medicines; for which we must refer him to the advice of his apothecary and physician, observing only that he is most likely to succeed in removing this disease,

Who strives, with anxious heart and pious care,
The sense of every evil to repair;
And, by his reason, learns a wise disdain
Of gloomy melancholy and mental pain.

CHAPTER VI.

OF LOVE MELANCHOLY.

Love is a delectation of the Heart, occasioned by some apparently good, amiable, and fair object, the favor or possession of which, the Mind ardently wishes to win, and seeks to enjoy. Of this passion there are two species, nuptial and heroic. Nuptial love is the warm, but sincere, and steady affection of a virtuous heart, seeking its happiness in that high and honourable union, which was appointed by God in Paradise.

For those who spurn not Hymen's powers,
But seek for bliss within his bowers,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradise below.

This species of love captivates the soul by such irresistible powers, is surrounded by such an assemblage of persuasive charms, comes re-

commended by such rational and satisfactory motives, and is capable of filling the bosom with such transcendent and refined delight, that no man who has not a gourd for his head, or a pippin for his heart, can avoid it. It is the true Promethean fire, which heaven, in its kindness to the sons of men, has suffered to animate the human breast, and lead it to felicity.

> This is the love that ties the nuptial knot,
> Dictates to friendship its most binding laws,
> And with chaste vows does what is bound confirm:
> Thrice happy they when love like this, from heaven,
> Gains an ascendent o'er their virtuous minds.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as this charming passion can do with only a single thread; for when formed on just and rational principles, it possesses the virtues of the adamant, and leads to an inexhaustible source of increasing pleasure. It renders the union perfect and complete. The husband sways his willing consort by virtue of his superior understanding and knowledge in the affairs of life; but she again commands his heart by the influence of her charms: he is her kind protector, and she his only joy and constant comfort. They are not only of one flesh, but of one mind. Geryon like, they have one heart in two bodies. She is, as Plutarch says, a beautiful mirror, to reflect her husband's face and temper; for if he be pleasant, she will be merry; when he laughs, she will smile; and when he is sad, her heart will participate in his sorrow, and ease him of half his pain. As the bride saluted the bride-

groom of old, in Rome, she continually exclai "*Ubi tu* Caius, *ego semper* Caia;" "Be you s Caius, and I will for ever be your Caia." It indeed, a happy state, as Solomon observ "when the fountain is blessed, and the husba rejoices with the wife of his youth; when s is to him as the loving hind, and the pleas roe; and he is always ravished with her love There is, under such circumstances, somethi in woman beyond all human delight. She po sesses a magnetic virtue, a quality that charm a secret attraction, and most irresistible powe No earthly happiness can be compared to th which results from the possession of a sweet a virtuous wife.

O come, ye chaste and fair, come, old and young,
Whose minds are willing, and whose hearts are pure,
Drink deep of happiness, drink health and peace
From the sweet fountain of connubial love;

And, like Seneca with his Paulina, Abraham wi Sarah, Orpheus with Eurydice, Arria with Pætu Artemnisia with Mausoleus, and Rubenius Cel with his lovely Ennea, live in uninterrupted f licity and increasing happiness.

Happy, thrice happy, they whose blameless joys
Spring from the unbroken union of the heart:
No murmurings vex, no strife annoys,
But their last day alone shall part.

But the heroic passion, which so frequentl causes Melancholy, and is improperly dignific with the honourable appellation of Love, is a irrational and inordinately violent attachmen which disgraces or disdains the happy union

marriage; a wandering, furious, extravagant, and domineering desire; of a character and disposition directly opposite to that which forms the basis of conjugal delight; and destructive of all true happiness.

The man is blest and sweetly runs his life,
When gentle Virtue ties the nuptial band;
But he whom only Love heroic joins,
Wretched abroad must prove, and curs'd at home.

For, as a sensible and elegant poet has well observed,

Love various minds does variously inspire;
It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the Altar laid:
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade
With fire which every windy passion blows:
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

I am, indeed, almost afraid to relate the disastrous consequences which this violent passion has produced. *Improbe amor quid non mortalia pectora cogit?* Alexis, in Athenæus, describes it as a monster of nature, wit, and art, which tortures the body, and crucifies the soul, with melancholy in this life, and consigns its victims to everlasting torments in the world to come.

O you, who Beauty's vicious paths attend,
Paths which in Love's heroic mansion end;
Learn from the muse what pains surround its throne,
And think the miseries she describes your own.
There burning Fury heaven and earth defies,
And dumb Despair in icy fetters lies;
There black Suspicion bends his gloomy brow,
The unbless'd image of himself to view;
And blind Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in those arms which clothe his head with shame.

There was Dejection, wandering as he goes,
In silent torture vainly seeks repose;
In musing bitterness consumes the day,
And, lost in darkness, weeps the hours away.
There the gay train of Luxury advance,
To Lydian sounds adapting Circe's dance;
On every head the venal garland glows;
In every hand the poison'd goblet flows:
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.

This fatal passion subverts kingdoms, overthrows cities, destroys towns, ruins families, corrupts the human heart, and makes a massacre of the species. The roaring thunder, and the forked lightning, of the angry gods, wars, fires and plagues, have never done such mischief to mankind as this burning brutal passion. Such is its power, that its victims, conscious of their danger, suffer themselves to be led to destruction like an ox to the slaughter. Well may it be called a merciless and unfeeling tyrant, for it spares neither sex nor age. *Omnia vincit amor.* The wisdom of Solomon was extinguished, the strength of Sampson enervated, the piety of Lot's daughters destroyed, the filial duty of Absalom dried up, and the brotherly love of Ammon consumed, by its ravaging and fatal flames. All laws, human and divine, every moral precept, every pious exhortation, all fear both of God and man, fame, fortune, honour, health and virtue, are frequently sacrificed on the altar of this implacable deity; nor can the scorching beams of the equinoctial, where the earth is parched, or the extreme cold of the arctic circle, where the

very seas are frozen, exceed or mitigate its fury. It rages among all sorts and conditions, but prevails most among those who are young, florid, nobly descended, high fed, indolent, and luxurious.

But to enlarge on the power and effects of this mighty passion, would be to set a candle in the sun.

> What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
> Or berries on the tree of Pallas breed;
> What numerous shells the sandy shores afford,
> With woes as great Heroic Love is stor'd.

Arnoldus Villanovanus, in his treatise on Heroic Love, defines it to be an insatiable desire; Rasis calls it a melancholy passion; Cicero, a furious disease of the mind; and Plato, the height of madness itself. It is, in short, that vulture, which in hell was night and day gnawing the heart of Titius, who was heroically enamoured with Latona. This insatiate passion resides, like every other cause of melancholy, rather in the brain than in the heart, by reason of the corrupt imagination, mistaken judgment, and false principles from which it originally proceeds; although the heart, the liver, the brain, and the blood, are all afterwards affected by the disease.

> Do not, Heroic Lovers, who oft drink
> Of Circe's poison'd cup, and down the stream
> Of soothing pleasure all resistless flow
> Enervate, deem unworthy of your wish
> Connubial Love. While ye restless seek
> The phantom Pleasure, where Indulgence plays

Her midnight gambols, o'er unstable paths
Ye heedless wander: as she points the way
Through her enchanting maze, the illusive form
Conceals destruction. While with eager hope,
And mad impatience, in a fond embrace
Ye grasp her, panting; lo! the sorceress darts
Her latent venom through your tortur'd nerves.
Then wakes Remorse; and, on her fatal throne,
With woes surrounded, fell Disease displays
Her snaky crest, and o'er your guilty heads
Shakes all her honours*.

The native throne of true and honourable lo
is in the centre of the human heart; but th

* The different effects and consequences of Love, wh
formed on virtuous or vicious principles, or between th
which we now call *nuptial* and *heroic love*, are very poe
cally described in the following verses, by Antho
Whistler, Esq.

Let Wisdom boast her mighty power,
With passion still at strife,
Yet *Love* is sure the sovereign flower,
The sweet perfume of life;

The happy breeze that swells the sail,
When quite becalm'd we lie;
The drop that will the heart regale,
And sparkle in the eye;

The sun that wakes us to delight,
And drives the shades away;
The dream that cheers our dreary night,
And makes a brighter day.

But if, alas! it wrongly seize,
The case is twice as bad:
This flow'r, sun, drop; this dream and breeze,
Will drive the sufferer *mad*.

heroic passion is seated in a corrupted fancy and disordered brain. The one lifts the soul to heaven, the other sinks it into hell; the one is the root of all mischief, the other the parent of all good. The one, which is represented to have sprung from the ocean, is as various and raging in the human breast as the sea itself; but the other, which is the golden chain that was let down from heaven to bind congenial souls in celestial happiness, is mild, placid, and discreet.

If divine Plato's words be right,
  Two Loves on earth there are;
The one a heaven-discover'd light,
  To bless th' auspicious pair:
The other is of earth-form'd mould,
  Flying on Fancy's wing,
Dishonest, wanton, uncontroll'd,
  And fraught with Misery's sting *.

But the miseries and misfortunes, which are likely to attend this disease of love, cannot, per-

* Love is a mixed passion, founded, on the one hand, on the natural desire of the sexes; and, on the other hand, on desires which, although not so ungovernable as this, are more lasting in kind, and purer in their object: they are commonly called sentiments of the heart. The union of the sexes is the work of nature, and is a law which all men, in common with all animals, obey: the union of mind is not only peculiar to men, but is not even general among mankind; for it appears to be the offspring of civilization and culture: by the first mentioned desire, the great object of animal life is completed; by the second, the sphere of happiness is increased and promoted.—CRICHTON *on Mental Derangement.*

haps, be better described than by shewing the wicked and malevolent character of its author Cupid, as given by his mother Venus, in the language of the poet Moschus.

His skin is not white, but the colour of flame;
His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same:
His delicate lips with persuasion are hung;
But, ah! how they differ, his mind and his tongue!
His voice, sweet as honey; but nought can control,
Whene'er he's provoked, his implacable soul.
He never speaks truth; full of fraud is the boy;
Deep woe is his pastime, and sorrow his joy.
His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair;
He has confident looks, and an insolent air.
Though his hands are but little, yet darts he can fling
To the regions below, and their terrible king.
His body quite naked to view is reveal'd;
But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are conceal'd.
Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
He skips here and there to the old and the young:
From the men to the maids on a sudden he strays,
And, hid in their hearts, on their vitals he preys.
The bow which he carries is little and light:
On the nave is an arrow wing'd ready for flight;
A short little arrow, yet swiftly it flies
Through regions of ethers, and pierces the skies.
A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound.
Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
His arrows—so fell and so cruel my son.
His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
It scorches the sun, and extinguishes day.

Goodness is the fairest spring and purest fountain of conjugal affection; and from this source flow all those graces which so eminently adorn female beauty, whether of person or of mind.

eauty, indeed, shines with such vivid lustre, at it causes immediate admiration by reason its splendour; but the fair object cannot hope be beloved, until the mind of the admirer is tisfied of her goodness; for the idea of *good* d *fair* cannot easily be separated. As amber tracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, hich only lasts while the warmth continues: it virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, te the loadstone, never lose their power. These e the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are ked and tied hand in hand, because it is by eir influence that human hearts are so firmly ited to each other.

Hail! bright Virtue, hail! without thee what are all
Life's gayest trappings? what the fleeting show
Of youth or charms, which for a moment spread
Their visionary bloom, but withering die,
Nor leave remembrance of their fancied worth?
O! how adorn'd in heaven's all-glorious pomp
Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train
Ten thousand beauties wait! Behold, she comes
To fill the soul with never-ceasing joy!
Attend her voice, sweet as the solemn sounds
Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps
Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams
Of fleeting pleasure! She the heart distends
With more enduring bliss: these charms will bloom
When time shall cease; e'en Beauty's self by these
More lovely seems, she looks with added grace,
And smiles seraphic. Whate'er adorns
The female breast, whate'er can move the soul
With fervent rapture, every winning grace,
All mild endearment, tenderness, and love,
Is taught by Virtue, and by her alone.

The heroic passion of love is engendered by *luxury* and *idleness*, (the effects of which we have already described,) by *sight*, by *beauty*, by *dress*, and other blandishments of the like frivolous and exterior kind.

Sight is, of all other senses, the first step to this unruly passion; for it is the channel through which the rays of beauty, and the graces of demeanour, first make their way towards the heart. Love is a natural inbred affection of the human heart, which feels the want of a companion to render its happiness complete; but sight is the means by which the fair object is first pointed out. As a view of pomp inspires ambition; as the sight of gold engenders covetousness; so does the sight of a beautiful woman beget love. A boy, who had from his infancy been brought up in the deep recesses of a forest, by a venerable and pious hermit, saw by chance, when he had attained manhood, two lovely females, who had wandered in their walks within view of the sequestered cell. He inquired earnestly, and with anxious emotion, of the old man, what creatures they were. The hermit told him they were fairies; but, on his asking him some time afterwards, what was the pleasantest object he had ever seen, he readily replied, with a heart-felt sigh, "Oh, father! the two fairies whom we lately saw in the purlieu of the wood."

—— Thus when the rustic swain
Saw sleeping Beauty on the grassy bank,
Reclin'd at ease, and careless beaming round
Her charms attractive, while upon her face

Play'd all the laughing loves, surpris'd he gaz'd,
And felt a thousand transports shoot along
His shivering nerves; felt his unfeeling heart,
Unus'd to pant, with soft emotion heave,
And while he trembling view'd, began to love.

Plotinus, indeed, derives love from sight, ἔρως *quasi* ἐρωος; and the eyes are certainly its secret orators, and first harbingers. Scaliger calls them Cupid's arrows; Tibullus, the torches of desire: and, as the basilisk is said to kill afar off by sight, so do the sexes inveigle and destroy each other by the mutual glances of enamoured eyes. The Thracian Rodophe was so eloquent in the exercise of this dumb rhetoric, that she bewitched every one she looked at. But the love which is disclosed by the chaste and downcast looks of virgin modesty and virtuous feelings, is of a very different description from that which is announced by the rolling eye of wantonness and vice; for it is not the eye itself, but the wandering, adulterous, wanton, rolling, and lascivious eye, that produces the pernicious effects of this heroic madness. Apuleius, in the elegant and pleasant interlude of "The Judgment of Paris," has given very appropriate and characteristic manners to the respective candidates for the golden apple: Juno appears in all the majesty of the queen of heaven; Minerva with the becoming gravity of wisdom; but Venus, the patroness of heroic love, is introduced amidst the soul-subduing sounds of music, smiling with captivating grace, and rolling her eyes as she dances wantonly along, to express

the charm by which she expected to gain the prize. How different from the mild, modest, and downcast eyes of the Virgin Mary, which Baradius Gerson and Bonaventure assure us were the type of chastity itself, and a perfect antidote to heroic love!

Beauty, indeed, that divine, powerful, soul-ravishing, and captivating beauty, which, as Tatius observes, is more pie rcing than the sharpest dart, is the most delightful and enchanting object of the human vision. It is the deity on whose altar love makes its constant sacrifice. Every heart acknowledges its power, and every imperfection lies concealed within its blaze. It subdues whatever it approaches: but the love it kindles is, as we are told in holy writ, "like unto a devouring fire." When Constantinople was sacked by the Turks, the beautiful Irene fell into the hands of Mahomet; but her charms made a captive of her conqueror, and inspired his soul with a passion so violent and ungovernable, as to cause their ruin; and many more instances of the fatal effects which it produces, have been furnished by history, and displayed by the tragic poets of every age and country. The powers of female beauty almost captivates the gods themselves. Barbarians stand in awe of a fine woman; and by a beautiful aspect the fiercest spirit is pacified.

—— Since first the vital spark
Awaked the human breast, and man arose
To conscious being, the fair female form

Dazzled his eye, and thro' his panting breast
Shot beauty's ray.———

Menelaus, on the taking of Troy, ran raging l furious, with his drawn sword, to the apartnt of the unfortunate but beautiful Helen, inding with his own hands, to destroy the life her who had been the sole cause of the war; ; when he saw her face, the weapon dropped m his hands; and, conquered by her divine uty, he threw himself at her feet.

Naught under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As Beauty's lovely bait, which doth procure
Great warriors erst their rigour to suppress.
Even mighty hands forget their manliness,
Driven by the power of a heart-burning eye,
And lapp'd in flowers of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasure mollify
Their harden'd hearts, inured to cruelty.

perides, the orator, when Phryne, his client, s accused at Athens for the irregularities of conduct, used no other argument in her dece, than to open her upper garment, and disse her beautiful bosom to the admiration of judges, which, with her graceful person, and tivating manners, procured her acquittal. O ble piece of justice! But who would not rar lose even the office of justice itself, than e judgment against the majesty of beauty! asts themselves are moved by it; for when alda, a queen of most extraordinary beauty, s condemned by her cruel conqueror to be dden to death by horses, the animals, as if

conscious of the crime of destroying such sup
rior charms, stood motionless, and refused,
perform the office.

All Nature's sons before the radiant throne
Of Beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breast
With noble purpose, what informs the heart
To melt, and moulds it into social man,
Is Beauty's power. From her, poetic heat
Derives new fire; and, taught by her, oft paints
The visionary scene, and touches all
The springs of passion! Her's each winning grace,
Each comely gesture her's. E'en frozen age,
Bending to earth beneath the weight of years,
With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood
Run through his withered veins; erect he lifts
His hoary head, and on his aged brow
Unusual gladness smiles.

The transcendent power of beauty must, i
deed, be admitted by all who have not co
hearts and muddy understandings; for

Her's is the boast unrivalled to enslave,
The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave.

But every virtuous and chaste character w
prudently prevent it from gaining such an e
pire over the heart, as to engender, by its i
fluence, that *ferinus insanus amor*, that wild a
romantic passion, which is denominated Her
Love.

———Beauty was sent from Heaven,
The lovely mistress of truth and good
In this dark world: for *Truth* and *Good* are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,

With like participation. Wherefore then,
O Sons of Earth! would you dissolve the tye?
Or wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek those heroic joys, with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene,
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! *Beauty* withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Fond Fancy mocks your vows.

Dress increases this heroic disease, by heightening the charms of beauty; and when the greatly potent allurements of a fine face, sparkling eyes, a white neck, coral lips, and rose-coloured cheeks, are assisted by glittering attire, dishevelled looks, loosely flowing garments, shape-embracing zones, elegant attitudes, and bewitching glances, the dangers can only be resisted by the double shield of Wisdom and Virtue. Dress, indeed, when nicely displayed, will transform a Hecuba into a Helen, and make the veriest dowdy shine forth in all the splendour of seeming beauty.

The toothless Eagle seems a pretty one,
Set out with new bought teeth of Indian bone;
And foul Lychoris, blacker than a berry,
Herself admires, now finer than a cherry.

Gomesius, a Florentine gentleman, was by this means deceived in a wife. Radiantly set out with rings, jewels, lawns, scarfs, laces, gold, and every gaudy device, he imagined, having never

seen her but by torch light, that she was a
fect goddess; but when, after the weddin
lemnities, he viewed her the ensuing mo
without her tires, in a clear day, she app
so horribly deformed, lean, yellow, and shriv
that he could not endure to look on her.
an Egyptian temple, she was fair withou
rotten within. Elegant simplicity is the de
tion which best exhibits nature's modest ch
Loose and gaudy attire are meretricious
ments, to conceal defects of nature, and
snare the minds of inexperienced beholders
why do women array themselves in such fa
tical dresses, and quaint devices, with gold,
silver, with coronets, with pendants, brac
ear-rings, chains, guales, rings, pins, spa
embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versi-c
ribbands, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces,
nies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, ve
tassels, golden cloth, silver tissue, pre
stones, stars, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, c
locks, wigs, painted faces, pins, bodkins, se
sticks, cork, whalebone, sweet odours, and
soever else Africa, Asia, and America, sea,
art, and industry can produce, flaying their
to procure the fresher complexion of a
skin, and using more time in dressing
Cæsar took in marshalling his army, but
like cunning falconers, they wish to spread
lures to catch unwary larks; and lead, by
gaudy baits, and meretricious charms, the
of inexperienced youths into the traps of H
Love?

——— Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

"Let them," says the good and pious Tertullian, "paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity, and the damask of devotion; let them adopt that chaste and simple, that neat and elegant style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions, and fantastical draperies of dress, which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery, all those mild, amiable, and modest virtues, by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned."

Ah! why so fantastic and vain?
What charms can the toilet supply?
Why so studious admirers to gain?
Need *Beauty* lay traps for the eye?

Oh! cannot their hearts be at rest,
Unless they're exceedingly fair?
For Beauty to be so high dress'd,
Is surely superfluous care.

Embarrass'd with baubles and toys,
They appear so enormously fine,
That dress all its purpose destroys,
By shewing their art and design.

O think how sweet Beauty beguiles,
How alluring the innocent eye;
What sweetness in natural smiles,
What charms in simplicity lie!

Cornelia, the justly-celebrated Roman matron, the mother of the Gracchi, and daughter of Scipio Africanus, being accidentally in company with one of these May-day ladies, whose jewelled garments were her only pride, and the sole subject of her conversation, the high-dressed dame, displaying her finery, challenged the virtuous matron to produce, if possible, a finer robe, or a richer dress. The amiable Cornelia pitied, but amused her vain and insulting companion, until her children returned from school, when she presented them to her as the richest jewels an affectionate mother would wish to possess; and by this happy thought evinced her superior merit, and mortified the malicious vanity of her bedizened competitor. But excessive dress becomes still more ridiculous when used to conceal the ravages of time. Emonez, an old woman of Chios, thinking, by the finery of her dress, to acquire the beauty which time and nature had deprived her of, went to Arcesilaus the philosopher, and asked him whether it was possible for a wise man to be in love. "Yea, verily," replied he; "but not with an artificial and counterfeit beauty, like thine." But these reproofs have not restrained the practice.

——All drive away despair;
And those who in their youth were scarce thought fair,
In spite of age, experience, and decays,
Set up for charming in their fading days;
Snuff their dim eyes to give a parting blow
To the soft heart of some observing beau.

The fondness for excessive finery, however, is

ot so derogatory to the refinement and deli-
acy, which, particularly in dress and sentiment,
ught to distinguish the female character, as the
loption of those fashions, by which young and
ld now expose their naked arms, elbows,
oulders, necks, bosoms, and themselves to
very beholder! "The chariest maid," says
hakspeare, "is prodigal enough, if she un-
ask her beauties to the moon." Ariosto, after
escribing the elegant dress of the beautiful
lcina, by which no more of her matchless
arms were permitted to be seen than the
rictest innocence and modesty allows, con-
udes,—

Not Argus' self her other charms cou'd spy,
So closely veil'd from every longing eye;
Yet may we judge the graces she reveal'd,
Surpass'd not those her modest garb conceal'd,
Which strove in vain from Fancy's eye to hide
Each angel charm, that seem'd to Heaven allied.

here needs, indeed, no cryer, as Fredericus
latenesius observes, to go before those who
re loosely dressed to tell us what they mean,
or it is as sure a token to a young gallant as an
vy-bush over the door of a tavern is to a de-
auchee. The conversation and behaviour of
uch females are, in general, as loose and mere-
ricious as their dress.

There's language in their eyes, their cheeks, their lips;
Their feet speak loud, and wantonness looks out
At every joint and motion of their bodies.
These fair encounterers are so glib of tongue,
Give such a courting welcome ere they come,

So wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every observer, that I set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The girl, who on Beauty depends for support,
Must call every art to her aid;
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.

But learn not, ye fair ones, to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

But to the charms of beauty, and the fore aid of meretricious ornament, these gay seduc add, wreathed smiles, nods, becks, signific gestures, gentle conferences, warm embra tender dalliance, singing, dancing, music, other artificial allurements, in order to s away the heart from the dominion of *Rea* and inspire it with this heroic passion.

Smiles, when they flow from the genuine f ings of a chaste heart and happy mind, are tainly the highest decorations of female lov ness and beauty: they bespeak the benevole the contentment, and the virtue of the soul.

———Smiles
From Reason flow, and are of Love the food.

It was the sweet smiles of Galla that first v quished the heart of Faustus the shephe "The pleasing gentle smile of Hero," says M sæus, "made every heart leap from its spher

l "Ismene," says Petronius, "smiled with h a lovely innocence that I could not but ad-e her."

uch Smiles as these can ne'er sweet Peace destroy,
he lovely children of Content and Joy.

iles, indeed, are powerful orators, and may ıvey, though in silence, matters of great sig-cation to the heart. But they may also lead over into a fool's paradise; for there are ny who, if they do but see a fair maid laugh, shew a pleasant countenance, immediately cy it a favour, bestowed peculiarly on them-ves. A smile is unquestionably a most seduc-; and attractive grace. The breast of Horace s as much captivated by the charming iles of the beautiful Lalage, as by the vivacity d wit of her conversation. And Ovid informs that the sex are so conscious of the powers this dimpled deity, that they study smiles as e most efficacious instruments in the art of love. ıese instruments, however, may still be inno-ntly used: it is only the harlot smiles of mis-ief and deceit, against which we now inveigh; ose baleful, counterfeit, contrived, affected ıiles and counter-smiles, which, while they nd only to inveigle and deceive, convert the ble and sublime passion of love into a mean d subtle art, into a mutual intercourse of jug-ing and intrigue.

Those Smiles accurst, which hide the worst designs,
Which with blythe eye she woos him to be blest,
While round her arms she Love's black serpent twines,
And hurls it hissing at his youthful breast.

Gestures also, when easy, elegant, and modest, are proper and allowable accompaniments of beauty, and tend greatly to the perfection of the female character: for what can be more recommendatory than an elegant attitude, an easy gait, a graceful courtesy, and an affable salutation: but when women, like the daughters of Sion, "are haughty, and walk forth with out-stretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet;" it shews that these gestures are mere springes to catch unwary woodcocks, and that they are used as artful delusions, unworthy of a virtuous mind. Such characters

> Are empty of all good, wherein consists
> Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
> Bred only and completed to the taste
> Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
> To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye.

Conference also, that "pleasing intercourse of soul with soul," when confined to modest, rational, and instructive conversation, strengthens the bonds of friendship, and opens the fairest avenues to nuptial love: but when discourse is romantic and inflaming,

> When each soft whispers in the other's ears,
> Some *secret* sweet to tell, and sweet to hear,

it disorders the imagination, and, instead of engendering a pure affection of the heart, leads the mind into all the extravagances of the Heroic Passion. It was the frequent conferences which the learned Abelard held with the lovely Eloisa

upon the subject of Heroic Love, that at length inflamed their minds with those extravagant sentiments, and unhallowed desires, which terminated in their mutual ruin. A pleasing speech, uttered in a soft endearing tone of voice, is of itself sufficient to captivate the heart; but when assisted by the arts of eloquence, the Syrens themselves are not more dangerous.

> Sweet words the people and the senate move;
> But the chief end of eloquence is love.

It was Jason's discourse as much as his beauty that vanquished the virtue of Medea; and this was the engine by which the unhappy Shore subdued the heart of Edward the Fourth.

> But oh! ye fair, although with fervent sighs,
> Your plaintive lovers kneel, and vent their souls
> In softly swelling strains, let not these charms
> Dilate your tender hearts.

The opportunities, indeed, of conference are so dangerous, that weak and unsuspecting maids are frequently deluded by young, pettivanted, trim-bearded, and swaggering fellows, mere sharpers to get a fortune, who have no other merit than having learned the tricks of courtesy, and the fashionable accomplishments of the day.

> Youths, who, full of subtle qualities,
> Loving, and well compos'd with gifts of nature,
> Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise,
> Can heel the high *la volt*, and sweeten talk;
> Can play at subtle games; and in each grace
> Still keep a lurking, dumb, discursive devil,
> That tempts most cunningly.

For conference may certainly be carried on without the use of words, not only by the arts above described, but by the still more powerful allurements of tender glances, gentle sighs, and fascinating smiles, as the elegant Musæus has exemplified in the loves of Leander and Hero.

Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze:
With step ambiguous, and affected air,
The youth advancing, fac'd the charming fair:
Each amorous glance he cast, tho' formed by art;
Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart:
With nods and beeks, he kept the nymph in play,
And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.
Soon as she saw the fraudful youth beguil'd,
Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;
Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
Sweetly vermilion'd with a rosy grace;
Yet all in vain, to hide her passion tries,
She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.

And Æneas Silvius informs us that Eurialus and Lucretia were so mutually enamoured by the tenderness of their mutual glances, and understood each other so well before ever they had any conference, that when he asked her good will with his eye, she did, *suffragari*, give consent with a pleasant look. But this species of conference is certainly less perilous, than when two lovers have an opportunity of listening to each other's sweet and honied sentences: for if such dumb shows, signs, and mere obscure significations of love, can so move, what shall they not do, who have full liberty to sing, to dance, to kiss, to coll, and to use all manner of conference?

A memorable story of the bewitching charms of conference is related by Petrarch of Charles the Great. The heart of this extraordinary man was so enamoured by the seductive conversation of a young female of very mean condition, that he, for many years together, delighted wholly in her company, to the great grief and indignation of his friends and followers; and when death deprived him of her charms, he embraced her lifeless corpse as Apollo did the laurel for his Daphne; caused her coffin, with the body richly embalmed, and decorated with jewels, to be carried about with him wheresoever he went, and bewailed his loss with unceasing lamentation; until a venerable bishop, commiserating the situation of his unhappy sovereign, in consequence of his fervent prayers to the Almighty, pretended to have been supernaturally informed that the true cause of this romantic passion was still concealed under the tongue of the deceased: and upon resorting to the coffin, which the bishop had previously prepared, a small ring, of curious workmanship, was taken from her mouth, and presented to the emperor as the charm by which his affections has been misled: but although this contrivance abated, in some degree, the extravagance of his love, Charles became from that hour so dejected and melancholy, that he soon afterwards resigned his sceptre, and entering into his retirement at Ache, endeavoured to console his afflicted mind, until death put a period to his unworthy sorrows. Conference, with its opportunities of time and place, is, indeed, so

powerful an incentive, that it is almost impossible for two young folks, equal in years, to live together, and not be in love, especially in the houses of the great and opulent, where those inmates are generally idle, fare well, live at ease, and cannot tell how otherwise to pass their time; for youth is made of very combustible materials, and, like naptha itself, apt to kindle and take fire from the smallest spark. Thetis, the mother of the stern Achilles, alarmed at the destiny which the oracle had pronounced, of his being slain at the siege of Troy, sent him in concealment to the court of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, in order to avoid his joining in so perilous an enterprize; but this affording him daily opportunities of familiar conference with the royal children, his heart became so deeply enamoured by the charms of the lovely Deidamia, that he sacrificed for a time all the glories of war to the seductions of heroic love.

A Kiss may certainly be innocent; as is the kiss of friendship, the kiss of sanctity, the kiss of ceremony, the vestal kiss of virgin modesty, the kiss of kind endearment, and the kiss of virtuous love; but the meretricious and heroic kiss, which we now condemn, is, as Xenophon observes, more infectious than the poison of the spider, and more destructive than the bite of the rattle-snake. It is true,

> The gilliflower and rose are not so sweet,
> As sugar'd kisses are when lovers' meet:

but delightful, pleasant, and ambrosial, as they

ay be, such as Danæ gave to Jupiter, sweeter 'en than nectar, they leave a dangerous and estructive impression behind. The author of ıe life of John the Monk, who was a man of ngular continency, and most austere life, has ustrated the fatality of this allurement, by a ory that the Devil, in the shape of a beautiful male, went one night to the cell of this virtuıs hermit, and praying the shelter of his humıe roof from the approaching storm, thanked m, by her salutations, with so warm a fervor, at his virtue was overcome. But when he atmpted to disclose the passion she had inspired, e fiend assumed its native shape, and while she nished into air, laughed him to scorn, and left m overwhelmed in all the agonizing horrors ' remorse and shame. The story, however unue it may be, furnishes an important lesson to e youthful mind, by teaching, that to resist nger, it is necessary, even in the most averse ıd sanctified souls, to avoid temptation. Of is danger, the virtuous Julian was so sensible, at he wore a long hirsute goatish beard, fit to ake ropes with, in order, as he confessed, to revent him from kissing.

Dalliance, in its original meaning, signifies *ınjugal conversation*, or an interchange of enearing sentiments; and in this sense, it is so ır from being unfriendly to human happiness, ıat it tends in the highest degree to promote it.

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve,
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side

They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful Dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy *nuptial league.*

How different is this description of the calm and gentle dalliance which beguiled the happy leisure of our first parents, antecedent to that disastrous fall which brought "Death into the world, and all our woe," from that turbulent and uneasy intercourse which passed between those heroic lovers, Angelica and Medoro!

The damsel, never absent from his sight,
Hung on her lover with untam'd delight;
For ever round him glued her twining arms,
And clasp'd his neck, and kindled at his charms.

Music, particularly of the vocal kind, is also a strong allurement to, and most powerful promoter of, the heroic passion. "Music," says Cleopatra, "is the food of those who trade in love." It was her sweet voice, more than any other of her enticements, that enchanted the heart of Anthony, caused him to think the world well lost, when put in competition with her charms, and transformed the triple pillar of the state into a strumpet's fool.

The song was death, but made destruction please.

Aristronica, Onanthi, and Agathocleia, the celebrated Samian Syrens, led kings in triumph by the powers of their delightful tones; and

Petronius observes, that Lais sung so sweetly, that she charmed the air, and enchanted the senses of all who heard her. The wise and temperate Ulysses was forced to bind himself to the mast of his vessel, the better to resist the danger to which he was exposed by the songs of the Syrens:—

Celestial music warbled from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tun'd the song:
O stay! oh pride of Greece! Ulysses! stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear;
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
While thus the charmers warbled o'er the main,
His soul took wing to meet the heavenly strain!
He gave the sign, and struggled to be free,
But his brave crew row'd swift along the sea,
Added new pow'rs, nor stopp'd their rapid way,
Till dying off the distant sounds decay;
Then scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

But it is only the Syren songs, or such as are *lascivientium delitiæ*, that are thus pregnant with mischief; for nothing so much enlivens and adorns the fair face of virtue, as the chaste touches of sweet and modest harmony.

Let not, sweet maid! th' heroic throng,
Rude rushing forth in loose desire,
Thy virgin dance, or graceful song,
Pollute with lyric raptures dire.

O fair! O chaste! thy echoing shade,
Let no heroic sounds invade;

Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
Midst all her social tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

Dancing is a pleasant recreation, if indulged with sobriety and modesty; but if tempestively used, it becomes a furious motive to unchaste desire and unlawful love. Music and dancing, indeed, are the chief branches of female education; and are thought of such high importance, as to be taught in preference to the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments; parents in general conceiving that those accomplishments are the only means by which their daughters are likely to gain rich and opulent husbands. Cupid was certainly a great dancer; for it is said, that as he was capering at the feast of Hymen, he overturned a nectared bowl upon a milk-white rose, and made that queen of flowers for ever after red. So also during the rape of Europa, while the lovers were driven by the zephyrs from Phœnicia to Crete, over a calm sea, preceded by Neptune and Amphitrite in their chariot, with the tritons dancing round them, and the sea-nymphs, half naked, keeping time on dolphins backs, by singing Hymeneals, Cupid was nimbly dancing round his mother Venus, who attended in her shell, strewing roses on the happy pair. A perfect knowledge of these delightful accomplishments is certainly among the most enticing baits of female beauty. Thais invcigled Lamprius in a dance. Herodias, by this means, so enchanted the mind of Herod,

hat he bound himself by an oath to give her whatever she should ask; and, to perform his promise, destroyed St. John the Baptist, and presented her, as she had requested, with his head in a charger. Arlette, the fair maid of Falais, conquered the heart of the Duke of Normandy, as she was dancing in fantastic mazes on the green. Owen Tudor won the affection of Queen Catherine in a dance. And Speusippus, a noble gallant, as Aristenætus relates, seeing by accident the young and beautiful Panareta dancing, became so enamoured with her, that he could think of nothing but Panareta. "Who would not admire her!" exclaimed he. "Who that should see her dance, as I did, would not love her? O admirable, O divine Panareta! I have seen old and new Rome, many fair cities, and many fine women, but never any like to Panareta! O how she danced, how she tripped, how she turned! with what a grace! Happy is the man that enjoys Panareta! O most incomparable Panareta!" Lucian observes, that dancing is the best and pleasantest thing that belongs to mortal men, and truly calls it a lawful recreation, a healthy exercise, an honest disport, and an elegant delight, which cheers the mind, invigorates the body, delights all observers, teaches many comely gestures, and equally affects the eyes, the ears, and the soul itself. The virtuous Plato, in his Commonwealth, advises the institution of dancing-schools, "that young persons may meet, be acquainted, see each other, and be seen." "Let them take *their pleasures* then," says Apuleius

of old: "let young men and maids, flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired, and of comely carriage, dance Grecian galliards, and, as their dances require, keep their time, now turning, now tracing, now apart, now altogether, now a courtesy, then a caper, &c. for it is a pleasant sight to see those pretty limbs and swimming figures." Our gravest counsellors, and greatest senators, sometimes dance. Even David danced before the ark of the Lord with all his might; and Mirian, the prophetess, and the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. Dancing, however, when improperly used, is a circle of which the Devil himself is the centre. I say, therefore, of this, as of all other honest recreations, they are like fire, good and bad, as they are properly or improperly used.

Novels, Romances, Plays, and other amatory writings of the like kind, are not unfrequently the causes which predispose the hearts, especially of inexperienced females, to heroic love. It was the dangers which result from these sources, that induced Aristotle to exhort youth not to frequent the theatres, or listen to licentious tales; and made the Romans place their temple of Venus beyond the walls of the city. The mischiefs, indeed, which those old romances Amadis de Gaul, Palmarin de Oliva, the Knights of the Sun, the lascivious discourses published by Helena's waiting woman Astyanassa, Aretine's Dialogues, and those light tracts of Aristides *Milesius*, found by the Persians in Crassus' army

ong the spoils, occasion, are well known; there can be no stronger engines in the pro-ction of heroic love, than the reading of such npositions. At Abdera, in Thrace, the spec-ors were so moved by hearing Euripides' gedy of Andromeda represented, particularly hearing the pathetic speech of Persius, "O, pid! prince of gods and men!" that every ıl, for a great while after, spoke pure iambics, d continued to rave on this enchanting speech, O, Cupid! prince of gods and men!" As rmen, boys, and apprentices, with us, when new song is published, go singing the tune ntinually in the streets, so the inhabitants of ıdera acted the part of the pathetic Persius, d every tongue exclaimed, "O, Cupid!" in ery street, "O, Cupid!" in every house, "O, pid! prince of gods and men!" which they onounced with all the emphasis of real feel-g, and were so rapturously possessed by the as it conveyed, that they could not, for a long ne, forget or drive it out of their minds; but, O, Cupid! prince of gods and men!" was er in their mouths.

Praises, Promises, and *Protestations,* are con-ntly used in exciting the heroic passion.

O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
And yield attention to the syren voice
Of Praise; in that soft season, when the breast
A strange enchantment feels; when pleasure pants
In every vein, and sparkles in the eyes
Superfluous health; then guard your rebel hearts
Against seducing love.

ninus, a great master of this art, acknow-

ledges that heroic lovers, the more effectually t obtain their ends, will swear, lie, promise, pr test, forge, counterfeit, bribe, brag, flatter, a dissemble on all sides. And Ovid, a still great master of this heroic art, strongly advises tho

Who desire to keep their fair one's hearts,
To mix sweet flattery with all their arts;
With frequent raptures on her beauties gaze,
And make her form the subject of their praise,
Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
In scarlet, swear in scarlet she looks best.
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore;
If crape she wears—what can become her more!
When dress'd in colours, praise a colour'd dress:
Her hair, or curl'd, or comb'd, commend no less:
Singing, her voice, dancing, her air admire!
Complain when she leaves off, and still desire.

And as to Promises, also, the same great maste in the art of love, while he recommends th practice, acknowledges its impropriety.

With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch,
For even the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Write then, and in thy letters, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to the unwary maid;
She read herself into a marriage vow;
And every cheat in love the gods allow.

The sex are seriously warned against listenin to those faithless vows and Protestations so fre quently made by heroic lovers, by the elegan and divine Ariosto.

The youth who pants to gain the amorous prize,
Forgets that heaven, with all-discerning eyes,

Surveys the secret heart; and when desire
Has, in possession, quench'd its short-liv'd fire,
The devious winds aside each promise bear,
And scatter all his solemn vows in air!
Warn'd by the muse's voice, with cautious ear,
The well-feign'd plaints and seeming sorrows hear:
Reflect, ye gentle dames, that much they know,
Who gain experience from another's woe.
Ah! fly the dangerous train, whose looks disclose
The flowery bloom that early youth bestows;
Where each warm passion bursts with sudden blaze,
Which soon again, like stubble fir'd, decays.

The advice, indeed, of the Lucretia of Aretine, *Si vis amicâ frûi, promitte, finge, jura, perjura, jacta, simula, mentire,* is frequently practised with success by all heroic lovers. But though they

Swear by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever man hath broke,
In number more than any woman spoke;

let all chaste and prudent maids give no credit to their words; for

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow.——

When lovers swear, it is said that Venus laughs; and that Jupiter, smiling at the deceit, forgives the perjury.

But from the bosom of the British fair,
Where Truth alone should dwell, fly base Deceit,
Nor stain with perfidy the sacred shrine.

Presents, Bribes, Tokens, Gifts, and such like feats,

Are often brought to aid the lover's tale,
Where oaths, and lies, and protestations fail.

As Jupiter corrupted the virtue of Danaë by a golden shower, and Liber overcame the reluctance of Ariadne by a jewelled crown, so these heroic lovers, when nothing else will win the favour of their mistresses, rain chequins, florins, crowns, angels, and all manner of treasures into their laps. "I had a suitor," says Lucretia, "who, when he came to my house flung gold and silver about as if it had been chaff." The effect of these allurements are finely described by Shakspeare in the person of Egeus, an Athenian nobleman, who complains to Theseus, the Duke of Athens, that Lysander had witched the bosom of his daughter Hermia.

"Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasie
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth.
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart."

But *Tears* are the last refuge of heroic lovers;

Tears in abundance ever wait their will,
To be squeez'd out, and overflow their eyes,
Just as occasion serves———

And to tears, says Balthazar Castilio, they will add such heavy sobs, fiery sighs, sorrowful countenances, pale aspects, and dejected looks, that a novice will be inclined to believe, that

they are really ready to die for the sake of her they affect to love. The allurement of tears, however, is more frequently used by women than by men; for they can so weep, continues Castilio, "that one would think their very hearts were dissolved, and streaming through their eyes." Thus it was that Lucretia wept in the bosom of her lover when he came to town, and persuaded him that her tears were shed for joy of his return.

Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis
In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo.

What cannot art attain! Many with ease
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.

Of the efficacy of tears in the arts of love, Ovid was so completely convinced, that he advises his pupils to implore their mistresses,

With tears their warm desires to grant,
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant;
And if they cannot weep, to rub the eye,
Or wet the lids, and seem at least to cry.

When Venus lost her son Cupid, she sent a cryer about to bid every one that met him take heed of his tears.

O you who perchance may the fugitive find,
Secure fast his hands, and with manacles bind.
Shew the rogue no compassion; tho' oft he appears
To weep, they are all hypocritical tears.
With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
Your vigilant care with a treacherous smile.
Perhaps he'll say, sobbing, "No mischief I know:
Here, take all my arrows, my darts and my bow."
Ah! beware, touch them not; deceitful his aim:
His darts and his arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

But whatever may be the effect of these feigned feelings, there can be no doubt that the tears which spring from the genuine sensibility of the heart are irresistibly eloquent.

Eve silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their chrystal sluice, He 'ere they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious sign of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

When all other engines fail, so that heroic lovers can proceed no further of themselves, they fly even to procurers, pandars, magical philters, receipts, and, rather than fail, even to the Devil himself.

Flectere si nequeunt superos, acheronta movebunt.

Bawds, indeed, under the characters of nurses, old women, letter-carriers, seeming beggars, waiting maids, friars, confessors, are so numerous and unsuspected, and such tricks and subtleties are practised by means of occult notes, stenography, polygraphy, *nuntius animatus*, magnetic conversations, and other devices of the like kind, that the jealousy of Juno, the caution of Danaæ, or the eyes of Argus, are scarcely able to prevent their success. Those white devils, who are always prating gossip tales to their intended victims, of the partiality of this gay clerk or that young monk, pierce into the closest recesses, and pollute the holiest sanctuaries, in order to way-lay weak and silly novices; and when they have them once within their clutches, their artful promises, seductive suggestions, rich

, alluring tokens, and other incantations, ıme the meshes of nets from which even the te Lucretia would scarcely be able to escape. ıe arts form the sleep-procuring wand of nes, by which he sealed the hundred eyes .rgus, and stole from his care the lovely Io. is the limed stick by which the wings of ıe are folded in the snares of vice. How y youths and virgins have been inveigled by e Eumenides and their associates! There ı monastery so close, no house so private, rison so well kept, but these satyrions and ı of society, will, in some shape or other, rive to be admitted. The muse of Ovid has ıung more various transformations than they capable of practising; and, Proteus like, wander day and night, in all forms and dis- ;s, seeking whom they may destroy. But ıe employers of these harpies beware; for e like Sannio, in the Adelphi of Terence, rail against the injustice of others, they like Dorio, sell the victim of their arts to ıext best bidder.

ıve *Potions, Philters,* and other spells of the nature, although they have no power to en- : affection, and certainly do not exist in ty, are sometimes pretendedly exercised by : sorcerers in love, in order to work upon credulity of ignorant and inexperienced ı. On this idea it is that Shakspeare makes father of the gentle Desdemona exclaim ıst Othello for stealing her affections :

O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of the nation,
Would ever, to incur the general mock,
Have run from guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs and minerals,
That weaken virtue.——

Thus also it was said, that a Thessalian female had, by spells and medicines, bewitched the royal soul of Philip, and induced him to dote upon her with all the extravagance of heroic love but when his queen Olympia beheld the matchless beauty and extraordinary endowments, both of person and of mind, which her more youthful rival possessed, she confessed the superior potency of her charms, and acknowledged that these were the philters, the conjuration, and the mighty magic, which had won her husband's heart, exclaiming, in the language of Henry II to fair Rosamond,

One accent from thy lips the blood more warms
Than all their philters, exorcisms, and charms.

Cleopatra is said to have used these arts to captivate the heart of Anthony; and Eusebius reports the same thing of the poet Lucretius: but the Lucretia of Aretine discovers the real

witchcraft which is supposed to reside in "the enchanted girdle of Venus," when she tells us, that she could perform greater wonders on the human heart, by the dexterous management of her personal charms, than all the philosophers, astrologers, alchemists, necromancers, sorcerers, and witches, of the known or unknown world, could by their cunningest practices effect.

What strange enchanters in our times abound,
What strange enchantresses alike are found,
Who changing features with deceitful art,
Of either sex entrap the unwary heart!
Nor do they work these wonders on the mind
By influence of the stars, or sprights confin'd;
But with dissimulation, fraud, and lies,
They bind it with indissoluble ties,
Until by Fortune's favours they obtain
The ring of fair Angelica*, and gain
Sufficient powers of reason to display
These foul disguises to the face of day.

The *Symptoms* of heroic love are either of body or of mind. Those of the body are an emaciated form, a pale complexion, a withered aspect, a dry skin, hollow eyes, vacant and dejected looks, palpitations of the heart, incessant

* The ring of Angelica was the present made to her by her father Galaphron, sovereign of Cathay, when he sent her with her brother Argalia, and their gigantic attendants, to the court of Charlemain. It possessed such wonderful efficacy, that being conveyed into the mouth, it made the person invisible; and being worn on the finger, had the power to frustrate all enchantments. The incidents to which this embassy gave rise, furnished Ariosto with the subjects of his *Orlando Furioso* and *Orlando Innamorato*.

tears, heavy sighs, restleness, loss of appetite, distraction of mind, and deep melancholy; or, as the lovely Rosalind describes them to Orlando, "A lean cheek, a blue eye, an unquestioning spirit, a neglected beard, ungartered hose, unbanded bonnet, unbuttoned sleeves, with shoes untied, and every thing demonstrating careless desolation." It is, indeed, as Solomon truly observes, impossible to carry a raging fire within the bosom, and not be consumed by its flames.

—— Love's impoison'd dart
With deepest wounds afflicts the bleeding heart:
Then from the lover's eyes, the shower releas'd,
Stains his pale cheeks, and wanders down his breast:
Deeply he groans, and staggering with his woes,
On the lone bed his listless body throws;
But rests no more than if in wilds forlorn,
Stretch'd on the naked rock or pointed thorn;
Unceasing still he weeps, unceasing mourns;
Alike to him the night or day returns.
Cities and towns he shuns; in woods he lies;
His bed, the earth; his canopy, the skies:
Love burns his heart, its fire new progress makes,
While round the flame his fanning wings he shakes.

Amidst these raging perturbations, the pulse and the countenance of the miserable sufferer give the most certain signs of the existence of the disease. Of the truth of this observation, and of the art which the physician is compelled to exercise, there cannot be a stronger instance than that which is furnished by Plutarch, in the case of Antiochus and Stratonice. The young and lovely Stratonice was the daughter of Demetrius, who possessed himself of Babylon,

where Seleucus, the father of Antiochus, by Apama, a Persian lady, was then king; but the fortune of war enabling Seleucus to regain this portion of his dominions, he sought to restrain the future animosities of war by the gentle influence of love, and for this purpose sent, by Philo, proposals of marriage to Stratonice. A connexion with Seleucus was highly favourable to the future views of Demetrius, and the union, amidst unusual splendour, was celebrated at Oropus, with the consent and approbation of Stratonice, who was conveyed by Seleucus in great pomp to Antioch, where she continued for some time to reign with unceasing happiness over the affections of her husband, by whom she had two children. But during this interval, the heart of young Antiochus, who resided at the court of his father, became violently enamoured with her charms. His virtuous mind was deeply sensible of the impropiety of his feelings, and he made the greatest efforts to check the progress of his passion. But the sentiments of prudence are seldom able to control the sensibilities of love, and he soon found that all his exertions were vain. The conflict, however, though it destroyed his health, was unable to subdue his virtue; and, reflecting that his desires were of so extravagant a kind, that it was impossible they should ever be satisfied, he resolved, in despair of being relieved by the succours of reason, to put a gradual period to his life. For this purpose, the apparent sickness under which he laboured, furnished him with

an excuse for abstaining from all food; ar
carried his intention so rigidly into effect,
he soon reached the doors of death. The
brated physician Erasistratus was order
attend the dying prince; and this skilfu
server soon discovered that his distempe
love; but it was difficult to conjecture wh
the object of his secret passion. Erasist
in order to find it out, spent whole days
chamber of his unhappy patient; and whe
any female entered it, he marked wit
closest attention, not only his pulse, his
his countenance, but all those parts of the
which sympathize with the passions of the
Observing at last, that his patient, when
females entered, was entirely unaffected
that when Stratonice appeared, as she freq
did, either with Seleucus or alone, he s
all those symptoms which Sappho has so
described; the faultering voice, the b
blush, the languid eye, the sudden perspi
the tumultuous pulse, and when the p
overcame his spirits, a mortal paleness
physician concluded from these tokens
Stratonice was the object of his love;
from his refusing to make the least con
on the subject, that he intended to car
secret with him to the grave. Having
discovered the cause of the complaint, hi
hopes of affecting a cure depended on its
made known; but it was impossible to
municate a matter of such extreme d
directly to Seleucus. Relying, however,

very tender and affectionate concern which the king had invariably discovered for the safety of his son, he ventured one day to tell Seleucus, that the sole cause of the disorder of Antiochus was love; but a love for which there was no remedy. "How!" said the astonished king; "love for which there is no remedy!" "Certainly so," replied Erasistratus; "for he is in love with *my* wife." "What! Erasistratus!" exclaimed the affectionate father, "and will you, who are my friend, refuse to give up your wife to my son, when you admit that your refusal will occasion the death of a child on whom I dote with such extreme fondness?" "Why," replied Erasistratus, "would you, who are his father, if he were in love with Stratonice, yield her to his arms?" "Oh!" rejoined the king, "I would give up my kingdom, so that I could keep Antiochus. Oh! how happy should I be, if either God or man would remove his affections, and fix them on my queen!" The king pronounced these words with so much emotion, and amidst such a profusion of tears, that Erasistratus took him by the hand, saying, "Then there is no need of Erasistratus to cure your son: Stratonice is the object of his love; and you, who are a father, a husband, and a king, will be his best physician." Stratonice submitted with amiable reluctance to the necessity of her situation. A full assembly of the people was summoned, in which Seleucus, after declaring that it was his will and pleasure that Antiochus should intermarry with Stratonice,

Seleucus divided his realm, and ordered
to be proclaimed king and queen of the
provinces. Panacæas discovered, by
symptoms, the secret affection of Calicle
Galen, the hidden fondness which Just
wife of Boethius, entertained for Pylad
comedian. The existence, indeed, of this
amatorius is denied by Valesius; but Avi
Gordonius, and particularly Struthius, the
nian, in the fifth book of his Doctrine of
very clearly prove, both by reasoning an
that this, and all other powerful passion
be respectively discovered by the count
and the pulse, of which Struthius gives
extraordinary instance in the case of a
who was deeply enamoured, but who,
the words of Shakspeare,

—— Never told her love;
But let concealment, like a rose i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; who pin'd in thoug
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
Sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

Jason and Medea, when they first saw
other, were deprived of the powers of s
The sight of Thais made the youthful Ph

able; and Eustatius makes it a symptom of lovely Ismenes' heroic love, that whenever chanced to meet the object of her affection, countenance was suffused by the maiden h of modesty and delight. But the best ided conjectures are those which result from conduct of these heroic lovers when in each er's company; for they cannot restrain their l speeches, amorous glances, significant ges- s, gentle squeezes, and other actions of the kind, although they are as foreign from the aviour of modest affection, as they are from d breeding; but will be still pawing and ing, like Stratoches, the physician, upon his ding-day, who could not eat his meat for ing the bride; but, in troth, must have first ord, then a kiss; then another word, and a kiss; then an idle speech, and then a ; and so on, until

> Kisses told by hundreds o'er!
> Thousands told by thousands more!
> Millions, countless millions; then
> Told by millions o'er again!
> Countless, as the drops that glide
> In the ocean's billowy tide;
> Countless, as yon orbs of light,
> Spangled o'er the vault of night;
> While his cheeks with crimson glow'd,
> He with ceaseless love bestow'd
> On her lips, of gentle swell,
> Where all the loves and graces dwell.

incedent familiarities which these heroes heroines take with each other, are finely ribed by Shakspeare, in the language of

Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale," when, on Ca
millo's endeavouring to persuade him of th
fidelity of Hermione, and that his jealousy
Polixenes was unfounded, he exclaims,

"———— Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lips? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With pin and webb, but their's; their's only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing, and Bohemia nothing!"

The creed, indeed, which has been formed fi
them by their high priest and preceptor Ovi
but for which he is said to have lost the goo
opinion of Augustus, and to have been banish
from Rome; seems as if it were framed to justi
the wildest misconduct:

Let age the forms of decency debate,
And Virtue's rules by their cold morals state;
Their ebbing joys give leisure to inquire,
And blame the heroic flights which youth inspire:
As nature summons, so we kindly go;
For sprightly youths no bounds in love should know,
Should feel no check of guilt, and fear no ill:
Lovers and Gods act all things at their will.

Love and Bacchus, as Antiphanes the comedi
observed of old, are, indeed, the two most lice
tious deities of the Pantheon, the effects of whi
can neither be controlled or concealed, and ther
fore ought most cautiously to be avoided,

indulged under the strongest curbs and restraints which the utmost exertions of *reason* can possibly impose. But the expedition of this violent love outruns the pauser *reason*. Such, in short, is the power of the wanton god, that, if his fond votaries have no opportunity, when in each other's company, to confer, to dally, to be "paddling palms, and pinching fingers;" to "hold up their nebs," and "muzzle each other with their lips," still their eyes will discourse, pierce through space, become the winged messengers of their hearts, and tell each other how they love; still will they be "making practised smiles as in a looking glass;" still will they gaze with such a pregnancy of thought, as if each would steal the other's face, and hide them in their bosoms. A lover's eyes, it is said, will gaze an eagle blind; and they can no more restrain their mutual glances, than the needle can avoid the influence of the pole; for *Ubi amor ibi occulus.* These symptoms are so general, and so prominent, that he who does not observe them, must have "an eye-glass thicker than a cuckold's horn." Even, if absent, their very feet betray the secret of their hearts; for they seek each other's company with unwearied industry and impatient delight, walk to and fro before each other's door, wait under each other's window; watch every opportunity to view the objects of their love, and hover, moth-like, with blind anxiety round the flame that leads them to destruction.

But the mental symptoms of heroic love are

more numerous than those of the body; a
like the summer flies, the Sphinx's wings, or
bow of Iris, are of all colours, fair, foul, and
of variation. The Spanish inquisition, in sh
cannot inflict a greater number of torments t
the bitter passion and unquenchable fire of he
love; for from this source, says St, Austin, j
ceed biting cares, perturbations, passions,
rows, suspicions, discontents, contentions,
cords, wars, treacheries, enmities, and crue
and to this black catalogue Terence, in
Eunuch, has added symptoms still more dir
which, indeed, the works of every poet
replete. But among these various and vio
passions, Fear and Sorrow may justly challe
the chief place. Lucid intervals, pleasant g
and sudden alterations, indeed, sometimes at
on this disease; as when a mistress smiles,
lover's looks are kind; but even under t
happy circumstances, the feelings are carrie
so painful an excess, that they would willi
suffer instant death, lest, by living longer, s
ness or sorrow should abate or contaminate
fullness of their joys. The love-shaked Oth
on his return from Cyprus to the arms of
then beloved and unsuspected Desdemona,
claims, in the fulness of his felicity,

> "——— If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
> My soul hath her content so absolute,
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate."

Another heroic lover, indeed, denies that

fate has power to destroy his momentary bliss; for when the holy friar, about to join the hand of Romeo to the heart of Juliet, exclaims with prophetic piety,

> "May heaven so smile upon this holy act,
> That after hours with *sorrow* chide us not;"

the youthful lover, whose mind teemed only with romantic notions of his approaching happiness, profanely replies;

> "——— Come what sorrow can;
> It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
> That one short minute gives me in her sight.
> Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
> Then love-devouring death do what he dare!

The calm, unimpassioned, and reflecting mind, however, of the holy father, entertained different thoughts; and, after well expressing the nature and dangerous consequences of *heroic love*, he exhorts his intemperate pupil to observe that moderation which is most likely to insure his arrival at the wished-for bowers of connubial happiness and domestic peace:

> These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
> Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
> Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
> And in the taste confounds the appetite:
> Therefore love moderately; long love does so;
> Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

An heroic lover, indeed, receives life and joy from the smiles of his beloved mistress; but death and torments from her frowns. Narcissus

like, while the season is fair, he appears g
glorious; but when the enlivening sun
draws its rays, all his joys sink down, and
want of nurture. The fair and lovely ob
when she smiles, the cheering planet
beams irradiate his breast: she is the p
mobile of all his actions; the *anima inf*
that inspires him with life; the happy ga
gives motion to that windmill his brain,
otherwise would be inert and motionless.
mated by her breath, she keeps the keys
life: his fortune ebbs and flows as she is p
to smile or frown; and a favourable or unf
able aspect renders him either happy or mis
Overwhelmed by his romantic passion, he
think, or talk, or dream of any thing b
adored object; she is his Cynosure; hi
perus and Vesper; his morning and e
star; his Lama, Victorina, Columbina,
Flaminia, Cœlia, Delia; his life, his so
heart, eyes, ears, and every thing: his th
are full of her; sleeping or waking, she is
in his mind, and her blessed name the co
theme of his tongue. It were better a
politan city were sacked, a royal army ove
an invincible armada sunk, and that
thousand kings should perish, than he
finger should ache. Like the love-ent
Calisto, his soul is soused, imparadised, a
prisoned in the heart of his lovely and tra
dent Melebea; and her sweet face, eyes, a
gestures, hands, feet, speech, length, b
height, depth, and the rest of her dimensi

eagerly, earnestly, and violently surveyed, measured, and taken by the astrolabe of his heated fancy and inflamed imagination, that if present, he is mad with happiness; and absent, he thinks he sees her in reality, and extending his arms, embraces, like another Ixion, a cloud instead of a Juno: for the impression of her beauty continues fixed in his mind: and as a man, who has been bitten by a mad dog, fancies he sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his dish, and dogs in his drink, so the heroic lover sees the form of his mistress in all he looks at. But, alas! if he be capable of feeling such an extravagance of joy, when his passion is cherished and approved, what bitter torments must he feel when it is discouraged or repulsed!

Bitter indeed; for sad experience shows,
That love repuls'd exceeds all other woes.
From his sad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breast declines his drooping head;
Nor can he find, while grief each sense o'erbears,
Voice for his plaints, or moisture for his tears.
Impatient Sorrow seeks its way to force,
But with too eager haste retards its course.
Each thought augments his wounds' deep-rankling smart,
And sudden coldness freezes round his heart,
While, miserable fate! the godlike light
Of reason sinks eclips'd in endless night.

A young nobleman of Babylon, having conceived a violent passion for the daughter of his king, presumed to disclose his love to the fair object by which it had been inspired; but she, instead of favouring his flame, rejected his addresses, and informed her father of his arrogance

and presumption. The sovereign, irritated by the heinousness of the crime, summoned his courtiers to devise some more than ordinary torment to be inflicted on the offender; but the sage Apollonius, well acquainted with the texture of the human heart, informed his majesty, that human ingenuity could not invent any torture so severe as that of disappointed love; and advised the king to leave the young delinquent to his own sensations, as the cruelest punishment that could be inflicted on his wounded heart: and such a passion certainly creates a perpetual warfare in the breast, and lights up a fire which burns with a more consuming and inextinguishable flame, than the volcanoes of Hecla, Etna, or Vesuvius.

For he, alas! most wretched must we call,
Whom lovely looks and sparkling eyes enthrall;
Where beauty serves but as a treacherous blind,
To hide in vice, and catch a lover's mind.
He seeks to fly, but, like a wounded hart,
Where'er he goes he bears the fatal dart:
He blushes for himself, he feels his shame,
But knows no cure for his devouring flame.

Plato relates that Empedocles, the philosopher, being present when the body of an heroic lover, who had fallen a victim to his passion, was anatomised, found that his heart was burned his liver smoky, his lungs parched, and all his entrails roasted by the vehemency of its flames. Cupid, indeed, was always described by the old Grecian painters with the thunderbolts of Jupiter in his hands, to signify that love strikes with

effect than vivid lightning itself. A mo-
writer of amorous emblems, has also re-
ated the fury of this passion by a pot hang-
ver the fire, and Cupid blowing the coals;
heat turns water into vapour, so does love
p the radical moisture of the heart. We
herefore say with Castilio, that the begin-
he middle, and the end of love, is nothing
orrow, vexation, and agony; and that to
ualid, ugly, miserable, solitary, discon-
l, dejected, to wish for death, to complain,
and be peevish, are the certain signs and
ary symptoms of heroic love.

t every thing is sacrificed on the altar of
mperious passion. Gobrias, an officer of
in the Grecian army, who had acquired an
anded fame for his courage as a soldier, and
is extraordinary integrity and virtue as a
; no sooner beheld the lovely Rodanthe, a
ous female, who had become his captive
e chance of war, than he fell on his knees
e Mystilus, the general, and, with the elo-
ce of tears and vows, implored him by the
ces he had performed, by the wounds he had
ved, and by whatever else was dear to him,
ne would yield the blooming virgin to his
, as his sole reward and only share of all the
and numerous spoils the recent victory had
d at his disposal; but Mystilus, gloriously
rring the claims of virgin innocence to the
perate desires of heroic love, rejected his
and took the afflicted and trembling captive
r his own protection; and ultimately de-

feated the villanous and treacherous expedients which the disappointed, and until that period virtuous, Gobrias exercised to accomplish his desires. The elegant and learned Abelard, the most enlightened philosopher and accomplished scholar of his age, violated the confidence of his patron, surrendered his fame as a teacher, and renounced his honour as a man, to indulge the guilty passion with which the charming Eloise had inspired his bosom. "O Harpedona," exclaimed Parthenis, on making a similar sacrifice, "farewell honour, honesty, friends, and fortune, for thy sweet sake." Jupiter himself, as Seneca truly observes, cannot at the same time possess heroic love and godlike wisdom. The most staid, discreet, grave, and virtuous men, in short, commit, under the influence of this powerful passion, the grossest absurdities, and most unpardonable indecorums, as might be instanced in the characters of Sampson, David, Solomon, Hercules, and even Socrates himself. It transformed Apuleius into an ass, Lycaon into a wolf, Tereus into a lapwing, Calisto into a bear and Elpenor into a swine: for what else can the pen of poetry be conceived to have shadowed under these ingenious fictions, than that a man once involved in this intemperate and raging passion, completely changes his nature, and becomes no better than a beast.

> The Gods themselves,
> Humbling their deities to love, have taken
> The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
> Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune,

ım, and bleated : and the fire-robed God,
len Apollo, a poor humble swain.

ndness is a symptom of heroic love. How-
ugly, deformed, ill-favoured, wrinkled,
ed, pale, tanned, tallow-faced, platter
crooked, bald, goggle-eyed, bloated like
eezed cat, sparrow-mouthed, hooked-nosed,
-nosed, jutting-nosed, gubber-tushed, bee-
owed, Welsh-bearded, Bavarian-chinned,
necked, crooked-backed, splay-footed,
eared, viragoed, fat-fusti-legged, trussed,
eaked, the mistress of an heroic lover may
e still admires her, as an angel of consum-
beauty and peerless perfection; and neither
ı, Panthea, Cleopatra, Tanaquil, Mariamne,
en Mary of Burgundy, can match her won-
charms. The silver-footed Thetis, the
d-ancled Hebe, the rosy-cheeked Aurora,
ıowy-bosomed Juno, are not to be com-
with their paragons of loveliness; and
h Minerva was wise, and Venus fair, their
ıing dainty is far more fair and wise.

eroic lovers led by blind desire,
ıagine charms, and then those charms admire :
ewing their idols with a partial eye;
ɔ faults they have, as they no faults can spy.
ıe sallow skin is for the snow-white put;
ıd fancy makes a slattern of a slut.
cat-eyed, then a Pallas is their love;
freckled, she's a party-coloured dove;
stammering, oh what grace in lisping lies!
silent, she must then, of course, be wise :
shrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
h, then she's keen, sharp-witted, full of fire :

If lean, consumptive, and with coughs decay'd,
How beautiful is then a slender maid!
Ev'n blobber lips but pout for tender kisses;
For no defect deforms these blind-lov'd misses.

Heroic lovers are, certainly, in general, (this description; and, in their minds, the que of their desires a perfect phœnix. The highe eulogies, the finest metaphors, the most hype bolical comparisons, the most glorious nam that language can afford, are bestowed on them they are whatever is pleasant, amiable, swe grateful, and delicious: all the bombast epithe and pathetical adjuncts, of incomparably fa curiously neat, divinely sweet; all the pret diminutives of bird, mouse, lamb, puss, pigeo pigsney, kid, honey, love, dove, chicken, lif light, jewel, glory, delight, darling,

My more than heavenly goddess, and such names
As loving knights apply to lovely dames,

are used to express their ridiculous fondness a foolish love.

Petrarch relates a story of an heroic lov who being desperately enamoured with a godde that had but one eye, was sent abroad by h friends, and forced to travel for several yea through foreign countries, in order to abate t fury of his amatory disease. On his return hom he one day accidentally met the charmer f whose sake he had been so long exiled; a looking in her face, asked her by what mischan it was that, during his absence, she had lost h eye. "O, no," replied the fair seducer, " have lost no eye since I saw you last; but

seems that you have now found your's." The youth was amazed, and exclaiming in the language of Fabius, "How impossible is it for a lover to judge of beauty!" retired abashed by a sense of his former folly, stupidity, and blindness. There was no cruelty in quitting the girl so abruptly; for a woman could never have entertained the least affection for a man who had suffered her so grossly to deceive him. The judgment of Persius upon this subject is perfectly correct, when, after Phædra had told him that he had banished his heroic love from his breast, and resolved to quit his mistress,

"Well hast thou freed thyself," his friend replies:
"Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice."
"But (says the youth) if we unkindly part,
"Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
"Weak fool!" replies the friend, "by blindness led:
"She break her heart! She'll sooner break thy head."

But the slavery to which heroic lovers submit, is a greater proof of their folly than even their blindness. An heroic lover, says Castilio, is *Amator amicæ mancipium*, the drudge, prisoner, and bond-man of his mistress. He composes himself wholly to her affections; makes himself a lackey to please her; submits all his cares, thoughts, and actions to her commandment; and constantly becomes her most devoted, obsequious and debased servant and vassal; enduring a tyranny more despotic and capricious than any eastern sovereign has dared to exercise, and from which it is almost impossible he should ever be set free; for the chains of this enslaving passion,

once firmly rooted, are firmer than adamar and more durable than steel. "What captivity exclaims Cicero, "can be more more cruel a severe than that of an heroic lover? and ho can he be free, over whom a vain and unfeelin mistress continues to domineer?" Besides t laborious slavery of dressing to please her var ing fancy, he must constantly attend wherev she goes; run along the streets by her doo and windows to catch glances from her eye take all opportunities of seeing her; and tu himself into as many shapes as ever Jupit himself assumed. "If I did but let my glo fall by chance," says Aretine's Lucretia, "I h one of my suitors, nay two or three at on ready to stoop, take it up, kiss it, and delive to me with respectful obedience; if I was d posed to walk, all of them were ready to of me their arms; and if the warmth of the seas made refreshment necessary, all ran to provi for me fruits of the choicest flavour." This perhaps, the easiest and most pleasant part their slavish labour; for no hunter toils wi more fatigue to take his game, no soldier u dergoes more risk and hardship to sack a ci than an heroic lover to gain the favour of mistress.

> His soul is so infettered to her love,
> That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
> Even as her appetite shall play the god
> With his weak functions.

Perseus of old fought with a sea monster for t sake of Andromeda. The tutelary saint of Er

and, the famed St. George, exposed his person, n terrible combat, to the anger of an exasperated ragon, to deliver from his claws the lovely aughter of the sovereign of Sabea. Thero, the Thessalian, bit off his own thumb, *provocans ivalem ad hoc emulandum*, to provoke his rival o emulate the glorious act. The mistress of Galeatus of Mantua, probably with a view to ry in jest what her lover was really disposed to lo for her sake, bid him, if his professions for ier were sincere, to leap into the Po; and the amorous fool immediately leaped headlong from he bridge, and was drowned. Another instance of the like kind is related of a lover at Picinum, whose mistress desired him to hang himself. The Sir Lancelots, and other knights-errant of the present day, will, I conceive, adventure as much to gain a lady's favour as the Squire of Dames, the Knight of the Sun, the renowned Sir Bevis, or that still more renowned knight Orlando,

> Whose bosom, long with am'rous passion fir'd,
> The love of fair Angelica desir'd;
> And though the flower of arms, and wisdom's boast,
> By foolish love his manly senses lost.

The absurdities and dangers into which this wild passion leads its votaries, are, indeed, extraordinary. Sigismunda, the daughter of Tancred, prince of Salerna, on the death of her beloved Guiscardus, actually eat his heart; and Artemesia caused the bones of her deceased husband to be pulverized, that she might drink them occasionally in her wine. Such an extravagant

affectation of fondness excites our indignation; while the lesser follies, which almost invariably attend this heroic passion, move our laughter and contempt. Listen to the ludicrous rant of Philostratus in praise of his mistress. "O happy ground on which she treads; how happy should I be if she would tread upon me! The rivulets, as she approaches them, cease their murmurs to gaze upon her charms, and birds sing round her, as if she were the morn.

"The fields all laugh, the pleasant vallies burn,
And all their grasses into flow'rets turn.

But oh! she is fairer than the flowerets, and brighter than the sun. The tutelary deities of the town follow her steps in admiration of her beauties; and when she sails upon the seas, the rivers, like so many small boats, crowd around her. My heart is quite dissolved, melted, bruised to powder, by her heavenly charms, and become like a salamander in the fire by the flames of love." Ovid wishes that he were a flea, a gnat, a ring, and Catullus, that he were a sparrow, for the sake of their mistresses; but Anacreon excels, in this respect, every other heroic lover, when he exclaims, in addressing his mistress,

Would Heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish allow,
Thy envied mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou'dst see thyself; for thou art there:
Or was I made thy folding vest,
That thou mightst clasp me to thy breast;

Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy charming beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck
And close embrace thy graceful neck;
A very sandal I would be
To tread on, if trod on by thee:

: lover in Caleagninus, indeed, who wrote following epitaph on the tomb of his de-sed darling, seems to have exceeded Anacreon xtravagance:—

uincia obiit, sed non Quincia sola obiit;
uincia obiit, sed cum Quincia et ipse obii;
ius obit, obit gratia, lusus obit,
ec mea nunc anima in pectore, at in tumulo est.

uincia, my dear, is dead, but not alone;
or I am dead, and with her I am gone:
weet smiles, mirth, graces, all with her do rest;
nd my soul too; for 'tis not in my breast.

But this heroic passion, amidst all its various lies and absurdities, sometimes produces the ncficial effects of making fools wise, base nds generous, cowards courageous, clowns urteous, slovens neat, churls merciful, lazy mes nimble, and dumb dogs eloquent. The irms of the lovely Galatea humanized the soin of the fierce and cruel Polyphemé. He amined his face in the stream, combed his eful locks with a rake, grew more exact and ulious in his dress, and discovered the first

sign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than usual care to please. It was the love of Ariadne that made Theseus so adventurous; it was Medea's beauty that gave victory to Jason; and Plato is of opinion, that Mars owed all his valour to his fondness for Venus. An heroic lover is ashamed of appearing inglorious in the eyes of his mistress. Pusillanimity itself is frequently converted by this heroic passion into a divine temper and courageous spirit. The basest clown will fight as fiercely in defence of his mistress as Blandimor and Paridel, of romantic fame, are said to have fought for the lovely Florimel: his mind is a fire; his soul is all mettle; his breast armour of proof; he is more than man; he is improved beyond himself; and addressing his mistress in all the fervour of his passion, he exclaims, in the language of an ancient hero of the like description,

> Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
> Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
> And I am proof against their enmity.

The valour of an army of such lovers would beat down all opposition, and conquer the whole world, unless, indeed, it was opposed to another army of the like description. Sir Walter Many, in the reign of Edward III. stuck round with ladies' favours, fought with the spirit of a dragon; and the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand of Spain, is said to have been facilitated by Queen Isabella and her ladies being present at the siege. Love not only inspires the heart

with the most enthusiastic ardour, but frequently polishes the manners, and gives activity to the dullest motions of the soul.

> Love is not always of a vicious kind,
> But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
> Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
> And brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
> Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
> With polished manners, and adorns with arts:
> Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
> The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
> To liberal arts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
> Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold.

Boccace relates, to this effect, the story of Cymon and Iphigenia. Cymon, the son of the governor of Cyprus, possessed an uncommon beauty of person, but was so stupid and defective in the qualities of the mind, so heavy, dull, and degenerate, that his father, having endeavoured in vain by all the arts of education to reform him, sent him to a poor cottage in a sequestered part of the country, where, being thought unfit for every other employment, he followed, almost in the character of a common clown, the usual avocations of husbandry. Sauntering alone, according to his usual custom, by the side of a wood, he one day espied a lovely female, named Iphigenia, the daughter of a burgomaster of Cyprus, fast asleep in a sequestered thicket on the borders of a brook, in which she had just been bathing. A freshened bloom glowed upon her charming cheeks, the beauties of which were heightened by the posture in which she lay,

while her white robe, which only loosely covered her, left her snowy neck, and part of her gently rising bosom, exposed to his view. The young clown, astonished at the sight of so much beauty, stood for some time leaning on his staff, transfixed and confounded by the powers of her charms; but this soul-subduing object at length inspired his heart with emotions to which he had ever before been a stranger, and filled his breast with such transporting delight, that his latent faculties awakened from their lethargy, and convinced him of the high energies of which he was possessed. Grossly material as his mind had been formed by the hand of nature, he immediately discovered that the object of his delighted senses was the most excellent of her kind; and when she awakened from her repose, and retired from her grassy couch, the sweet infection had seized so thoroughly on all his frame, that he followed her in silence and timidity to the city, and made his passion known. His father, on hearing of his affection, seconded the suit; and love so completely transformed his character, that his friends could scarcely believe he was the same person: he became lively, gay, and courteous; rode with uncommon grace and courage; cultivated the fine arts with unexampled success; acquired great skill in fencing, music, and dancing; excelled in the taste of his dress and the politeness of his manners; and, in short, inspired by his passion for Iphigenia, became the most perfect and accomplished gentleman in the island of Cyprus. Im-

provements like these are certainly among the symptoms of heroic love; for a lover, however rude and clownish he may be, will, for a certain time at least, become spruce and cleanly. A ship is not so long a-rigging, as a young girl is in trimming herself up against the arrival of her sweetheart. No painter's shop, no flowery meadow, no graceful aspect in the storehouse of nature, is comparable to a *noviseta*, or Venetian virgin, who is dressing for a husband.

With anxious care the fair one's critic eye
Scans o'er her dress, nor lets a fault slip by;
Each rebel hair must be reduced to place
With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace;
Her maid must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
Till into modish folds the drapery flows;
And the whole frame is fitted to express
The charms of beauty in its nakedness.

Claudio, in his scrutiny of Benedict, to discover whether the charms of Beatrice had touched his heart, says, "If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; for he crushes his hat every morning, and what should that bode?" And upon being asked, whether any man had seen him at the barber's, replies, No; but the barber's man has been seen with him, and he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard; and rubs himself with civet: can you not smell him out by that? But the greatest note of it is his *melancholy*." Hairdressers and tailors, indeed, may be considered as *Graces* in league with Cupid; for all lovers are anxious to trick themselves out; to be

spruce in their apparel; to have their locks neatly combed, and curiously curled; to adorn their shoes with elegant ties, their points with becoming gaieties; to be "point device in all their accoutrements;" to appear, as it were, in print; in short, to walk in print, to eat in print, to drink in print, and to be mad in print.

But, among the symptoms of heroic love, we must not forget Ballad-making and Poetry; for lovers are always either making or singing amorous songs and ditties, to blazon the charms, and catch the hearts, of those they love. The immortal Shakspeare gives ample testimony how constantly poetry is the symptom of heroic love. The aged Egeus, in his endeavours to account for the fondness which his daughter Hermia entertained for Lysander, accuses him of having "given her rhymes." The young Orlando, breathing his love-sick sighs for the lively Rosalind, on entering the forest of Arden, "hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles," to deify the name of Rosalind, and exclaims,

> Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.
> O, Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
> And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
> That every eye which in this forest looks,
> Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
> Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,
> The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she.

The witty and enamoured Biron, a very "beadle to an amorous sigh," calls the dwarf Dan, *Cupid*, "regent of love rhymes," and "lord of folded arms;" while Armado, the fantastic lover of

Jacquenetta, exclaims, "Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetteer." Age will sometimes dote in this way, as well as youth; for the heat of love warms the coldest heart, dissolves the ice of years, and makes every lover poetical.

> Do not, sweet Marian, my age disdain;
> For thou canst make an old man young again.

An old English author relates a story, that on Christmas-eve, in the year 1012, at Colewitz, in Saxony, while the priest was saying mass in the church, a company of young men were singing in the churchyard glees and love songs, of their own composing, in praise of their mistresses, which so annoyed the preacher, that he commanded them to be silent; but the wild pleasures resulting from their lyric incantations were not to be interrupted by the austerity of the preacher, and the young lovers continued to chaunt their compositions with such increasing ardour, that the indignant preacher, angered into bitterness by their contempt of his command, solemnly invoked the tutelary saint of the church to punish their contemptuous disobedience, by obliging them to continue singing and dancing, without interruption, until that day twelvemonth. St. Magnus listened to the invocation of his priest, and these verse-making heroes, it is said, were bound by so potent a spell, that they continued singing and dancing, without refreshment or weariness, until the end of the year, when they were absolved from the lively charm by the holy

prayers of Herebertus, the archbishop of Colen. The mind, indeed, when invoked by heroic love, seldom pays much attention to religion, and frequently offends its holy precepts. Poetry and music, in short, are the handmaids of love, from whose copious fountains flow almost all our feasts, masks, mummings, banquets, merry-meetings, attelans, jigs, fescinnes, plays, elegies, odes, love strains, and poems. The theatrical exhibitions which Danaus, the son of Belus, instituted at Argos, to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter, were the origin of the drama. Poetry, painting, music, and most of the fine arts and sciences, says Partritius, were first invented, *ex amoris beneficio*, "for the enjoyments of love;" and the sketch which the enamoured daughter of Deburiades, the Sycionian, took of the person of her lover, with charcoal, as the candle gave his shadow on the wall, was the origin of portrait painting. Poetry, indeed, can scarcely fix on any other subjects than those which love inspires: the Muses follow in the train of Cupid, and make his darts more keen. The pens of heroic lovers are said to be made of feathers plucked from Cupid's wing; and the burden of every lyric song supports the conceit. Every Italian, of any eminence or fortune, has a favourite mistress on whom he pours out praisingly all the rapturous feelings of his heart; and it is this fond devotion to the pursuits of love, that has given Italy the pre-eminence in poetry, painting, and music. The filthiest clowns, indeed mere hog-rubbers, Menalcas

and Coridon, *qui fœtant de stercore equino*, when the delightful nectar of love has once touched their lips, feel their souls inspired with poetry; for poetry, as the following pastoral epistle will evince, is the natural language of love:—

Thou honey-suckle of the hawthorn hedge,
Vouchsafe, in Cupid's cup my heart to pledge:
My heart's dear blood, sweet Cis, is thy carouse,
Worth all the ale in Gammer Gubbin's house.
I say no more; affairs call me away;
My father's horse for provender doth stay.
Be thou the lady Cresset light to me,
Sir Trolly Lolly I will prove to thee.
Written in haste; farewell my cowslip sweet;
Pray let's a Sunday at the alehouse meet.

This powerful passion, in short, will melt the soul of the sternest Stoic, and warm the freezing heart of cold philosophy: even Aristippus, Apollidorus, and Antiphanes, have employed their pens in writing love songs in their mistresses' praise:

For poetry the coldest heart will warm,
And make the coldest bosom own its charm.
E'en where the noxious cup or philter fails,
The potent spell of mystic verse prevails*.

These symptoms, while they disclose the approach or existence of the disease, prognosticate the most fatal consequences. Neither health of body, nor happiness of mind, can much longer be expected. The fiend, when it has once com-

* Shakspeare, however, observes, that "these fellows of infinite tongue, that can *rhyme* themselves into ladies' favours, always *reason* themselves out again."

pletely grasped its prey, becomes inexorably insatiate in its fury: for although the blandishments of heroic love at first appear sweeter than the honeycomb, and smoother than oil, they become in their progress bitterer than wormwood, and sharper than a two-edged sword; and at last lead their unhappy victims through the valley of misery and madness into the gulph of death.

Most by their favourite's cruel falsehoods die,
And prone on earth the hapless victims lie;
But tho' their spirits' freed from mortal chains,
They are doom'd in Hell to rove with endless pains,
A wretched warning here on earth to prove
The certain dangers of heroic love.

But amidst the long and various catalogue of tormenting consequences which attend on this disease, there is no one, perhaps, more certain than that of *Jealousy;* for as that pure and virtuous affection of the heart, which constitutes the basis of connubial love, is free from all suspicion, the violent and uncontrolled desires, on which the heroic passion is founded, are invariably involved in those doubts and fears by which this hell-born spirit is engendered.

Jealousy is defined by Benedetto Varchi to be "a corroding suspicion lurking in the heart of every heroic lover, lest the object of his desires should be enamoured of another;" for an heroic lover, like an heroic king, will rather lose his life than endure the idea of having a rival near his throne. The muse of Propertius sings in a correspondent strain:

Stab me with sword, or poison strong
  Give me to work my bane;
So thou court not my lass, so thou
  From mistress mine refrain.

Command myself, my body, purse,
  As thine own goods take all;
And as my ever dearest friend
  I shall thee ever call:

But spare my love; to have alone
  Her to myself I crave:
Nay, *Jove* himself I'll not endure
  My rival for to have.

The warmer climates of Italy and Spain, the ancient regions of romantic love, seem to be the most productive of this tormenting disease; for it is said, that the number of jealous husbands, with which those countries abound, is even greater than that of drunkards in Germany, tobacconists in Holland, dancers in France, or mariners in England. Certain it is, that at Baden, where the sexes mingle freely with each other in all the innocent intercourses of life; in Friezland, where women freely salute those whom they drink to or pledge; in Holland, where the youths and virgins glide on the ice, and even lodge together in the same apartments, with harmless familiarity; and in France, where wives, upon very slight acquaintance, accompany and visit their admirers without the least imputation, the name of *jealousy* is little known. The Spanish legate Mendoza, during his residence in England, being in company where the causes of

jealousy happened to be the subject of conve
tion, condemned in strong terms the practic
the sexes sitting together promiscuously
church, as highly improper and indecent;
Dr. Dale, the master of the requests, very fi
replied, that such a custom might perhaps
improper in Spain, where the sexes could
approach each other, even in those sacred s
tuaries, without profane thoughts and im
desires, but not in England, where, instead
precluding women from the enjoyments of
ciety, wives and daughters are permitted to
company their friends to every place of pu
amusement, without even a suspicion of h
The old diverb, indeed, that England is a p
dise for women, and a hell for horses, and
a paradise for horses, but a hell for wo
proves how different the two countries a
this respect. It must, however, be confe
that English females are, in some degree
fected by this canker-worm of heroic love;
like all other causes of melancholy, it cert
operates more frequently, though perhaps
more powerfully, on the hearts of women
of men; for their feelings being, in ge
less influenced by reason than by fancy and
gination, and their habits of life more sol
and retired, they are more apt to engende
tempered sentiments in their minds.

This mutiny in a lover's mind, however,
be, and frequently is, stirred up by other ca
than those which seclusion may create.

Old Age is naturally jealous, especially i

fairs of love, as Chaucer's Tale of January and May very humorously proves. An elderly gentleman, when he neglects that important rule in the laws of Hymen, "equality of years," and presumptuously unites himself to a young and lively girl, may, notwithstanding this particular impropriety, be a very good and worthy character, as far as concerns himself, yet Trebius, the Roman lawyer, may make a question, *an suum cuique tribuat?* which, if it be answered in the negative, will remove all wonder that he should be jealous; for unfortunately the very vigilance and harsh usage which his suspicions, in such a case, unavoidably create, are very apt to procure the misfortune they were used to prevent. A suffering wife cannot endure to have her virtue suspected without cause; and such a conduct only renders gallants more eager to attack, and wives more forward to surrender.

Excessive Fondness is always accompanied by a certain degree of jealousy: for when a wife, like the fond companion of the sage Jocundo, upon his departure on a visit of two months to the court of Astolpho,

> Appears,
> And, with a heaving breast and flowing tears,
> Vows that his absence she shall ever mourn,
> And never live to see his wish'd return,
> Sighing, "Ah me! and must I then sustain
> Such length of absence, such an age of pain?
> Oh! no, the grave will first my portion be;
> These fading eyes no more their lord shall see;
> Then welcome death,"

her husband is apt to suspect her sincerity, and

to return, like Jocundo, before he has reache the end of his journey. Such pretended affe tion is more sweet, and yet more dangerou than the mandragora cup, with which the wome of Malabar are said to seal their husbands' eye when they wish to receive his favoured rivals.

Absence is a frequent cause of jealousy. Hi pocrates, the physician, being obliged to vis Abdera, and other more remote cities in Greec desired his friend Dionysius to watch every m tion of his wife until he returned; for, althoug she was a woman of exemplary virtue, and liv under the roof of her mother, he recollected t treacheries of Clytemnestra, and the suspicio of Apollo, rather than the chastity of Lucreti and the fidelity of Penelope, which alone oug to have occupied his mind. The fears of a wi also are generally alarmed by a lingering or d layed return of her absent husband; for, Micio, in the Adelphi of Terence, observes, "s cannot, under such circumstances, avoid thinki that he is passing his time with some riv beauty."

If he be absent long, his lady thinks,
He's gazing fondly on some pretty minx;
Courting compliance with deceitful sighs,
While she, poor soul, sits sad at home, and cries.

A Consciousness of Defect, whether of pers or of mind, is another cause of jealousy. Th was the first idea that occured to the noble, ga lant Moor, when the diabolical Iago had taint his mind with unfounded suspicions against th virtue of the lovely Desdemona.

—— "Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her."

The limping Vulcan was for this reason so suspicious of his wife's fidelity, that he forged a pair of creeking shoes, and made her wear them, that he might hear by their noise which way she travelled; but Venus, though beautiful, was certainly no honester than she should be; and whoever marries a woman, says Barbarus, merely because she is snow-fair, deserves no better fate than Vulcan had with Venus, or Claudius with Messalina.

Conscious Infidelity is another cause of jealousy. *Mala mens malus animus*, evil dispositions cause evil suspicions. A man or woman who has once been unfaithful, is always in fear of the *lex talionis*, and in constant apprehension of receiving the *quid pro quo*. Italy, where a person can scarcely rank as a gentleman, who has not at the same time both a wife and a mistress, is the seat of jealous husbands. It would, indeed, have been less wonderful, under such circumstances, to find it the seat of jealous wives; for it seems unpardonable on the part of these Italian husbands, that while they are violating the honour of other men's wives, they should be so extremely jealous of their own. Such husbands should recollect the words of Syracides, "teach her not an evil lesson against thyself," which, though

the fault of one is no excuse for the bad conduc of the other, might teach them the useful lesson, that " a good husband makes a good wife."

Presents bestowed by or on a wife, are frequently the causes of jealousy. The emperor Theodosius, while he was paying his addresses to the fair Eudoxia, presented her with a golden apple, as a token of his love, which she, many years afterwards, bestowed upon a young gentleman of considerable merit, who attended the court; but the emperor happening unfortunately to discover his gift in the possession of his supposed rival, immediately banished him from the empire, accused the empress of having dishonoured his bed, and, notwithstanding the strongest testimonies of her innocence, dismissed her with indignation from his arms. Seneca also relates a story to the same effect. A rich merchant, who was married to a beautiful and virtuous woman, found, on his return from a voyage which he had been obliged to make, that during his absence, a young gallant had been endeavouring, in vain, to seduce the affections of his wife; but on the lover dying soon afterwards, and leaving her the bulk of his fortune as a token of his love, the merchant's fears became alarmed, and conceiving, from mercenary notions, that as men seldom part with money without a recompense in value, his wife must have given an equivalent for the fortune she had acquired, he turned her away on suspicion of infidelity. It is, perhaps, fair enough to suppose, that when a monk is seen climbing by a ladder at midnight

into the chamber of a virgin or a widow, it is not merely for the purpose of reading the *pater noster*, administering the sacrament, or taking her confession; but, without any such good causes of belief, it is certain that the most innocent attentions of a casual admirer are sufficient to stir up the wildest furies of a jealous mind:

> ——— Trifles, light as air,
> Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

A jealous husband hunts after every sound, listens with trembling apprehension to every whisper that meets his ear, pries into every corner, amplifies and misinterprets every thing that is said or done, and applies all he hears or sees to the subject of his fears.

> —— Like one upon a rock,
> Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
> He marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
> Expecting ever that some envious surge
> Will in its brinish bowels swallow him.

Watching the object of his suspicions with more than the eyes of Argus, he observes on whom she looks, and tortures all her actions, however indifferent, into a criminal intent. The sweet smiles of innocence and complacency; the tender emotions of pity; the approbations of good nature; the mere condescensions of civility and politeness; and even the slightest attentions of common courtesy, distract him. A mouse cannot stir, or the wind blow against the window, but he fancies it is the favoured rival who has

destroyed his peace, and is seeking to repeat his invasions of his honour. The dearest friend, or nearest kinsman, cannot visit his house, without immediately becoming the object of his suspicions. The servants are placed as centinels to watch the conduct of each other; all to observe and communicate to him the actions of their unhappy mistress. The idea of security is lost in his hourly increasing apprehensions of danger; no argument, however clear, can satisfy or remove the prejudices of his mind; no evidence, however cogent, can divert the muddied current of his thoughts: his whole soul is involved in a vortex of distraction. His speech falters; his countenance discovers perplexity in the extreme; his gestures become distorted; he starts at every passing shadow; scowls with an evil eye on all around him; walks here, now there, with hurried steps and folded arms:

> And as his heart, all mad with misery,
> Beats in the hollow prison of his breast,
> He thumps it down again,

biting his blood-stained lips; rolling his ferocious eyes, and studying what "art can make heavy or vengeance bitter," until breaking into curses loud and deep, uttering horrid groans, and venting intermingled sighs and tears, he rages into fury, or sinks into despair; and at length, in some paroxysm of madness, or of melancholy, murders the innocent and lovely object, whose life and happiness it was once his highest pride and pleasure to promote and save. Dreadful state!

O Jealousy! that every woe exceeds,
And soon to death the wretched sufferer leads;
Thou canst with cruel falsehood reason blind,
And burst the closest ties that hold mankind!

The deep indented wounds made by this hideous monster, are said to be incurable; and, indeed, if they be neglected in the earliest stages, there are but few sufferers who can ever hope again to enjoy the sunshine of the breast. *Reason*, if it can be induced to operate, is the only power by which a recovery can possibly be effected. A moment's calm and dispassionate thought will convince a *jealous husband*, that the fancied infidelity of his wife only exposes him to the derision of a malicious and unfeeling world, and that her real infidelity is a misfortune, which, as he cannot possibly avoid, he ought to endure with quietude and resignation. Jealousy without cause, therefore, is ridiculous; and with it, lamentable; and surely every wise man will endeavour to prevent his being either laughed at or pitied; for who in reason will not avoid becoming

A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slowly moving finger at?

Supposing he has observed the lightness of his wife's character, how much better is it to dissemble the misfortune that cannot be avoided, than to aggravate it by excess of misery.

He's truly valiant, who can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Especially, as in such a case he has freq
the comfort of knowing that he is not with
multitude of companions: for who is ther
can with certainty say he is free from this
fortune, or assure himself that he has no
a decorated brow, or may not hereafter
this particular predicament? It would, ir
be a grievous situation if such a sufferer
alone, and was of all the noble herd th
one who was compelled to bear the brun
stand at bay;

"Butting, with antlers long and large, the p
Of yelping curs that press on every side."

But this being a common calamity, "a de
as Othello says, "unshunable, like death,"
not in reason or in prudence to be taken s
sibly to heart. The frequency of the ac
ought to lessen the bitterness of it. Th
whose lock another's key will open, canno
sonably expect to keep his jewel unpurl
and if the loser levy *hue and cry* from to
town to apprehend the thief, he only br
posse round his heels to publish his dis
and circulate the tale. When the em
Severus passed an edict to punish the cri
adultery, there were no less, as Dion Nicæ
lates, than three thousand cuckold-make
as Philo calls them, clippers of the legal
brought into court in one day. The accu
such case might be punished, but it wa

accusers, who were exposed. Wise husbands, therefore, keep the bitters as well as the sweets of matrimony to themselves:—

> ——The mysteries of love
> Should be kept private as religious rites,
> From the unhallow'd view of common eyes.

It may, however, be fairly asked, whether a man ought, in prudence and good sense, so to act in so unfortunate a situation. Why not? The *vinculum matrimonii*, alas! is a gordian knot, difficult to cut, and almost impossible to be untied. A divorce, indeed, may dissolve the tie; but this is a proceeding, even when extending only to a separation from bed and board, not favoured by *the law*; and if it were, the sex, *si non castè tamen cautè*, are, in managing the business of intrigue, so cautiously cunning, that, though the practices were commoner than simony, or more manifest than the nose on a man's face, sufficient evidence of *the fact* can seldom be acquired. The searcher withers and dies while he is in pursuit of so obscure a proof. Besides, a gallant man, though he is pitied for this misfortune, is not disesteemed. Wise men, therefore, will order matters so, that their virtues may smother such misfortunes, if known to others; and if only to themselves, will make a virtue of necessity, and shrinking up his horns into his shell, keep, if possible, a quiet possession of it. *Sapientes portant cornua in pectore, stulti in fronte*, says Nevisanus: "Wise men bear their horns in their bosoms; but fools

wear them on their foreheads." The curiosity, indeed, which many husbands indulge, of prying with eagles' eyes into the private conduct of their wives, is not only dangerous, but absurd; for "it is like," says Montaigne, "inquiring into a disease for which there is no medicine that does not inflame and make it worse. It is to a very fine purpose to open the curtain, and lift up the quilt, only to discover our misfortunes, and to trumpet them on tragic scaffolds; and such misfortunes too, as only sting us the more, the more they are reported." Discreet men will avoid this tormenting and unprofitable knowledge, and follow the example of Rinaldo, who refused to taste of the enchanted cup of Melissa, by which he was to discover the chastity or infidelity of his wife; wisely chusing to remain in that happy ignorance which secures his tranquillity.

How oft have some through jealousy pursu'd,
Without a cause, the gentle and the good!
How oft secure their lives have others led,
Yet borne the branching honours of the head!
Weak and insensible's the jealous mind,
Which seeks for that it ne'er would wish to find.
As Adam, when the fatal fruit he tried,
Which God himself had to his taste denied,
Incurr'd what pains from disobedience flow,
And fell from highest bliss to deepest woe;
So when a husband with too curious eye,
Into his wife's recluser deeds would pry,
He quits content, his folly to deplore,
And never shall his peace recover more.

Even if some officious, pick-thank friend, "some

usy and insinuating rogue, some cogging, co-
ening slave," to curry favour and get some
ffice; or if some fiend, Iago like, to gratify
evenge, should inform a happy husband of his
isfortune, and shew him his rival in warm
atreaty with his wife, let him not "turn his
it the seamy side without, but smell the busi-
ess with a sense as cold as is a dead man's
ose;" not puddle his clear spirit, but reply as
ertinax, the emperor, did to the fiddler, under
e like circumstances; "Peace, you fool! let
im do his worst: I can safely trust the virtue
f my wife even with him:" for if it cannot be
issembled in silence, it must be passed over in
joke, as Guexerra advises, *vel joco excipies vel
lentio eludes.*

Though Etna's fires within your bosom glow,
Dissemble, and appear more cold than snow:
In spite of torture, still from tears refrain;
Laugh when you have most reason to complain.
Nor do I such severe commands impart,
At once to bid you tear her from your heart;
But counterfeit: you'll prove, in the event,
The careless lover whom you represent.

A good fellow, whose wife was brought to
ed in two months after the wedding-day, im-
ediately bought six cradles, as a sufficient
tock for the whole year, saying very calmly,
hat as he supposed God intended to bless him
ith a child every other month, it was as well
o make provision at once for the whole brood;
hence it has become a proverb, that "It is
etter to be a buyer of cradles, than a jealous

husband." Fair means peradventure may do somewhat: *Obsequio vinces aptius ipse tuo.* Men and women are both in a predicament, in this behalf; so sooner won, and better satisfied. *Duci volunt, non cogi:* though she be as arrant a scold as Xantippe, as cruel as Medea, as clamorous as Hecuba, and as incontinent as Messalina, she may by such means, if at all, be probably reformed. Many patient grizels, by obsequiousness in this situation, have reclaimed their wandering husbands. The best cure is effected by fair means, and if that will not do, it must be dissembled; for if a husband take exceptions at every little thing his wife does, neither the wisdom of Solomon, the valour of Hercules, the learning of Homer, the patience of Socrates, nor the vigilance of Argus, will serve his turn. It is therefore a less mischief, as Nevisanus truly observes, to dissemble, and be *cunarem emptor*, a buyer of cradles, than to be too solicitous upon this mysterious subject. A sensible and humorous fellow being informed, that a friend had done that for him which every man desires to do for himself, followed him one day in a great rage, with his drawn sword; and having at length overtaken him, immediately accused him, amidst a surrounding multitude, of having committed adultery with his wife. The offender very honestly confessed the fact. "It is well, you villain!" replied the husband, "that you have been so candid as to confess it; for if you had dared to deny it, I would certainly have been the death of you!" But it is

always better to act the part of Cornelius Tacitus than of Publius Cornutus, to contemn the injury, and take no notice of it, than to divulge one's own shame, and to remain for ever a cuckold upon record. Henry II. king of France, when a courtier confided to him his suspicion of the unchastity of his wife, truly told him, that "he who fears his wife's virtue, or the pope's curse, can never have a merry hour, or sleep a quiet night." Husbands, therefore, will do well to avoid this tormenting suspicion.

But as it is, in general, the light and airy conduct of a wife that first occasions suspicions of her character, fixing the affections on a virtuous and proper object, will greatly contribute to avoid the afflictions of jealousy. Rules of various kinds have occasionally been prescribed by Patritius, Fonseca, Neander, Shonbernerus, Maianerius, Cleobulus, and other writers on this subject; but though they often differ from each other, and sometimes from themselves, they all concur in exhorting the parties to proceed with mild, slow, and cautious steps to the great and serious election of a wife; to take particular care that she be of honest and respectable parents; and possess not only equality of years, sufficiency of fortune, congeniality of temper, uniformity of sentiment, and mutuality of affection, but, above all, a combined fondness and reverence for *virtue* and *religion*. If, says Plutarch, a man ought to eat, *modium salis*, a bushel of salt with another before he chooses him for his friend, how careful should he be in choosing

that second self, a *wife!* How solicitously should he observe her qualities and behaviour! and even when he is assured of them, how cautious should he be, not to prefer birth, fortune, beauty, before a virtuous education, and a good condition! The youthful beauties of Italy soon procure husbands; but those who have the misfortune to be ugly or deformed, change their lovely names of Lucia, Cynthia, Cathœna, for the more homely appellations of Dorothy, Ursula, and Bridget, and put themselves, even at an early age, into the seclusions of the nunnery, as if no women were fit for marriage, but such as are eminently fair: but this custom proceeds not only upon an erroneous but a cruel principle; for the experience of the more northern climates proves, that a modest, moral, well educated, and sensible girl, is frequently far preferable, as a wife, and makes a man a more rational and comfortable companion in his voyage through life, than her high-aspiring and more beautiful, but less worthy and meritorious sister. The temple of Cassandra, the celebrated Italian sanctuary for deformed maids, is more likely to furnish a good wife, than the temple of Venus itself. Few will envy a man the possession of a character, whose extraordinary merits few are qualified to understand or to enjoy; but all are candidates for the prize of beauty; and no man can be really happy in the possession of that which every other man is anxiously endeavouring to take away*. A woman who has little

* The mind of Don Quixote was perfectly tranquil and

reason to be vain of her personal charms, is, in general, diffident in her manners, decent in her attire, attached to her domestic duties, and in every way studious to make home comfortable, her husband happy, and herself respected: but beauty is generally blazing forth in all the extravagances of dress and fashion, looking around for the accustomed tribute of adulation, ever going, like Dinah of old, "to see the daughters of the land," and frequently meeting with a Hevite to despoil her of her charms; for a woman who is continually wandering abroad, is considered like an outlying deer, to be a common prey. Of such a wife every husband must be unavoidably jealous, and of course miserable, until a contempt of her conduct and character has rendered him callous and indifferent. "That woman is best," says Thucydides, "*de quo minimus foras habetur sermo*, who is least talked of abroad; for if she be a noted reveller, gadder, singer, pranker, or dancer, let him take heed." A wife, therefore, to win the esteem and secure the kindness of a husband, must not only be modest, affable, good-natured, frugal, sober, thrifty, and circumspect, but above all, silent and domestic. A fondness for home, and a dis-

serene, in believing that he was only in possession of a barber's basin; but when his distempered mind had converted this useful article into a thing of so great a value and request as Mambrino's helmet, all the world, he thought, would persecute him for the purpose of taking it away.

creet exercise of that noble organ the tongue, are said, by an ancient writer, to be the most important excellences of the female character. Phidias, the celebrated painter at Elis, painted Venus treading on the back of a tortoise, to signify how necessary it is that beauty should be silent and recluse. An eminent philosopher insists that no woman should come abroad more than three times in her whole life: first, to be baptized; then to be married; and lastly, to be entombed. Extravagant, however, as this idea is, and different as a prison is from privacy, it may fairly be supposed to intimate, that the highest honour of a virtuous female, is a rational seclusion and retreat. As to

Silence, it is, indeed, at proper times, a most important virtue in a wife. A husband is not intitled to be provoking; he ought to treat his wife with the tenderest regard, and kindest attention; but if he should be disposed to indulge any supposed prerogative, or possess a surly and impatient temper, he is more likely to be conquered by submission than resistance. Gentleness and silence not unfrequently lead those stubborn beasts, anger and authority, by the nose, and impose upon them the collar of obedience, and the muzzle of restraint; while roughness and resistance only provoke and heighten the fury they are exercised to subdue. If a husband swerve occasionally into intemperate violence, it is "the falconer's gentle voice must lure the tassel back again: The tongue of real love is "silver sweet;" but "fierce contention croaks

ill it is hoarse, and begets the angry jar of foul etort and aggravation."

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

A noisy female, who used to "bandy word or word and frown for frown," complaining to ne of her neighbours of her husband's intolera- le temper and impatience, was presented with bottle of a certain liquid, and told that if she vould fill a glass with it, and hold it continually o her lips whenever her husband was out of umour, it would from the qualities it possess- d, not only soften his passion, and prevent its eturn, but give her a decided superiority over im. The woman cordially thanked her neigh- our for so valuable a present; and, upon apply- g this medicine whenever her husband was ngry, according to the method prescribed, soon ound that he was cured of the violence of which he had complained. She accordingly returned vith a grateful heart to her neighbour, to an- ounce her success, and requested she would in- orm her of the ingredients of which this extra- rdinary specific was composed. "Composed," eplied her neighbour; "why it is nothing but imple water, good woman, I assure you; and you will always keep yourself as composed as ou were while this water was at your lips, you vill have very little to fear from your husband's

tongue; for it was your imprudent retorts that increased the violence of his passion, but which your silence will always be sufficient to subdue."

This story, and perhaps some other observations which have been or may be made in the course of the work, may seem to impute the general defects in connubial felicity to the misconduct of the female sex; but every observation that is applied to women, may, *mutato nomine*, for the most part, be also understood of men. A good fellow once bespoke of Passus, the painter, the picture of a horse, which he desired might be represented as lying on its back with its heels upwards; but the artist, instead of so doing, made the animal completely passant. When the fellow came for the portrait, he was of course violently angry, and swore that the posture of the horse was directly the reverse of what he had desired; but Passus turning the picture upside down, and shewing his employer the horse with his heels upwards, gave him complete satisfaction: so only reverse the portraits here drawn, and all will be right. It is, indeed, but impartial justice in all cases of matrimonial controversy, to impute a certain share of blame to both parties, and to exact mutual concessions, which of course will give superiority of merit to that party who first submits; for they must be cautious not to turn the portrait on each other. The matrons of Rome, who were so renowned for good management, that old Cato told the senate, "we Romans govern all the world abroad, but are ourselves governed by

our wives at home," erected a temple to that *viri placa Dea*, and another to *Venus verticordia quæ maritos uxoribus reddebat benevolos*, whither man and wife, when any difference happened betwixt them, instantly resorted, and by offering, with mutual submission, a white heart without gall, a sacrifice for the restoration of conjugal peace, they appeased, in general, the offended deity.

The best means, however, to avoid the miseries and misfortunes of Jealousy, is to avoid or eradicate heroic love, the source from which this malevolent passion takes its varying and destructive course.

To cure, ease, alter, or expel the stubborn and unbridled passion of heroic love, physicians have prescribed a variety of rules, which, as I do but light my candle at their torches, I shall endeavour to epitomize in my own way.

The first rule is to attend to Exercise and Diet; for it is an old and well known observation, that *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*; and as an idle, sedentary life, with liberal feeding, are great causes of the complaint, so the opposite habits of labour, and continual business, with a slender and sparing diet, are the best and most ordinary means of its prevention and cure. The deities Minerva, Diana, Vesta, and the Muses, or, in other words, Wisdom, Virtue, Chastity, and Wit, as they are never idle, are never affected with this disease.

If, therefore, you expect to find redress,
In the first place, take leave of idleness.

'Tis this that kindles first the fond desire;
'Tis this brings fuel to the amorous fire.
Bar idleness, you ruin Cupid's game;
You blunt his arrows, and you quench his flame.
Mind business, if your passion you'd destroy;
Secure is he who can himself employ.
The slothful he seeks out and makes his prize;
But from the man of business quickly flies.

Guianerius, therefore, advises these unhappy sufferers to wear hair-cloth next their skins, to go barefooted and barelegged in the coldest weather, to whip themselves a little now and then, as monks do; but, above all, to fast and pray; not on rich wines, and the daintiest viands, as many of those tenter-bellies do, however they may put on lenten faces, but to abstain totally from every sort of fermented liquor and inflaming food; particularly wine, it being *animæ virus et vitiorum fomes* *; for which cause women were anciently forbid to take it. Our Saviour declares this disorder to be "a ferocious devil, that cannot be cast out, except by prayer and fasting;" and it was a strict adherence to the words of this divine oracle, that those celebrated anchorets, St. Paul, St. Hilary, St. Anthony, and others, subdued their desires, and made, to use their own expression, "the stubborn animal leave off kicking." The earlier Brachmanni also observed their continence, by abstaining from animal food, covering themselves with the skins of wild beasts, and lying on the ground covered, as the redshanks do on madder. "Hun-

* Nec minus erucas aptum est vitare salaces,
Et quicquid Veneri corpora nostra parat.

ger," says St. Ambrose, "is the friend of virtue, and the enemy of vice:" a course of bread and water must necessarily tend to quiet the most violent perturbations. "And if these means will not produce the desired effect, the unhappy sufferer," says Crates, "has only one resource—a halter." This, however, must be jocosely taken; for what abstinence denies, may still be effected by the exertions of reason, and the fervency of prayer. If, however, the patient be much dejected, low in bodily strength, and sinking under despair, through grief, and too sensible a feeling of his situation, a cup of wine, and more exhilarating diet, may be safely administered; for a lover who has, as it were, through impatience, reduced himself below the regular standard of his health, must, like a wandering traveller, be called to his proper home by the allurements of mirth, and the incitements of good cheer. Abstinence, indeed, must not be carried to excess; a temperate and regular diet is all that is required. The effervescence of the passion must by this means be softened and allayed. But it is by the voice of reason alone that the complaint can be ultimately cured. The Athenian women, in their solemn feasts called Thesmopheries, were to abstain nine days from animal food, during which time, as Ælian relates, they had a certain herb, called hanea, in their beds, which assuaged the ardent flames of love, and freed them from the torments of that violent passion. The ancient Scythians are said to have cured themselves by bleeding copiously under the ears.

But it was the abstinence which these remedies created that produced the effect. The fever of love may certainly rage so fiercely through the veins of particular patients, as to make venesection necessary; for bleeding, as Avicenna observes, "*amantes ne sint amentes,* prevents lovers from becoming mad." But the syrup of hellebore, and such other medicines as have power to alter the humours of the blood, and are usually prescribed for all diseases accompanied with black choler, will produce the same effect: for love, when heroic, is nothing more than a particular species of madness, and must be cured by similar means.

> But different minds for different methods call;
> Nor what cures most, will have effect on all.
> Ev'n that which makes another's flame expire,
> Perhaps may prove but fuel to your fire.

The Second Rule, in the cure of this disease, is *obstare principiis,* to withstand the beginning of it; for he who will but resist at first, may easily be a conqueror at last. "When a youth," says the judicious Baltazar Castilio, "observes a beautiful woman, and perceives his eyes pull this image of perfection to his bosom, and convey it to his heart; when he feels the influence of this new power throughout his frame, and finds the subtle spirit, which sparkles in her eyes, adding increase of fuel to the spreading flame; he must immediately recall the retiring powers of reason, fortify his heart against the surrounding danger, and shut up every avenue of his soul through which the envenomed shaft

f love can penetrate." Ovid also, in his remedy or this disease, prescribes the same advice *.

While the soft passion plays about the heart,
Before the tickling venom turns to smart,
Break then, for then you may, the treach'rous dart.
Tear up the seeds of the unrooted ill
While they are weak, and you have power to kill.
Beware delay: the tender bladed grain
Shot up to stalk can stand the wind and rain.
Check love's first symptoms, the weak foe surprise,
Who, once intrench'd, will all your arts despise.
Slip not one minute; who defers to-day,
To-morrow will be hardened in delay.

The patient, perhaps, cannot more effectually ollow these salutary admonitions, than by usting the secret of his passion to the bosom f a confidential and judicious friend; for, *qui icitus ardet magis uritur*, the more he conceals is sufferings, the more they will increase. But y all means he should immediately remove from ne presence of the beloved and fascinating ob-ect; for who can too closely approach a fire, nd not be burned? The dalliance, tender looks, oft speeches, amiable smiles, sweet graces, and ewitching touches, which the presence of the ispiring maid presents to the eye, the ear, and ll the quickened senses of the enamoured youth, re so many gilded poisons to his peace, and will

* Ariosto also breathes the same sentiments on this ubject:

Whoe'er his feet on Cupid's snares shall set,
Must seek t' escape, ere the entangling net
His wings has caught; for sage experience tells,
In love extreme, extreme of madness dwells.

prove more fatal than the tongue of the serpent, or the eye of the basilisk. Immediate absence, therefore, is the only means of checking in its earliest stage the progress of this insinuating disease; or of attaining that oblivion by which it can be ultimately cured; for as a view of pomp renews ambition, so does the sight or recollection of the adored object revive the feelings of heroic love. Ovid, in speaking of the patients he had cured by his remedies for love, says,

> One who quite through his course had gone,
> By living near his mistress was undone:
> Rashly his strength, ere well confirm'd, he tries;
> Too weak to stand th' encounter of her eyes.
> She met, and conquered with a single view,
> And all his fresh skin'd wounds gush'd forth anew.
> To save your house from neighbouring fire is hard;
> Distance from danger is the surest guard.

Alexander, who thought it more glorious and worthy of a king to conquer himself than to subdue his enemies, appears to have been extremely sensible of the danger to which the sight of Statira, and her beautiful daughters, might have exposed the tranquillity of his heart, when, being informed that they were among the captives taken in the tent of Darius, he not only refused to visit them, but forbid every man to speak of their beauty in his presence; for, says Plutarch, *formosam videre periculosissimum*; the sight of beauty is greatly dangerous. Cyrus also observed the same caution, from the like apprehension of danger, with respect to the beautiful Panthea, the wife of the captive

Abradatus. And if further illustration of the dangers to which the sight of beauty may expose the most virtuous heart were required, we might refer to the well-known story of the continence of Scipio.

The Third Rule, as the best, the readiest, and the surest way to avoid the dangers of presence, is *loci mutatio*, to send the lovers several ways, so that they shall have no opportunity of seeing or hearing of each other again. For this purpose, poets, divines, philosophers, and physicians, particularly Savanarola, Gordonius, and Laurentius, exclaim, in unison, like hounds in full cry, "*Elongatio à patria.*"—"*Mutet patriam.*"—"*Distrabatur ad longinquas regiones.*"—Send him to travel; for as time and patience wear away grief, and fire goes out for want of fuel, so travelling is an antidote to love.

Travel all you who find your fetters strong;
Set out betimes, and let your route be long;
And how much more reluctant you proceed,
Compel your feet to so much greater speed.
Advance; let nothing interrupt your way,
Nor wind, nor weather, nor unlucky day;
Nor reckon time, nor once look back on Rome,
But fly, and, Parthian like, by flight o'ercome.
Rebellious love, if he perceives you halt,
With greater fury will renew the assault;
Half famish'd passion will more fiercely prey,
And all your labours past be thrown away.
These precepts may seem hard, and so they are;
But for dear health, who would not hardship bear?

Isæus, a philosopher of Assyria, was in his youth so dissolutely devoted to this heroic pas-

sion, that his heart was never free; but, by the opportunities of travelling, the admonitions of his friends, and the exertions of his own sound understanding, he completely rescued himself from the talons of the harpy, and became, as it were, a new man. The parents of the celebrated poet Propertius, sent him for the same cause, and with the same effect, to Athens. Godefridus tells a story, out of St. Ambrose, of a young man who, after a long absence, meeting with an old sweetheart, on whom he had doated to distraction, scarcely noticed her; on which she immediately told him who she was. "I know," replied he, "that you are the same woman who once subdued my heart; but I am now not the same man who was so subdued." It was immediate flight alone that saved Eneas from the captivating charms of Dido. Heinsius inculcates this advice, in his epistle to his friend Primierus, in a manner equally laconic and humorous. "First fast," says he; "then tarry; thirdly, change your situation; and fourthly, think of a halter: for if change of place, continuance of time, and absence, will not efface the impressions of love, death alone can remove them."

The Fourth Rule is to divert the affections into another channel, and by a greater perturbation to drive away the less. The total loss of property, or the sudden accession to some high and unexpected honor, has frequently abated, and sometimes cured, the extravagance of love, as the violent convulsions of a hiccup have been appeased and driven away by momentary

larm and surprise. St Jerome, in his epistle) Rusticus, the monk, relates a story of a young 'recian, who, while he resided in one of the gyptian monasteries, was so afflicted with this eroic passion, that neither abstinence, absence, avelling, or persuasion, could effect his cure. he abbot, however, at length concerted a heme with one of the monks that produced e effect. The monk seizing a proper opportu- ity and occasion, entered into a violent and emingly serious quarrel with the youthful ver; fixed the reproach of robbery upon his aracter; openly defamed him before all the aternity; and procuring pretended witnesses f the imputed fact, made a formal accusation the abbot, which he pledged himself to sup- ort. The youth, conscious of his innocence, t unable to disprove the charge, wept inces- ntly for several days in all the agonies of grief; t when the disorder into which he had been rown, had been suffered for some time to evail, the abbot undertook his defence, and, ter shewing his innocence from the improba- lities of the charge, weaned him from his new, d thereby cured him of his old affliction.

A Fifth Rule is to drive out one passion by other; and by turning or subdividing the ream of affection into different channels, to haust or diminish it; as a great river, when ade to supply a number of canals, runs low, d is at last emptied. The maxim of *Clavum vo repellere*, was in high repute with the athen philosophers, who maintained that,

E'en as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So all remembrance of a former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

It operates like poison against poison, each being made to counteract the other.

Pan sighs for Echo o'er the lawn;
Sweet Echo loves the dancing Fawn;
The dancing Fawn fair Lydda charms;
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Fawn sweet Echo burns;
Thus, all inconstant in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd,
Pursue, and are themselves pursu'd;
And as the woo'd slight those that woo,
So those who slight are slighted too.

I loved, says Tatius, the charming Amie, until I saw the lovely Floriat; but when I beheld the beauties of my Cynthia, I sighed for her alone, until the roseate Phillis caught my view, whose charms would have subdued my soul, if the divine Amaryllis had not saved me. Oh! divine Amaryllis, how enchanting she appeared, until I saw the all-excelling Cloris, to whom my heart continued fixed, until I saw another, and another, and so on, always liking her best whom I saw last.

The figure of each former love was thaw'd,
And like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bore no impression of the thing it was.

Triton, the sea god, was a lover of this description, as the complaints of his inconstancy uttered by Leucothoë, Milane, Galatea, and other nymphs, demonstrate.

Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast.

One Cupid is generally described contending with others for the Garland of Love; and an heroic lover who sees a variety of beautiful women, will seldom fix his affection for any length of time on one alone. The garland is continually shifting its situation, and losing some portion of its strength and beauty at each remove. Ovid, therefore, gives his pupils the following advice upon this subject.

If to excess you find your passion rise,
I would at once two mistresses advise.
Divided care will give your mind relief;
What nourish'd one, may starve the twins of grief.
Large rivers drain'd in many streams grow dry:
Withdraw its fuel, and the flame will die.
What ship can safely with one anchor ride,
With several cables she can brave the tide.
Who can at once two passions entertain,
May free himself at will from either chain.

The young man mentioned by Lucian, who, being very desperately in love with a beautiful woman, went by chance to the theatre, where seeing other fair objects equally beautiful, immediately recovered, and returned home as free from his former perturbations, as if he had drank the waters of Lethe, in the cave of Trophonius, proves the efficacy of Ovid's advice. "Home-keeping youths," says Shakspeare, "have ever homely wits;" but a free and extensive commerce with the world, inculcates a degree of good sense, which cures this romantic folly. A mouse, says a fabulist, was brought up in a

chest, and being fed in plenty upon cheese, conceived there could not be a better kind of food; but at length escaping from his circumscribed condition, and feeding luxuriously as he wandered through the closets of the opulent, on a rich variety of viands, he lost his former appetite for cheese, and forgot the pleasures of his original chest. Plato, in his seventh book *de Legibus*, tells a pleasant story to the like effect, of a city under ground, the inhabitants of which being furnished through certain apertures with small portions of light, conceived it was impossible there should be any other place equally capable of affording them pleasure and delight; but when some of them emerged from their subterranean darkness, and beheld the beauties of the broad and glorious day, although they were at first uncomfortably dazzled by its superior light, they soon disdained the fancied felicities of their dark abode, and deplored the miseries of their concealed friends:

For he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for the better.

A Sixth Rule is to follow the advice, good counsel, and timely persuasion of friends. Many are of opinion, that in this blind, licentious passion, counsel can do no good; but without question, good counsel and advice must needs be of great force, especially if it proceed from a wise, fatherly, revered, discreet person, of some authority, whose favour, and good opinion, the sufferer stands in awe of, and respects. The kind advice of a sensible friend must, upon all

ccasions, have a great effect. Gordonius, the hysician, attributes to it so powerful an influnce, that he recommends its application in the arliest stages of the disease, or, at least, after he first fury of the passion has abated by time r absence; and, indeed, it is quite as useless to ffer advice while the bosom is raging with its res, as it would be to administer consolation to ffectionate parents, who had just lost an only nd beloved child; but the moment the rays of eason begin to dawn, a friendly and temperate epresentation of the miserable and ruinous conequences that are likely to ensue from an indulence of the prevailing desire, and of the high dvantages which may result from suppressing , may certainly be attended with very benefiial effects; for what Seneca has said of vice, ıay, with equal truth, be said of this heroic assion: *Sine magistro discitur, vix sine magistro eferitur;* it is acquired without instruction, but annot be unlearned without a tutor. The judiious expostulations of a kind friend, thereore, shewing the unhappy sufferer the lamentale consequences that are likely to ensue from ı indulgence of the disease, and which the lindness and fury of his passion prevents him om observing by his own reflection,

> Although it cannot quench his love's hot fire,
> May qualify the fire's extremest rage,
> And keep it still within the bounds of reason.

The contest on the part of the pupil, may e difficult, but the prize to be obtained is

great; for the loss and gain are no less than the pleasures of paradise or the pains of hell.

The beloved object must be either chaste or unchaste. If unchaste, let the adviser recommend to the idolater of such a deity, to read the affecting letter which Eneas Sylvius has addressed to his deluded friend Nicholas of Warthurge, where he will find the baleful character on which he has fixed his affection described in its true light and genuine colours. "A bitter delight, a gilded poison, a brilliant mischief, a splendid but certain misery; the mercenary corrupter of his youth, the spoiler of his fortune, the ruin of his honour, and, perhaps, the destroyer of his life." But if this eloquent epistle should produce no effect, let him peruse the candid, but melancholy, confession of the penitent Lucretia, the celebrated Roman courtezan, in which he will find that anger, envy, pride, sacrilege, theft, slaughter, and every disgraceful and pernicious vice, were born on the day when woman first commenced the trade of harlotry: that the miserable wretches who pursue this deeply mired path, are more tyrannical than an Eastern despot, more malignant than a cancerous disease, more malicious than a satyr, and more rapacious and unprincipled than the devil himself; and that if, from the beginning of time, there ever was a character scandalously bad, from the lowest to the highest degree, *mala, pejor, pessima,* it is that abandoned, profligate, and miserable character which the world so mistakingly calls a Woman of Pleasure. "O

ntonia," exclaims this miserable magdalen, how many virtuous youths have I consigned ɔ infamy and ruin! The human eye sees and dmires the outward symmetry of my fine and ıultless person; but it is the Great Searcher of ll Truth alone that can discover and sufficiently etest the deformity of my mind. My body, ıir as it may seem, is a corrupted mass. I am, las! the very sink of sin, and the impure puddle f all iniquity." Let, I say, the young idolater ead these confessions, and meditate on the onsequences of such connexions.

The object, however, of his illicit flame may e already a wife; the wife, perhaps, of this gregious lover's friend! If so, let his adviser epresent to him that the crime of adultery is orse than that of whoredom; that it is an ffence equally forbidden by the commandments f God, and the laws of the land; abominable ı the sight of his Creator; deeply injurious to he happiness of his fellow-creature; unfriendly ɔ his own welfare in this world, and destructive ɔ his felicity in that which is to come; that it ı, to use the words of Shakspeare,

"——— Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O such a deed
As from the very body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet *religion* makes
A rhapsody of words. That Heaven's face doth glow;
And this solidity and compound mass

With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

But if the object of his boiling passion be yet chaste and unmarried, let the adviser call forth all his eloquence, and shew, in nature's strongest language, the more than mortal crime of violating, with unhallowed hands, the sanctity of the sacred temple of virgin innocence, and unspotted truth!

Suppose, however, that his views are upright, and that he means to lead the object of his eager love in honorable bands to the altar of connubial Hymen; still there is matter for deep and serious consideration. It must not be concluded that the love is not heroic, because the god of warm desire may pierce the hearts, and the holy priest may join the hands of the uniting pair. To form the truly nuptial tie, *reason* must rule, and *passion* wait upon its dictates. The affection which leads the heart to such a union, must be temperate, pure, and holy; founded on congeniality of disposition, similarity of sentiment, competency of fortune, equality of years, sincerity of disposition, virtuous principles, consent of parents, and approbation of friends: and even these advantages will scarcely be sufficient to secure a permanent felicity, unless a serious sense of *religion*, and *love of God*, be the basis of the union. Let, therefore, the adviser admonish his pupil, before he thinks of approaching the *sacred altar*, to weigh seriously what it is he is about to perform; and impress strongly on his mind, that matrimony is the most important act of a

nan or woman's life; that it is a holy league and :ovenant, entered into in the sight of God, typi-ying the union between our Saviour and his :hurch; and not an amorous enterprise, to be ightly undertaken, at the instigation of unruly ıppetite, but to be reverently, discreetly, and ıoberly formed, in the fear and face of Almighty God: a contract in which the parties solemnly ›romise to forsake all others; to help, comfort, ove, cherish, and obey each other, in all the va-ious prosperities and adversities of life; and to ive faithfully together, like Abraham and Sarah, saac and Rebecca, a pattern of conjugal fidelity ınd delight. Lovers, therefore, before they set-le their affections with a view to matrimony, ven if they be equal in years, birth, fortune, and ther correspondent qualities, should reflect eriously on what they are about to undertake. ıt the moment their mutual passions are declar-d, each may appear unexceptionably perfect in he other's eyes; but reason and prudence will xhort them to postpone their union until time nd opportunity has made them thoroughly ac-uainted with each other's character. Whatever an possibly be discovered after, should be mu-ıally disclosed before the day of marriage, and othing reserved which can possibly tend to the lea of disappointment or deceit. It is owing to ome defect not previously made known, that he happiness of those heroic matches, which are rged on by vehement desires, and formed upon short and superficial acquaintance, so frequently :rminate with the honey-moon of love. But

let it be supposed that the intended bride is really as lovely in her person as she appears to be in the admiring eyes of her lover, or as an *elegans formarum spectator* could express; that nothing could be added or detracted to render her more compleat; that, like Aliena, in the language of Ariosto, and the opinion of Dolcè, she is a perfect beauty; he has yet to consider whether, when time shall rifle all the blooming graces of this charming flower, he can still remain contented with her temper and her mind In short, lovers must have opportunity to see each other angry, merry, laughing, weeping, hot, cold, sick, sullen, dressed, undressed, in all attires, scites, attitudes, gestures, and passions, before they can denote the stamp and character they reciprocally possess; or resolve, with prudence, whether they are formed to make each other happy. Leander swam nightly over the Hellespont from Abydus, to converse with his beloved Hero, the priestess of the temple of Venus at Sestos; but being accidentally surprised by a storm, he was unable to resist the turbulence of the waves, and was drowned. The inhabitants of Sestos consecrated the illumined Pharos of the temple to Anteros, and ordained that none but lovers who made a prudent choice should light up the flame; but the temple, it is said, continued ever after involved in darkness. Notwithstanding, however, all the difficulties and dangers which surround this important election, *bachelors* are continually wishing

Once 'ere they die to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

And every *vestal virgin* crying "Heigh-ho!" for a husband. O blissful marriage! oh most happy state! But, alas! when they have effected it, their usual fate is like that of the fickle birds in the emblem, who, while they were left at liberty to fly in and out of their gaudy cage at pleasure, were perfectly contented; but when the door was closed, and confinement had taken place, pined into sullenness, or beat themselves to death against the wires of their restraint. War and matrimony are noble things until they are tried, but both require great courage, infinite caution, and good management, to be continued with pleasure. Dangerous, however, as premature marriage certainly is, if neither one, nor all the rules before laid down, should be attended with the desired effect of curing the heat and extravagancy of heroic love, recourse must be had to the last refuge; or

The *Seventh Rule*, which is, to let the parties have their will, and join their hands, according to their wishes and desires. A better cure for this bitter malady, *quàm ut amanti cedat amatum*, cannot be invented by Esculapius himself. But, alas! although this ultimate prescription may lead to extinguish the virulence of the complaint, it will not always insure the happiness of the complainant. And, indeed, there are many obstacles by which the administration of it may either totally, or for a time, be prevented.

First: to administer this remedy with any

hope of success, both the parties must be of the same mind, which is not always the case. A lover, particularly a female of delicate sensibility, is sometimes, either from modesty, or a fear of being repulsed, as unwilling to confess the secret of her heart, as she is willing to cherish the latent flame; as was the case with the fair Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. with respect to Henry of Richmond, who afterwards, by discovering her affection, and accepting of her hand, united the rival roses of York and Lancaster, and suppressed, in the arms of love*, the deadly feuds of war. And many a modest maiden is, perhaps, in a similar predicament. But those who love, and have address enough to make their passion known, may not be beloved again; for Cupid, that mischievous and malignant boy,

> Two different shafts from his rich quiver draws;
> One to repel desire, and one to cause.
> One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
> To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
> One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
> Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.

And experience daily verifies the truth of this conceit. The more Choresus loved Callyrrhoe, the more he felt her increasing hate. The fair one is not always in a humour to be wooed; or, if pleased with courtship, not in a humour to be

* See the impassioned speech which is said to have been made by the Lady Elizabeth when Henry was proclaimed king.—Speed's Chronicle.

won. Coquetry and caprice, perhaps, mislead her mind; and her beating heart secretly denies the accents of her tongue: she declares her determination not to marry, or at least not yet; and, when continued importunities has exhausted her evasion, she at last informs her lover that, though he is well entitled, by his merits, to her choice, he is not the man with whom she can be happy. But mere caprice, and sentimental whim, are not the only impediments in forming the nuptial league; the want of sufficient beauty, fortune, birth, and station, on the part of the lovers, and the suggestions of pride, or the workings of envy, on the part of the beloved, are frequently the grounds on which the heroic fair decline to give their hands. A young lady of elevated notions, whose fortune and beauty are, or fancied to be, equal to those which her mother, her sister, or other well-married female friends possessed, expects, of course, to make as good a match as either of them, or as Matilda, or Dorinda, or Serephina, or any other dame with sounding name had made, sacrificing the ideas of domestic comfort to the ostentatious parade of public shew. But these high aspiring females, while they boggle thus at every object, and strive so eagerly to possess the toy of grandeur, or detain the tongue of adulation, lose the chances upon which they so fondly reckon, and become the scorn of those who before hailed them with their love. There are also many young men equally obstinate, tyrannical, proud, insulting, deceitful, and over curious in their choice:

and thus it is that, by endeavouring to gratify the *vices* which in general form the basis of the heroic passion, instead of following the suggestion of those *virtues* on which nuptial love can alone exist, lovers obstruct the union from which they expect such exalted happiness; and by improperly contemning others, not only become contemned themselves, but are, at length, obliged to accept of offers far inferior to those they have before rejected. Like the proud mare, in Plutarch, who refused to draw with any but the greatest and the noblest horses, until, in the course of time, perceiving, by the reflection of the water into which she went to drink, that the flowing beauties of her crest no longer remained, she suffered herself to be harnessed to an ass. *Volat irrevocabile tempus;* such vain and foolish women wander, in their proud conceits, from a garden of roses into a waste of thistles; and, by neglecting the proper time to take the honey off the flowers, are at length obliged to put up with the bitterness of the weeds. But to sacrifice the fairest prospects of connubial happiness to the more glittering and ambitious views of splendour and riches, is a fault more frequently attributable to the avarice and pride of parents, than to the love of ostentation in their children, as we shall hereafter show. Sometimes, indeed, the affection of the person beloved is really and irrevocably fixed upon another; and this is the most unconquerable and disastrous impediment to the enjoyments of heroic love. In such case, the only remedy the disappointed lover can ap-

ply, is wisely and warily, by the means before mentioned, to unwind the cords he has twisted around his heart, and, by unsettling his affections, to set himself free; to bear it bravely out, with a kind of heroic scorn, as Turnus did when he resigned Lavinia to the arms of Eneas; or else with a mild farewell, to let her go as the fox in the fable did the grapes, when he perceived they were out of his reach. But let us suppose a *mutuus amor*, an interchange of love and mutual affection, and the parties to be reciprocally disposed to receive each other's hand, yet other obstacles may interpose to prevent the union; for,

Secondly, to administer the remedy of marriage with proper effect, it is necessary to have the consent of parents or guardians, from whom objections respecting disparity of birth or fortune are more likely to arise than from heroic lovers themselves, who, in general, in forming this connexion, despise those properties, which the world consider wise and prudent. The laws of ancient Rome, and, till lately, of modern Italy and France, disregarding the mutual affection of the parties, the equality of their ages, the extent of their fortunes, or the excellency of their education, were so strict in preserving the *nobility* from degeneration, that the union of a plebeian with a noble was absolutely void. The same practice now prevails in Germany, where a nobleman must marry a noble-woman, a baron match with a baron's daughter, a knight with the offspring of a knight, and gentlemen with

gentlewomen; sorting, as it were, their degrees and families as slaters do their several kinds of slates. But why should the intercourses of happiness be checked by such severe restraints and pride-formed customs?

> Far other maxims forms our state;
> Where orders, mixed of *low* and *great*,
> Compose th' harmonious frame.
> Firm hath the mighty fabric stood,
> And Britain boasts her mingled blood
> In many a deathless name.
>
> The charms that softens manly grace,
> The ray that beams in woman's face,
> The sympathy of mind,
> Denote (whate'er their various lot,
> Whether a *palace* or a *cot*)
> The mates by Heaven design'd.

The more rational and generous laws of England, indeed, impose no restraints upon the freedom of marriage, but those which the prudence of a parent may think proper to exercise, in order to prevent the indiscretion of his infant children; for whoever has attained the age of maturity, may follow, without control, the inclination of their hearts. The control, however, which is thus given to parents and guardians for the safety, benefit, and protection of children, is sometimes exercised with unpardonable rigour. The parties, if one be rich and the other poor, are said to be unequal; and, *durumpater*, a covetous, hard-hearted father will, on this account, frequently impede their union. Sometimes, indeed, when both the parents of the loving couple

ıre inordinately rich, consent is refused, or at east the match suspended,

> While house for house, and grounds for grounds,
> And mutual bliss in balanced pounds,
> Each parent's thought employ;
> Which, summed by Av'rice's sordid rules,
> Forms, in the notion of these fools,
> Love's most substantial joy.

:onsent, indeed, is sometimes refused, though he parents be rich, merely from a miserly disosition, which old folks but too generally posess, and which willingly fabricates any excuse, ather than part with a shilling from their hoards, lthough it delay, or perhaps destroy, their chilrens' happiness. A conscious shame, indeed, f not being able, upon such occasions, to unock the coffers of avarice, for the purpose of ontributing the expected portion, will someimes induce an unnatural parent to refuse his onsent, even when the more generous parents f the other party consent to postpone its payaent until the death of the objecting father.

> Their peevish age, their gloomy pride,
> Their churlish avarice dare divide
> Those links which powerful draw
> To union dear, congenial loves;
> And blaming oft what God approves,
> Make tyranny their law.

'arents of this description also, are but too apt ɔ force their children, by the threat of disinheitance, to sacrifice the inclinations of their hearts ɔ the acquisition of fortune. Sons like packorses, and daughters like empty boats, must,

in such cases, however disagreeable it may be, carry whatever burdens their respective parents shall please to impose. "In forming the matrimonial contract," says Plato, "affinity to poor folks should never be avoided, nor connexion with the rich too industriously sought after; for poverty and low parentage may be amply compensated by the superior qualifications of modesty, virtue, religion, and choice bringing up." To sacrifice every consideration to the possession of wealth, is not only ungenerous, but unjust; something should be given to love, to wisdom, to beauty, and to virtue. Parents are in such cases the arbiters of their children's fate; they should consider that love is of a nature not to be easily controlled; that the union of congenial hearts is the work of heaven; and that it were better to hang a millstone round both parties' necks, and plunge them in the sea, than to clog their unconsenting minds with the chains of matrimony. Affection is free, and cannot be commanded. A servant-maid, having unfortunately fallen in love with her mistress's minion, her mistress, in a fit of jealousy, dragged her by the hair of her head along the floor, while the poor girl justly exclaimed, "O, madam! fortune has made my body your servant, but not my mind." But parents, *iniqui patres*, measure their children's affections by their own, and being now cold and decrepid, past all such youthful conceits, they are disposed to starve their children's genius, stifle nature in their young bloods, and deprive them of the rightful plea-

ıures of love and matrimony, except the match :an be moulded into money. Let them, how-:ver, consider the miseries which attend upon orced marriages, and pity the quick and impa-ient feelings of the youthful heart.

Free should the sons of freedom wed
The maid, by equal fondness led;
Nor, heaping wealth on wealth,
Youth pine in age's withered arms,
Deformity polluting charms,
And sickness blasting health.

t was the opinion of Scyracides, that "to marry daughter to a man of understanding in due ime, is the weightiest matter a parent can have o perform;" and Lemnius advises all fathers o consent to the first eligible proposal, as one nportant means of preventing the melancholy onsequences of heroic love: and unquestiona-ly those who refuse consent to the marriage f minors from sinister or improper motives, ıecome responsible for all the mischiefs and niseries that may ensue. For frequently, if hey refuse,

With torch inverted Hymen stands,
While Furies wave their livid brands,
With Horror and Dismay!
Soft Pity drops the melting tear;
And lustful Satyrs' grinning leer,
Wait for their destin'd prey.

For Nature will assert her claim:
Thine, rigid father! thine the blame,
If injur'd beauty stray;
Thou shouldst have heard the lover's voice,
Approv'd and sanctified the choice,
Nor curs'd the bridal day.

Those of the sexes whose age of discretion enables them to follow their own inclinations, may do well to attend to Plautus, who strongly recommends rich men to marry poor wives, as the most certain means of acquiring content and happiness; women, in general, being presumptuous in proportion to the fortunes they possess. Eubulides laid his fortune at the feet of beauty, and was happy. A sweet temper, a feeling heart, an improved understanding, a virtuous disposition, and a competent share of beauty, are, indeed, qualifications in a female greatly superior to any advantages the mere possession of money can procure. The virtuous Ruth, who, after the death of her husband Mahlon, to whom she had conducted herself with exemplary tenderness and affection, left her family, her friends, and the place of her nativity, in the country of Moab, in order that, by her youth and industry, she might relieve the distresses of her aged and forlorn mother-in-law Naomi, in Bethlehem-Judah, where, endeavouring to gain a scanty pittance, by the labours of gleaning in the barley-fields of the opulent Boaz, her modest virtues and humble demeanour attracted the attention of the master of the fields, who, hearing all that she had done to assist her old and impoverished parent, became enamoured of her merits, and wisely sacrificing the pride of station, and the pomp of riches, to the more valuable enjoyments of domestic comfort and conjugal felicity, made her his wife. Athenais, the daughter of Leartius, the Athenian philoso-

her, possessed such excellent endowments both of person and of mind, that her father distributed his wealth among his other children, and left her only her own merit for a dowry. To procure her subsistence, her friends placed her as a female attendant on Pulcheria, the emperor's sister, at Constantinople, by whom she was baptized under the name of Eudocia, and introduced as her favourite to Theodosius himself: but the modesty of her manners, and the humility of her station, instead of obscuring, displayed her merits so advantageously, that they soon attracted the attention of the emperor, who, with his sister's approbation, afterwards made her his wife, and placed her on his throne: a noble example of the wise and proper use of riches and power! That the grace and virtue of an amiable woman, and good wife, are superior to riches, was the language of the golden age. Pausanias relates, that Danaus, of Lacedemonia, having several daughters, on each of whom he was enabled to bestow a handsome fortune, instead of delaying their nuptials, as other opulent parents were in the habit of doing, in expectation of procuring them rich connexions, sent for a number of worthy but unportioned youths, and desired each daughter to choose him she liked best for her husband; a conduct which even in those times received the highest applause. But in this iron age of ours, we respect riches alone; and a lovely girl, before she can become a wife, must be in a condition to purchase a husband. The love of money, however,

is not the only impediment to be met with in passing from the bowers of Love to the groves of Hymen. Pride, vain-glory, and ambition, are frequently as great obstacles to connubial happiness, as avarice itself. The only daughter of a yeoman must, to please an ambitious parent, be united only to a squire; a squire's daughter must not marry any person inferior to the son of a baronet; and the daughter of a knight must become "my lady," or "her grace," by reserving her richly portioned hand for some decayed baron or impoverished duke. Fathers, by thus striving to do honour to their wealth, undo the happiness, and sometimes the honour, of their children. But this disposition will not authorize children, especially females, to venture, though of age, upon this important choice without their parents' approbation. "A woman," says St. Ambrose, in his eloquent commentary on the espousals of Isaac and Rebecca, "should give unto her parents the choice of a husband, lest she be reported wanton and forward, by making it herself; for she should rather seem to be desired by a man, than to desire him herself."

Thirdly: there is an opinion prevailing, that only those who are rich, and amply able to sustain the costs and charges of a matrimonial life, should marry, lest the world should be filled with beggars; but those who entertain such a notion, are not only cruel to their species, but enemies to their country. The true riches and strength of every country consist in its popula-

tion; and if England had become plethoric with inhabitants, it might increase its strength by multiplying its colonies. The greater part of the globe is yet unpeopled; and America, Africa, and *Terra Australis Incognita*, might be served by sending them our supernumerary hands. The king of the island of Maragan being told, that numbers of monks, friars, nuns, and other characters throughout Europe, lived in celibacy, treated the information as an unfounded tale, conceiving it impossible that rational creatures should live without wives. The wisest legislators have ever framed their ordinances for the encouragement of matrimony, and promotion of the holy precept, "increase and multiply;" giving rich rewards and extensive privileges to those who have many children; and condemning, under heavy penalties, all who, after a certain age, neglect or refuse to marry. Boetius observes, that in many countries a man who died unmarried was accounted miserable, or at most, like our modern bachelors, *infortunio felix*, unhappy in their imaginary happiness.

Fourthly: there is another description of characters, who, although they possess sufficient wealth to support, in proper splendour, all the expenses of a married life, are so delicate and squeamish upon the subject, that they willingly endure all the pains and penalties of heroic love, in their vagrant and dishonourable connexions, rather than submit to try this sovereign remedy. The emperor Theophilus was a character of this description; for, though this mother Euprosune,

to disentangle his heart from the chains of illicit love, presented, at once, to his view, in the great chamber of his palace, all the fairest beauties of the empire, that he might give the golden apple to her he liked best, he could not be induced to make choice of a wife. Another refined and sentimental sect refuse to marry, because, in their opinion, matrimony is only a matter of money; and the freedom of nature ought not to be intrenched or confined, by the manacles of property, to this or that particular man or woman.

Fifthly: there is another set of characters who heroically love, admire, and follow women all their lives, *sponsi Penelopes*, who are never happy, except they are in the company of these charming idols, gazing with raptures on their beauties, observing all their gestures, dangling after them, and dallying with them, but who either fearfully dare not, or obstinately will not, taste the sweet joys of matrimonial life.

Sixthly: there are also men, especially of the poorer sort, who are so distrustful of the bounteous providence of the Almighty, that they refrain from matrimony for fear of worldly care, and its supposed attendants, woe, misery, or, what is worse, of meeting with a vixen, scold, slut, or other annoying character, and without being able to shake her off again, and therefore, they resolve, like Epaminondas, to live *solus cum sola*, neither married nor single; or abjure, like Hippolitus, the company of women.

Seventhly: some make a doubt, *an uxor lite-*

rato sit ducenda, whether a scholar should marry, because there is some danger, if his wife be fair, that she may bring him back from his grammar to his hornbook; confound his senses by her scolding, if she be cross; or impede his studies by her dalliance, if she be kind; for that he cannot, as the great Brunonian doctor, Beroaldus, once observed, attend conjointly to his works and to his wife. The error, however, of this notion is fully refuted by the solemn and formal recantation of the doctor himself. The fact is related by him in his commentaries on the sixth book of Apuleius. "I lived," says this candid commentator, "a long time single, unable to endure even the idea of a wife;" but, to use his own words, *erraticus ac volaticus amator, per multiplices amores discurrebam,*" which, in the language of a modern poet, we may construe,

—— "at large did rove
Free and unfetter'd through the wilds of love."

"Nay, I railed against the marriage-rite; and in a public lecture on the sixth satire of Juvenal, heaped together out of Seneca and Plutarch, all the severest *dicteries* I could find against the characters of women; but I now recant with Stesichorus, *Palinodiam cano, nec pœnitet censeri in ordine maritorum;* I approve of marriage: I am glad that I am a married man: I am heartily glad I have a wife, so sweet a wife, so noble a wife, so young, so chaste a wife, so loving a wife; and I do exhort and desire all other men, especially scholars, to marry; that, as of old Martia

did to Hortensius, Terentia to Tully, Calphurnia to Pliny, and Prudentilla to Apuleius, their wives may hold the lamp* to them while they read or write, as my dear Camilla now does to me." However averse, therefore, men may be to matrimony; however they may rail and scoff against the character of a wife, to this complexion, as Hamlet says, "they must come at last." Let him who doubts read the sublime and eloquent treatises of Barbarus, Lemnius, Godefridus, Nevisanus, Tunstal, and Erasmus, in honour of the sex, and they will soon be satisfied, recant with Beroaldus, do penance for their former folly, sing a penitential song, desire to be reconciled to the deity of almighty love, go a pilgrimage to his shrine, sacrifice upon his altar, and be as willing at last to embrace marriage as the rest of mankind. The love-contemning Valentine experienced this common fate; and, when his friend Protheus taunted him with being wearied by a tale of love, he thus candidly confessed the error of his heart:

> Aye, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now;
> I have done penance for contemning love;
> Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
> With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
> With mighty tears, and daily heart-sore sighs:
> For in revenge of my contempt of love,
> Love hath chas'd sleep from my inthralled eyes,
> And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
> O, gentle Protheus! Love's a mighty lord,

* "Legentibus et meditantibus candelas et candelabum tenuerunt."

And hath so humbled me, that, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such *joy* on earth.

wish, in short, to see not only all the noble ace of generous youth, but all the severer fa- nilies of Stoics and old bachelors, submit their rave beards and supercilious looks to the gen- le clippings and composing smiles of a good- atured and cheerful wife. For matrimony, the nost necessary and useful action of human so- iety, is a perpetual fountain of domestic sweets. Blessed is the man," says Solomon, " that ath a virtuous wife; for the number of his days hall be double:" and experience, upon this oc- asion, confirms the saying of wisdom. A man nwived wanders through the world, to and fro, nournful and dejected. Woman, charming voman! is the sole joy and only true comfort f a man's life.

Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful look the dismal scene survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last and best receiv'd of God.

A virtuous wife," says the great Lord Bacon, is to a young man, a mistress; to a middle- ged man, a companion; to an old man, a nurse; nd at all seasons, a friend." The world, amidst ll its fascinating delights, produces no pleasure qual to that which a good wife is capable of ffording. She is still a kind comforter in the ains of sickness, and in the pleasures of health;

no adversity can separate her from her beloved and loving husband; she is ever ready to participate in his joys, and to share with him in his sorrows: joys, in short, renew wherever she appears, and *melancholy* flies from her approach. Admetus, king of Thessaly, when in the agonies of death, was informed by the oracle, that if he could procure another to die in his stead, he might still live: but, alas! his afflicted parents, his dearest friends, his firmest followers, all refused to submit to the destiny that was to save the life of a son, a sovereign, and a friend; and he was consigned to his impending dissolution, until the voice of fate was rumoured in the ear of his affectionate wife, who, still blooming with youth and beauty, cheerfully resigned her life to save that of her expiring husband. This is not a singular instance of the sincerity of conjugal affection; many instances might be quoted; but one more, related by Fulgosus, may suffice to show how powerfully a good and virtuous wife can command the love and affection of a husband. A young countryman of the kingdom of Naples, following his plough near the shores of the sea, observing that his wife, who was walking on the beach, had been suddenly carried away by Mauritanian pirates, ran precipitately to the ocean, and instantly plunging into the waves, swam swiftly after the vessel, calling on those aboard to return his beloved wife, or to take him with them as her fellow-prisoner, for that he would rather be a galley-slave, and endure the severest misery, than be deprived of

her company. The Moors put about the ship, took the disconsolate husband on board, and, struck with so extraordinary an instance of conjugal constancy, related, on their arrival at Tunis, the whole affair to the governor, whose mind, ferocious as it was upon other occasions, was so affected by the feelings of these faithful lovers, that he not only gave them their liberty, but granted them a pension sufficient to maintain them in decent independence for the remainder of their lives.

After instances like these, no further evidence can be required to prove the transcendent felicity which a proper choice is capable of conferring on the marriage state. I shall, therefore, conclude these observations on the cure of *Love Melancholy*, by sincerely wishing, that on next Valentine's day a universal banns might be publicly proclaimed; that every unmarried man and maiden might at once shake hands at the altar of connubial love; and that God, of his infinite goodness and mercy, might grant all *worthy bachelors* and *virtuous spinsters* faithful wives and loving husbands; the host of Hymen singing

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

May every couple experience unceasing felicity, and increasing joy; their choice be fortunate, and their union happy: may they excel in gifts of body and of mind; be equal in years, in temper, in loveliness, and love: may the bride be as fair as Helen, and as chaste as Lucretia;

and the bridegroom as fond as Charinus, and more constant than the dove. May the Muses sing and the Graces dance, not only on their wedding-day, but throughout their lives. May the links of their affection so knit their hearts with the unslipping knot of love, that no uneasiness or anger may ever befal them; and every rising sun hail the happy pair in the language of Theocritus:—

> Good morrow, master Bridegroom, mistress Bride;
> Many fair lovely bairns to you betide:
> Let Venus your fond mutual love insure,
> And Saturn give you riches to endure:
> Long may you sleep in one another's arms,
> Inspiring sweet desire, and free from harms.

CHAPTER VII.

OF RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

The beauty, splendour, and divine majesty of the Almighty, are so infinitely great and conspicuous, shine with such admirable but unspeakable lustre throughout his works, and fill the finite mind of man with such awful reverence of his goodness and his power, that all rational beings, whose minds are untainted, and whose hearts are pure, crowd around his throne with pious gratitude and humble adoration. This ardent love of God, which is the unavoidable result of reason and reflection, is the origin of Religion; and when properly exercised, with sincerity of devotion, and in holiness of life, leads its votaries, amidst all the cares and vexa-

tions of a fascinating world, through the paths of Virtue, to the highest bowers of terrestrial bliss.

> —— But Man, proud man,
> Dress'd in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
> His glassy essence,

instead of following the dictates of sound and unpolluted reason, mistaking his true road to happiness, and suffering himself, like the centaur of Plato, to be hurried away headlong by a torrent of wild desires and corrupt affections,

> ——— Like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n
> As make the angels weep :

until, falling into the vices of Atheism, or the errors of Idolatry and Superstition, and their attendant mischiefs, he sinks, by degrees, under the increasing weight of a perturbed mind, and guilty conscience, into all the horrors of melancholy and despair.

> Perpetual anguish fills his impious breast,
> Not stopp'd by business, nor compos'd by rest :
> No music cheers him, and no feasts can please ;
> He sits like discontented Damocles,
> When by the sportive tyrant wisely shown
> The dangerous pleasures of a flatter'd throne.
> Sleep quits his eyes : or, when with cares oppress'd,
> His wearied mind sinks tir'd into rest,
> Dire dreams invade : his injur'd God appears,
> Arm'd with fork'd thunder, and awakes those fears
> Which shake his soul, and as they boldly press,
> Bring out his crimes, and force him to confess
> The worm of conscience frets his recreant blood :
> In every fit he feels the hand of God

And heav'n-born flame; but drown'd in deep despair,
He dares not offer one repenting prayer,
Nor vow one victim to preserve his breath;
For how can Hope with desperate guilt agree,
Or Peace reside with dark impiety?

An *Atheist*, indeed, must ultimately feel the keenest miseries; for while, like the reprobate Barnadine, he "apprehends death no more dreadfully than as a drunken sleep; equally careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, and to come; insensible of mortality, yet despairingly mortal:" he squares his life to the narrow limits of his mind, and exhibits in his conduct a corresponding course of selfish profligacy and daring vice; and vice and profligacy are always miserable. There are, indeed, those who openly deny the existence of their Creator, and profess a high sense of virtue, a veneration for social duty, and a disapprobation of the selfish passions, while they proclaim, in the refinement of false Philosophy, that the order of the universe is owing to Nature and Chance: but as Minutius and Seneca well observe, these curious reasoners do not understand the import of their own expressions; for as nature is nothing more than the ordinary means by which the Almighty displays his power, and chance the mere effect of his unrevealed will, they admit, by attributing his works to these sources, the very existence of that power which they affect so anxiously to deny. There may be some eloquence, but there is certainly no Truth in the writings of such men, who, blinded

y their love of learning, and their fondness or new opinions, exhibit, like Bellerophon, their wn condemnation, while they vainly imagine hey are conveying intelligence and new light to nankind.

They think that Chance rules all, that Nature steers
The moving seasons, and turns round the years:
They run from shrine to shrine, and boldly swear,
But keep no faith, because they know no fear.

thers doubtingly profess religion; and because vast variety of strange and fantastic doctrines ave prevailed in the world, they infer that very religion is equally false; but this is reasonig from the abuse of a thing against the use of . Others cavil against the Scripture itself, ecause they cannot reconcile to their contractd notions, the ordinary dispensations of Provience in the distribution of good and evil: hile others maintain that God is *alligatus caus secundis*, so tied to second causes, to that inorable Necessity, that he can alter nothing he is once decreed. But these sceptics, while ey affect only to doubt, in fact, deny the extence of God.

So shuts the moping bird of night
Her feeble eyes against the light,
That glads the cheerful day;
And when prevailing darkness reigns,
Through groves obscure, and dreary plains,
She wings her dubious way.

thers admit the existence of a Deity, a future ate of rewards and punishments, and profess e doctrines of Christianity, but are so attached

to the pleasures of the world, that they seem to have lost all sense of moral duty and religious obligation, and give themselves up so entirely to vice, that, in the language of St. Paul, "they work all manner of sin even with greediness." Insensible of the charms of virtue, and careless of the consequences of vice, they follow the dream of pleasure with lethargic thoughtlessness, without once appearing to recollect, that the day will at last come, when they must give an account of all their actions in the presence of the Most High. Others, like Machiavel, make religion the instrument of ambition, and while they outwardly admit its importance, laugh at it inwardly, as a mere system of priestcraft; accommodate their sentiments and manners to the persons with whom they may happen to live; and, like the planet Mercury, are good or bad, as they happen to mix with good or bad society; who are Gentoos in Asia, Presbyterians in Scotland, Formalists at Pennsylvania, Papists at Rome, Mohammedans at Constantinople, Philosophists in Germany, Atheists in France, and Christians in England, becoming all things to all men, and, Proteus like, turning themselves, as the wind of self-interest changes, into every shape, for the mere purpose of procuring some temporary advantage: but whatever they publicly pretend, or seem to be, they say in their hearts, with the fool, "There is no God." The souls of such characters are bitterer than gall, and blacker than ink, though their tongues are smoother than oil. Like that cunning dissem-

bler, Alexander the Sixth, who is said never to have conceived a good thought, nor to have expressed a bad one, they never disclose their real sentiments, and are, in general, so cautious and correct in all their words and actions, that they appear like angels of light: but while they appear free from all faction, avow their enmity to every species of oppression, declaim against all sorts of corruption, decry the allurements of ambition, praise the happiness of virtue, lament the miseries of vice, seem sincere and zealous in the practice of religion, and appear in all respects to be innocent, sober, charitable, meek, humble, plain-dealing, upright, and honest men, the great Searcher of the human heart knows them to be arrant hypocrites. As it is sometimes with writers, *Plus sanctimoniæ in libello quàm libelli authore*, That there is more holiness in the book than in the author, so are they, in general, different from that which they appear to be and express. They constantly attend religious worship with enormous bibles, read the works of St. Austin and the fathers, are seen in the congregation of every popular preacher, and publicly say their prayers, while they are, in fact, professed misers, mere gripers, inward atheists; Epicureans, who, with Esau's hands, and Jacob's voice, practise piety all day, that they may reconcile incontinency with better grace and conscience all night: they are wolves in sheep's clothing; fair and innocent without, but foul and furious within.

These several descriptions of characters may

appear happy and successful in the eyes of the world, but in their hearts they can find no ease or rest. Like Ixion, they embrace a phantom instead of a goddess, and by their example multiply the race of Centaurs, but are at length hurled by the powers of conscience into the Tartarus of remorse, and revolved without interruption on the rack of misery; continuing deplorably gay, until they are irremediably undone.

For those who live in sin, at length shall find
Guilt's angry hand press heavy on the mind;
Though bribes or favour may assert their cause,
Pronounce them guiltless, and elude the laws,
They're self-condemn'd; their own impartial thought
Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

Idolatry, repugnant as it is to the dictates of sound reason, and the spirit of true religion, has been practised by the most refined and powerful nations of the earth, who, with irreligious piety, have worshipped the sun, moon, stars, angels, animals, demons, and other works of God; or statues, pictures, images, and other works of men. Of the absurdity of these systems, there can be no better testimony than the confused multitude, the ridiculous names, the mean actions, and the wretched attributes of their idols. The varieties of altars, idols, statues, images, and places of worship, which were carved, cut, and erected by the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Persians, the Arabians, the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Grecians, and the Romans, are indeed amazing. Hesiod, in his work intitled Theogonia, or generation of the Gods, has

furnished a catalogue of more than thirty thousand heathen deities, of which number there were no less, according to Varro, than three hundred different Jupiters. These divinities were of all ages, sexes, dimensions, shapes, characters, and descriptions; great, little, whole, half, and mixed; filled every place with their presence, and were ready upon every occasion, with their powers, to grant the prayers, and propitiate the enterprizes of their votaries. Lares, Lemures, Dioscuri, Soleres, and Parastatæ, reigned in multiplying abundance through their respective spheres; and the air, the earth, the woods, the waters, the heavens, and even hell itself, were crowded with ærial, temporal, rural, aquatic, celestial, and infernal deities. The Romans, indeed, who borrowed their mythology chiefly from the Greeks, were not contented with the various hosts which they derived from their neighbours, but invented several deities, particularly Cunia, the goddess of cradles, and Diverra, the deity of dirty houses, for themselves. The Pantheon, in short, was filled upon every festival, as a toyshop is with children's dolls against the holidays; and, indeed, the consecration of most of their deities originated, in general, on some light and frivolous, or base and scandalous occasion. Sycrophanes, the Egyptian, erected a statue to the memory of his deceased son, in a grove adjacent to his house; and his servants, to appease the vexation of their master, frequently decorated the image with garlands of flowers, and continuing the cere-

mony at stated intervals, with additional solemnities, this carved resemblance of a spoiled child was at length converted into the tutelary deity of domestic peace. The lovely Flora, a notorious harlot at Rome, having accumulated immense wealth, by carefully hoarding the wages of her iniquity, appointed the commonwealth her heir, and was, on her decease, not only complimented with a statue, and an anniversary festival, but deified as the Goddess of Flowers, and impiously dignified with an altar and a shrine. The grotesque forms and ridiculous accompaniments with which these divinities were frequently represented, were all that gave them the appearance of not being human; for their moral characters and dispositions perfectly corresponded with those of the Titan race, from which they mostly sprung. Jupiter was celebrated for his debauchery; Juno for irascible temper; Venus, the offspring of froth, for her incontinency and adulteries; and Mercury was so complete a thief, that he not only stole the quiver of Apollo, the tools of Vulcan, the cestus of Venus, and the sceptre of Jove, but would have purloined even the thunderbolt itself, if it had not been too hot for his fingers. Such divinities could never obtain a proper veneration and respect; and when Diagoras made a fire of the wooden statue of Hercules, to warm his pottage, observing, while the body crackled in the flames, that Hercules was only performing his thirteenth labour, he only showed a proper disdain of so absurd a system. But the consequences of this

:m were as dark and sanguinary as the in-
tion itself was ridiculous and absurd. The
icans are said to have yearly destroyed six
sand children, male and female; and even to
: cut out the hearts of men while yet living,
ropitiate the favour of their gods: and the
:ars, upon the departure of their Great
n, are known to have committed a thou-
l fellow creatures at once to the flames, as
ɔnly means of rendering his journey pros-
ıus and secure. What multitudes of men,
ıen, children, oxen, sheep, goats, and other
ıals, have even the more enlightened Romans
ificed on their abominable altars! The
.t horses, harts, hogs, lambs, and bulls,
: respectively devoted, upon every trifling
sion, to Apollo, Diana, Ceres, Proserpine,
Neptune; for each deity had its peculiar
'ing. It was a system not less injurious to
common interest, than it was disgraceful to
feelings of humanity. The Parthian soldiers
:red themselves to be cut to pieces while
quietly waited for the break of day, because
: stupid gods had declared it impious to fight
le darkness prevailed. And the Athenian
/ was once destroyed, because the augurs
it ominous to sail while the moon was in
ɔse. The credulity of idolatry is, indeed
zing. The wild boar which ravaged the
ıtry, and destroyed the inhabitants, of Etolia,
l the sword of Meleager extinguished its
was believed to have been sent by the
dess of Chastity to revenge the slights of

which Oeneus had been guilty to her sacred altar. Strange infatuation! that such refined and polished nations as the Greeks and Romans, should believe that metal, wood, or stone, which, but for the workmanship of their own hands, must have continued in their original masses, should, however curiously carved, or richly ornamented, be capable of hearing prayers, or answering petitions. The astonishment, however, which such a conduct must necessarily excite in every rational mind, will in some degree abate, when it is recollected, how extensively it contributed to gratify the avarice of both the artists and the priests, and to assist the ambition of designing men.

Superstition, the baleful offspring of weakness and credulity, has produced still greater mischiefs to the happiness of mankind. Revelation opened to the human mind a perfect knowledge of the true and only God; dissolved, wherever it was made known, the chains of idolatry; and would have emancipated the Christian world from every religious error, if its doctrines had been propagated, as they were originally taught by Christ and his Apostles, in the purity and simplicity of the Gospel. But the same causes will always produce the same effects; and a certain class of Hierophants, to gratify the passions of avarice and ambition, have tarnished its beauty, and destroyed its integrity, by introducing among the weak and ignorant, a series of observances very little inferior, either in their principles or consequences, to idolatry itself.

The Apostles' ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They died; but in their room, as they forewarn'd,
Wolves did succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages did turn
Of lucre and ambition; and the Truth,
With superstition's and tradition's taint,
Left only in the Holy Scriptures pure.

The saints, indeed, of the church have succeeded to the divinities of the Pantheon; and St. James, St. George, St. Francis, St. Agnus, the Lady of Loretto, and the whole tribe of canonised shades, by a mere change of names, are placed in the seats of Jupiter and his coadjutors. The same evil spirit that misled the minds of men to the practice of idolatry, still stalks abroad in the garb of *superstition*, and discovers itself by an obstinate adherence to absurd opinions, and actions arising from mean and defective ideas of the moral attributes of God. This evil spirit forms the third great source of *religious melancholy*.

Crafty politicians, interested priests, deluded heretics, blind guides, ignorant impostors, and pseudo prophets, have been the chief instruments of this mischief. Religion, which includes not only justice, but all the virtues, is the best prop, and only true support, of every government; for without it men can never feel how necessary it is to obey. But it has unfortunately been considered by certain statesmen as a mere human institution, a political contrivance, the better to keep the multitude in awe, and with this view

has been interlarded with many vain ceremonies and dreadful denunciations. The priests also, to extend their powers, and support their ascendancy over the consciences of mankind, have impregnated this sacred fountain of truth with the deleterious poisons of superstition, and so polluted its fair and wholesome stream with their noxious intermixtures of confession, satisfaction, election, reprobation, predestination, transubstantiation, grace, invocation of saints, anethamas and excommunications, that those who drink, instead of feeling the cheerful hopes it was designed to cherish, find themselves oppressed with direful fears, and sink from dejection into despair. The very ministers, whose province it was to guard this treasure, and secure it from all debasement and alloy, have been the first to adulterate its purity, to diminish its brightness, to tarnish its beauty, and destroy its integrity. The triple-headed Cerberus of Rome, the bull-bellowing Pope, formerly played a principal part in these tragic scenes; and realised the vision of St. Benedict, that where there is one devil in a market-place, there are always ten in a monastery. The enthusiasm of ignorant or impudent impostors, by the superstitious nets and trappings in which they invariably involve their unfounded doctrines, have also misled many weak minds from the true standard of the Christian faith. The pride, love of singularity, vain-glory, and misdirected zeal of heretics, schismatics, blind guides, and false prophets, by their novel doctrines, paradoxes, figments, and

diculous crotchets, have done considerable ischief to the study and practice of the true eligion. Simplicity is the distinguishing cha-acteristic of Christianity; but it has by their eans been so clouded with the draperies of uperstition, that its primary elegance and sym-etry is almost entirely defaced; its open and niform principles rendered dark, secret, and ysterious; and its blithe and cheerful genius ransformed into a foul and ugly dæmon; whose nfluence, like that of the Tryphonian cave, sinks ts victims into the lowest abyss of despair: . consequence, indeed, which must ever ulti-nately result from the wickedness of atheism, he folly of idolatry, and the weakness of super-itition; for the soul, under such influences, is nable to attain that hope of salvation in which ll the happiness of this life ultimately resides. Evil in expectation occasions fear; but when certain, inflicts despair. David himself complains that his idea of God's judgments terrified his soul. This species of despair, therefore, may be des-cribed a sickness of the soul, arising from lost hope of salvation, and it generally succeeds a long continued interval of fear; for, while evil is only expected, we fear; but when it is certain, we despair. It is always opposite to Hope, that sweet comforter of human affliction. Not that vain hope which many weak and fanciful minds entertain, that *insomnium vigilantium*, or waking dream, as Aristotle calls it; but that divine hope which proceeds from a confidence in the mercies of God, through the mediation of Jesus Christ,

and becomes the surest anchor of a floating soul. The principal agent and procurer of this mischief is the devil; for those whom God forsakes, the devil, by his permission, lays hold of; and the instrument he in general uses for this purpose, is the *worm of conscience*, which is, indeed, only God's just judgment against manifold sin and wickedness, as in the instances of Judas, Saul, and many others, is sufficiently proved. Felix Plater, among many other instances, relates the case of a merchant, who having hoarded a large parcel of wheat in a time of public famine, was afterwards so troubled in his conscience, because he had not sacrificed his avarice to the necessities of his fellow-creatures, by selling it sooner, or giving it to the poor, that he thought he should be damned; and though a man of a cultivated mind, and in other respects not disreputable, this idea fixed itself so powerfully in his mind, that he sunk at length into irrecoverable despair. Conscience, indeed, is a great ledger book, in which all our offences are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender. As the statue of Juno, in that holy city near the Euphrates, is said to look towards every one who enters her temple, to stare them full in the face, to follow them continually with her eye in all seats and places, so does conscience, after pleasant days, fortunate adventures, and merry tales, fix upon and arrest the guilty. A covetous man is never troubled in his mind while he is counting his money, nor an adulterer terrified while

his mistress is in his arms: but, as was the case of the prodigal son, who had dainty fare, sweet viands, merry company, and jovial entertainment, at first, a cruel reckoning will come at last. Satan, while sins are committing, whispers the offenders, that they are light and trivial; but when he has once got them into his net, he aggravates them on every side, and accuses them of having committed unpardonable sins. At this dreadful moment every small circumstance, which was before contemned, amplifies itself, and rises up in judgment against them, to torment their souls. No tongue, indeed, can tell, no mind can conceive, the horrid miseries that attend *despair*. Medicine will alleviate almost every kind of sickness, surgery will assist the most inveterate sores, friendship can relieve poverty, the hope of liberty make imprisonment easy, fame relieve the pains of exile, and time wear away reproach; but what medicine, surgery, wealth, favour, authority, or time, can assuage or expel that melancholy which a wounded conscience must produce? The only chance of relief is in a strict observance of the commandments of Christ; for his mild and salutary doctrines, if closely consulted, and properly obeyed, will snatch the most reprobate sinner, *è faucibus erebi*, from the jaws of hell itself. An adoption, therefore, of *the true religion*, and a rigid and conscientious practice of its precepts, is the best antidote, and most certain remedy, for religious melancholy. Of what this religion, and its several parts, consist, every catechism

affords ample information; but will be found revealed at large in the Holy Scriptures, and in the orthodox writings of Perkins, Greenham, Hayward, Bright, Abernethy, Bolton, Culmanus, and other divines of the established church. The main matter which terrifies and torments minds labouring under the disease of religious melancholy, is the enormity of their offences, the intolerable burthen of their sins, the deep apprehension of God's heavy wrath and displeasure, and the forlorn idea of their hopeless state; but religion will soon teach these miserable sufferers, that there is no sin so heinous that the Almighty may not, by repentance and prayer, and of his infinite goodness and mercy, through the intercession of his only Son, be induced to pardon: and what the Lord said to Paul in his extremity, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect through weakness," concerns every man in like case. His promises are made indefinitely to all believers; his goodness is addressed generally to all who are truly penitent, who seek with contrite hearts to obtain a remission of their sins, who are really grieved by a reflection on their past offences, and who sincerely seek forgiveness and reconciliation. "I came not," says our Saviour, "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden, and I will ease you;"—"for at what time soever a sinner shall repent him of his sins from the bottom of his heart, I will blot out all his wickedness from my remem-

rance, saith the Lord:"—"for the Lord is full f compassion and mercy, slow to anger, and of reat kindness." Patients of all descriptions, y listening to and studying doctrines like ıese, of which the word of God is full, may estore their dejected minds to quietude and omfort, and, by amending their future lives, ejecting their miserable attachments to *vice*, nd adopting the practice of *virtue*, become reenerate and happy: for, as the angel opened ıe iron gates to Peter, loosed his bands, brought im out of prison, and delivered him from bodily hraldom, so will *piety* and *virtue* release their fflicted minds from the wickedness, the weakess, and the errors of *atheism*, *idolatry*, and *iperstition*; and restore them to that transcenent felicity, which every good mind derives rom the study and practice of *the true religion*.

These purer thoughts, from gross alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy, short-lived joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of Almighty love:
Firm, solid bliss; for ever great and new;
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd as *true*.

THE END.

W. Wilson, Printer, 4, Greville-Street, London.